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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MAY 5, 1954

Vol 21, No. 49

## YOUTH AND ROAD SAFETY

THE motor vehicle has made the world  
a very different place to live in. To-  
gether with the telephone and radio it has  
helped to banish the loneliness of distance.  
It has revolutionised industry and become  
a necessary concomitant of a country's  
prosperity.

But probably no technological improve-  
ment has been won at such cost, no  
scientific advance has exacted such a toll  
from the people who enjoy its advantages.

The toll paid is death or injury.

In Australia alone there are approxi-  
mately 2000 deaths and 40,000 injuries  
through road accidents each year.

And of this awful figure, 71 per cent.  
of all fatal accidents resulted from human  
failings—the road user killed was primarily  
responsible for his own death.

Why?

Experts say that human beings suffer  
from a tremendous inertia in basic habit  
and attitudes; that their road sense has  
altered little since horse-and-buggy days.

Because of this, constant public educa-  
tion is necessary, particularly for Aus-  
tralia's youth.

During 1953 the number of children  
under 17 killed was 225, and 7272 were  
injured.

The Australian Road Safety Council  
has convened a special meeting next week  
to discuss this vital problem of youth and  
road safety.

Commonwealth Government statis-  
ticians taking part are making special  
studies to discover vulnerabilities.

When the conference is over and its  
findings tabled, let all join whole-heartedly  
with the Council in its efforts to make  
Australia's youth road-wise.

## Our cover:

● The spectacular ball gown on our  
cover, with its rose design on the heavily  
encrusted front panel, and the dramatic red  
cloak are from the Paris designer Pierre Bal-  
main. The photograph was taken by Alec  
Murray.

## This week:

● Results of our Family Home Contest,  
with color pages of the plans that won  
first prizes in the amateur and professional sec-  
tions, appear in this issue. In the issue of June  
2 other plans which won £100 prizes will be  
published.

● Turn to pages 12 and 13 for one of  
the most amusing news stories we have  
had for a long time. It is an interview with  
Elsa Maxwell, celebrated international party-  
giver, written by Peter Hastings of our New  
York office.

● Betty Keep, who writes our popular  
feature Dress Sense, has had many requests  
for ideas for square dance outfits. This week  
she shows you two skirts and a blouse for which  
patterns are available.

## Next week:

● Next week our Mother's Day issue  
features two of Australia's best-known  
mothers. On the cover is a charming study of  
Jean Sedgman, tennis star Frank Sedgman's  
wife, with their baby daughter, who was born  
on February 6. Mrs. Sara, the Quads' mother,  
appears with mothers chosen from each State to  
meet for a special Mother's Day broadcast.  
Another color spread presents some delightful  
child studies, selected from entries in a nation-  
wide photographic contest.

● Our novel next week, which appears  
within the paper, is "Often a Bridesmaid,"  
a light, bright romance by Hazel Livingstone.  
First instalment of a two-part serial, "Appoint-  
ment in Hongkong," by Kathryn Grondahl,  
appears in the same issue.

● Mary Hordern's Paris Notes illustrate  
the short-skirted restaurant dress, which  
is so much in favor for evening wear.

## Letters from our readers

THE Australian Broadcasting  
Control Board recently  
registered a protest against  
"vulgar and suggestive" material  
intruding into certain radio  
programmes. To me it is a  
tragedy the way radio is re-  
garded strictly as an entertain-  
ment medium, especially when  
"entertainment" takes the vul-  
gar forms complained of. With  
the exception of those broad-  
cast by the national station,  
there are few educational  
broadcasts. I would like to  
see an adult education series  
started, broadcast in the even-  
ing programmes at about 7.30,  
which is a convenient hour for  
most people. Indeed what  
is there to stop broadcast-  
ing stations instituting under  
the aegis of a university a  
series of lectures for which lis-  
teners could register and  
eventually gain a diploma or  
degree? It would be a tre-  
mendous boon to people in  
the country who are debarred  
from attending a university.

M. Thomas, Broken Hill,  
N.S.W.

WHY is it, I wonder, that  
gentlemen are always  
charged a greater admission  
fee for dances, tennis clubs,  
etc., than the ladies? Picture  
theatre prices are the same for  
both sexes.

Mrs. A. L. Thomasson, Bar-  
moya, Queensland.

WHY is it that some of the  
busiest intersections in  
Sydney's streets are frequently  
left without traffic policemen?  
While everyone realises that  
they need frequent breaks be-  
cause of their trying duties,  
surely a roster system of re-  
lieving police could be estab-  
lished so that confused pedes-  
trians need not risk life and  
limb trying to dodge across  
the street in front of seemingly  
never diminishing traffic. I am  
sure, too, that motorists would  
far rather have the police in  
control of the situation in-  
stead of trying to dodge  
people crossing. The pedes-  
trians are naturally just as  
anxious to reach their destina-  
tions as the motorists, a fact  
which car-owners are inclined  
to overlook.

Mrs. M. McKibbin, Drum-  
moine, N.S.W.

SO it has come to Paris-  
style fashions for dogs,  
has it? (The Australian  
Women's Weekly, 7/4/54.)  
To judge by some of the pic-  
tures of French fashions, it  
shouldn't even happen to a  
dog. In a world that is so  
full of suffering, where mil-  
lions perish of famine, it goes  
against the grain to read of  
pampered poodles in tailored  
coats. I should like to get  
hold of those vaporing females  
who parade on the biped end  
of a dog-leash and beat some  
common sense and decency  
into them with a good thick  
stick. As for Kennel No. 9,  
the special dog perfume, our  
old bitzer doesn't need it. He  
has a perfume all his own.

Mrs. J. Reville, Mary-  
borough, Queensland.

I AM 15, and when I  
am not at school I wear lip-  
stick. It is not a very bright  
red. I wore it for the first time  
to the boat race this year, and  
my aunt was quite annoyed.  
She says I am too young for  
lipstick, but my mother lets  
me wear it. When I go to the  
school dance at the end of  
term I will be the only girl  
there without lipstick on if I  
take my aunt's advice, and I  
will feel silly. Do you think  
my aunt is right?

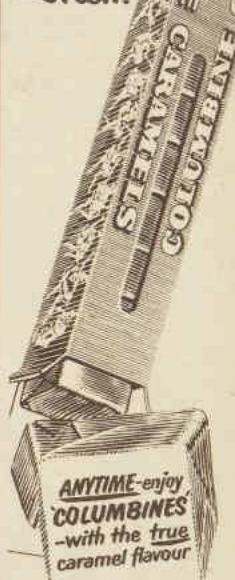
Marian Harris, Parramatta,  
N.S.W.

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Are you a prey to disturbed  
nights? Does gnawing backache  
keep you from enjoying peaceful  
sleep? These uncomfortable  
symptoms are frequently a sign  
of listless kidneys, which can  
also cause leg pains, puffiness  
under the eyes, rheumatic pains,  
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the world have gained blessed  
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today!

## ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

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chitis give thanks for Mentaclo, the  
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cine. It starts immediately to circu-  
late through the blood, quickly sur-  
mounts the attacks. The first day the  
thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free,  
easy breathing and letting you sleep  
the night through in comfort. Get  
Mentaclo from your chemist or store  
to-day under money-back guarantee  
to stop Asthma coughing and give  
you free, easy breathing the first day.





# Point of Arrival

A charming romantic story by **BLANCHE BEAUMONT**

**S**TEPHEN SCOTT got out of the train at Brooks End, sniffing the air appreciatively. It was nice, soft, slightly damp air with the smell of things growing in it. In London one was not so conscious of the breath of spring, and for too long he had been more concerned with the passage of March towards the end of the financial year than with its rhythm of breaking buds and unfolding blossom.

As he walked down the wide main street he thought how stupid he had been to put off his visit for so long. Brooks End was little more than an hour's journey from town; the reason for his procrastination in returning to the place where he had admittedly spent the best years of his life was a fear that it might have changed for the worse.

But here it was, just as he remembered it, untouched and unspoiled. Here was Spicer's, where his father had bought him his first bicycle, there was the village tailor's, and although the blind was down, he felt sure the same glassy-eyed model boy, as waxily clean as no boy of that age could ever be, would be standing there in the same flannel shorts and blazer.

He passed the house in which he had been born and brought up. It backed away from the main street traffic with dignified aloofness; the name on the brass plate was no longer "Dr. Harvey Scott." He noticed one other change: a large new picture show had sprouted opulently out of what had been the old Drill Hall.

It was Sunday; people were coming away from service in the square, solid little church standing among its old yews and gravestones.

He found himself looking at the passers-by, half hopeful of placing them in the positions they might have had in his past, half expecting them to recognise and acknowledge him.

His aunts hadn't changed much either. Aunt Selina might be a little greyer, but she was as brisk as ever, and Aunt Winifred still treated everything as a great joke.

She had never been able to get used to his transition from a grubby-kneed boy who used to go raiding orchards to an austere young naval officer, and now, for all his tweed jacket and flannels, he was supposed to be a city man! Aunt Winifred had the greatest difficulty in taking it seriously.

They made a great fuss of him; that he had expected. What he had not expected was the response it would engender in him. Since demobilisation he had been so busy with examinations, and then with making his way, and latterly with the affairs of the firm of accountants where he was now a junior partner, that he had forgotten the warmth and sweetness of pure undistilled affection.

There had been, so he had thought, neither time nor place for it in his life; now its sudden manifestation brought home to him not only the lack of it but an unacknowledged need for it.

The aunts asked him numerous questions, and said he looked well, but thinner. He must be working too hard, they said, and not looking after himself properly.

"But we've a splendid lunch for you," said Aunt Selina. "We told Mr. Jolly you were coming—you remember Mr. Jolly, the butcher? And he sent us a beautiful sirloin!"

"It'll be a treat after restaurant meals," Stephen said, and, as Aunt Selina vanished purposefully

into the kitchen for the second time that day, he sniffed appreciatively at the air, which was now warm with the promise of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Aunt Winifred was producing bottles and glasses.

"I knew you liked pink gin, so I went to the hotel and asked for a bottle of it! You can imagine how they laughed! Now, you pour it out, dear, you know the quantities. Selina and I will take some—this is an occasion—but you mustn't make it too strong for us."

Stephen felt a curious kind of gratefulness. His aunts might drink pink gin with him now instead of elderberry cordial, but essentially nothing had changed.

They were spoiling him, just as they used to spoil him in the old days, and he found himself liking it. Suddenly he missed a part of the usual welcome.

"Where's Betsy?"

"Oh, poor Betsy! We had to have her put to sleep last year."

"Why?"

The image of that swishing tail, those eyes bright with unqualified adoration, the nervous, ecstatic grin of his aunts' cocker spaniel was still fresh in his mind.

"She was very old and decrepit, poor darling," Aunt Selina explained. "The vet thought it might be kinder. Fifteen is quite a good age for a dog, after all."

Fifteen! It seemed like yesterday. It was the first rather melancholy reminder that the past could not be entirely reconciled to the present.

"But you must come and meet Dora," Aunt Winifred led him out into the garden, which was her especial province. You could always depend upon finding Aunt Selina inside, dusting, and Aunt

To page 67

Illustrated  
by Loskie

The girl smiled at Stephen standing with his hat in his hand. "It's a funny thing," she said, "but I feel I know you."







Napro knows how to keep a beauty secret . . . and those subtle tonings of famous Napro Hair Dyes are as fresh and natural as nature's own. Napro Hair Dye will restore the colour and youthfulness of your hair in a way that completely defies detection.

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shoe  
you  
live  
in ...

Wherever you are... whatever the occasion... **HILL AND DALES** are always the smartest daytime shoes.

*Finest leathers, superb craftsmanship, beautifully styled*

## Hill and Dale

At Australia's Finest Stores.

# CRY MURDER



**W**HEN Humphrey Ward finally reached his house he was exhausted, his body from the exertion of the walk from the police headquarters, his mind from the ceaseless planning of the "accident" which would mean the end of Francys Maguire.

He took out his key, opened the door, and found Mrs. Eakers in the hall. He growled at her:

"Is that girl still here? The one with the hat with feathers?"

"Oh, no, sir. She went home. Over an hour ago."

"Good. Where's Mrs. Ward?"

"She went out a little while ago."

"Where did she go?"

"She didn't say. Will you have some tea, sir? There's fresh apple cake. Mrs. Ward thought you might—"

"No, thank you."

Humphrey felt both relief and annoyance at Brenna's absence. She might have known he would want her home, he thought pettishly. It was unlike Brenna not to anticipate his wants, devote all her concerns to them. He longed at this moment to put his arms about her soft body, to feel her lips under his, to forget everything in the world but her love and devotion to him.

But he knew, too, that there had been a question in Brenna's eyes when he had seen her last, and he knew that it was a question which would have to be answered. It would not be easy to meet Brenna's clear, honest eyes and lie convincingly about whatever it was—and Humphrey realised that he would have to lie very convincingly indeed to fool Brenna, who knew him so well.

Not that Brenna would have any suspicions about him, naturally—Brenna would not believe that Humphrey could do any wrong. Nothing but actually seeing him do a murder would convince her that he had done one. But Brenna knew something, had happened upon some knowledge which she was waiting to ask him to explain. She would be sure that he could explain it, whatever it was.

She would be very sorry to be bothering him with it when he was so tired. But it did seem pertinent to Rachel's death, and she knew she should go to the police with it, except that first she wanted to be sure that some misunderstood point concerning Humphrey was cleared up. What did Brenna know? About the box of chocolates in his dressing-room drawer? Something about Francys Maguire?

Humphrey did not know. Time enough for Brenna later. He was glad she was out. He was too tired now for explanations, convincing or otherwise.

He said to Mrs. Eakers, with genuine weariness, "I'm going to bed. I haven't had any sleep for almost forty-eight hours, and I'm worn out. I don't want to be disturbed. Telephones, telegrams, police. I'm going to lock my door, and I don't want to hear anything from anybody, even Brenna, until I wake up and come out. Is that clear?"

Mrs. Eakers gave him a glacial stare. "Quite clear," she said. "Though I'm sure I don't know why you should use that tone of voice to me. After ten years of loyal service—"

As Francys searched in the cupboard for the jam, Humphrey moved forward, the knife gripped in his hand.



## Conclusion of our exciting dramatic serial by **NANCY RUTLEDGE**

Humphrey swore. He turned and walked up the stairs, wincing as he heard Mrs. Eakers' sniff behind him. He turned into Gabe's room, to find the boy happily engrossed in the book on North American plants.

Gabe shut the book quickly, slid it under the covers. He said politely, "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening. How are you feeling now?"

"Fine, sir. Only Brenna said I had to stay in bed because the doctor—"

"I'm sure Brenna is quite right. Did the doctor tell you what happened to you?"

"That police lieutenant did. He's nice. Guess what? He's a bird watcher, too."

"He would be," said Humphrey grimly. "What did he tell you?"

"That I got some poison somewhere. Where do you suppose?"

"You eat so many places."

"That's what the lieutenant said," Gabe grinned. "He said it would take the entire police force to track down all the places I had eaten in in the last twenty-four hours."

Humphrey looked at Gabe closely. Gabe looked back, almost absently, his mind still on the North American plants, probably.

Humphrey said, "Did you enjoy the book of Great Plays that I gave you for your birthday?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"We must talk about it one of these days."

"Yes, sir."

Humphrey repeated his injunctions about quiet while he was sleeping, and that he was not on any account to be disturbed by anybody, including Brenna. Gabe acquiesced politely but distantly. Humphrey left the room with his usual feeling of parental irritation.

He met Japhet in the hall. Freshly shaven, his lean, gaunt figure neatly attired in a dark blue suit, Japhet had his usual air of competence and usefulness about him.

"Well," said Japhet, grinning, "did the police decide not to lock you up?"

"Lock me up!"

"I was joking. Sorry. You look a bit done in. Better get some sleep."

"I'm just going to." For the third time, Humphrey went through his orders about not being disturbed by anyone.

Japhet nodded sympathetically. "We'll be very careful not to waken you."

Who did this—this scientist think he was, telling Humphrey he would do thus-and-so in Humphrey's own house?

There was a manner about Japhet tonight of almost contented domesticity. He was going downstairs to dinner with Humphrey's wife, sitting at Humphrey's place perhaps, well fed on Humphrey's food, rested, contented, while Humphrey would be out in the night, risking his life. How he hated Japhet Briggs!

No time for hatred now. No time for anything but the business at hand. Humphrey said, as casually as he could manage, "Did you finish your analysis for the police department?"

"Analysis?"

"I mean the stuff on Rachel's hands!"

Japhet looked thoughtfully surprised.

"Did Van Younger tell you about that? Yes, I finished it. Used the lab. of a friend of mine this afternoon on the way home. Nothing unusual. All the ordinary ingredients. Worth about ten cents an ounce. Just something any man might buy as a hair tonic in any of a thousand drugstores. Or any woman, I suppose. Though there was none of it on Rachel Sabinson's own hair."

Humphrey's relief at this news was slightly clouded by the fact that he had been charged five dollars per small jar of the ointment. But it was still cheap at the price, for the news that he could not be traced through it. Lieutenant Van Younger had nothing on Humphrey now. Nothing at all. Humphrey was a free man. After the accident to Francys Maguire.

Humphrey went into his own room, locking the door securely behind him. He also locked the door to Brenna's connecting room and the connecting bath. He turned down the bed, looked at it longingly. He knew he dared not rest for even ten minutes. He would fall asleep.

He mussed the bed, got out some pyjamas, his robe, his slippers. Better to have these things ready for his return. He might be pressed for time then. Now he had to wait for complete darkness, anyway.

He decided to freshen up with a shower and clean clothes. In his and Brenna's bathroom he reached automatically for the jar of hair ointment he kept in the medicine cabinet. The jar was gone.

Humphrey searched carefully. But there was no doubt, Humphrey always kept his things in perfect order, and the jar could be no other place. It was gone.

Only one conclusion was possible. The police had taken it. Why? Obviously for comparison with the salve which had been found on Rachel's hands. But it would prove nothing now, since the substance was an ordinary preparation anyone else in the case might have used.

Anyone else in the case? Who else was in the case?

There was getting to be too much coincidence about all this, Lieutenant Van Younger would be thinking. Humphrey Ward's son poisoned at the same time, apparently accidentally, and with the same poison as Rachel Sabinson. Humphrey Ward using a hair oil identical to the one found on Rachel's hands. Humphrey Ward—

Let him suspect. He can't prove a thing. Not without Francys Maguire.

Humphrey's hand shook as he searched the medicine cabinet farther. But the small vial of poison was still there, labelled "Eye Drops," in its innocent-looking, standard-preparation bottle with eye-dropper. No reason at all for it to attract police attention, and it had not.

Nonetheless, for safety, Humphrey put the bottle into his coat pocket. He would dispose of it as soon as he got

outside and at a safe distance. He should have disposed of it last night, as soon as he had prepared the peppermints. But no harm had been done. He would have no further use for it, however, and it was wise to be certain no clues existed. How very simple, though, if he could just use it on Francys Maguire!

Humphrey felt better now, clean, refreshed, presentable. He went into Brenna's room, retrieved the gun from where he had hidden it, in one of the hatboxes, high in her closet. He could not have foreseen that the police would search his things, of course. Hiding the gun had been purely instinctive.

But the instincts of Humphrey Ward were never wrong. Never. He checked the loading, slid the gun into his pocket. Regrettably, he could not use it, either, on Francys Maguire, but he might need it for purposes of persuasion. Francys, he was sure, would not be one to argue when told to do something, if she were faced with a .32.

Humphrey sat watching the darkness become complete.

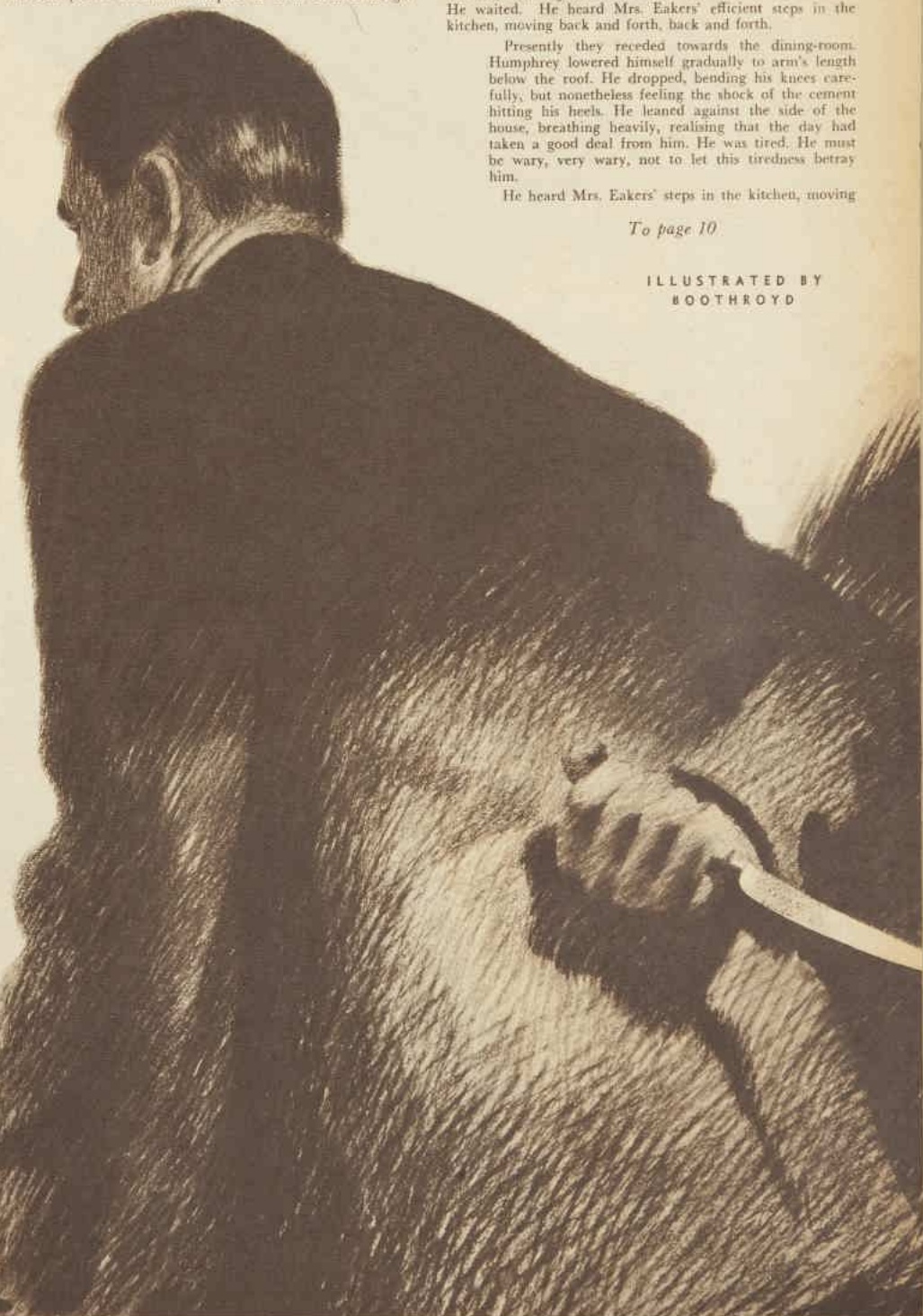
Presently he slid his window open quietly. He unlatched the screen. He edged out on the roof over the kitchen, which jutted out below his window. He listened. He waited. He heard Mrs. Eakers' efficient steps in the kitchen, moving back and forth, back and forth.

Presently they receded towards the dining-room. Humphrey lowered himself gradually to arm's length below the roof. He dropped, bending his knees carefully, but nonetheless feeling the shock of the cement hitting his heels. He leaned against the side of the house, breathing heavily, realising that the day had taken a good deal from him. He was tired. He must be wary, very wary, not to let this tiredness betray him.

He heard Mrs. Eakers' steps in the kitchen, moving

To page 10

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD





**Jantzen**

Finely tailored  
for perfect fit



## Action !

**In a Jantzen Leisure skirt  
that costs only 85/-**

*(Prices vary slightly in some States)*

It's a grey flannel Jantzen straight and narrow but pleated at back so you can swing with ease. This year everyone can afford a Jantzen American-designed skirt for outdoors, town wear, everywhere! Worsteds, gabardines, wool checks—all at Jantzen's new low prices, all unmistakably Jantzen quality. Team your skirt with Jantzen Shirts and Featherfleece Sweaters.

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# Moon Madness

A short story complete on this page

By SCOTT CORBETT

Sally looked at the picture and then at old Sam. "She's a lovely bride," she said softly.

ILLUSTRATED BY

John White

OLD Sam Clark was still half asleep as he opened the front door and squinted out at the couple who stood waiting on the porch. The young man had his arm tight around the girl's shoulders, and it would have been hard to say who was giving courage to whom.

"Are you Mr. Clark?" the young man asked.

"Yes."

"We want to get married." Sam's eyes were clear now, and speculative. They were a nice-looking young couple, the boy not over twenty-four, the girl probably not more than nineteen.

"Well, come right in," Sam said, and stepped back and held the door wide. They came in and stood just inside the square arch of the old-fashioned parlor. They stood looking about them, with their fingers just touching.

"How far you folks come?" Sam asked.

"From Philadelphia," the young man said uncertainly. "Sorry to get you up at this hour, but we didn't make up our minds till midnight."

"That's all right," Sam said. "We get 'em here from all over and at all hours. How'd you happen to pick me, though? Somebody recommend me, or something? I mean, there's a lot of justices of the peace in this town."

"We just saw your sign and decided to try you," the young man said. "You were the first one we came to."

Sam looked thoughtful, and then he said, "Well, I do have a good location, all right." He waved a

hand towards the homely, comfortable sofa.

"Now, before I go get my wife out of bed, let's sit down and talk a minute. You've come a long way and it's late, so a few minutes more won't hurt none, and I always like to get acquainted first."

The young couple looked at each other helplessly and then sat down on the edge of the sofa.

He thought wearily that he needed a good bit more sleep to be in shape for the next day, but he said kindly: "Now, then, what's your names?"

"Sally Jordan."

"Tom Reynolds."

"Are you folks living, Sally?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Yours, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose some or all of 'em are against your getting married?"

They hesitated, and exchanged another glance. And then Sally said, "Well, no, not exactly. It's just that—well, they don't understand us!"

"Oh," Sam said.

"They want us to have a long engagement. They want us to wait till November and go through all that rigmarole—"

"November, for Pete's sake!" Tom said. "That's five months!"

"You expecting to go into service?"

"No, sir. That's one thing we don't have to worry about; I just got back from Korea two months ago."

"I see. I judge, then, that you don't get along with your folks," Sam said, turning back to Sally, and he got the expected protest.

"Oh, no! It's not that at all!" she said. "They're wonderful, but they can't seem to understand that we

want to get married right now without any fuss or—"

She made a helpless little gesture. "My mother— We've always been very close, but now she insists I should wait and have a church wedding. That's the way she did it, and she says that's the way I should do it. I tried to talk to father, but he just said I should listen to mother—"

"And my mother agrees with her mother," Tom said bitterly.

Sam nodded. Then he got up and went to a little desk.

"Well, now, it may strike you as odd, but my wife and I were married in church," he said as he rummaged around among some papers. "Not a very good advertisement, eh? Let me see, where did I put—here 'tis. Here's something I come across only the other day when I was going through some papers. Our wedding picture."

He brought it over and handed it to Sally. "You can feel free to laugh. Styles have changed some since then."

Sally looked at the picture and then glanced up quickly. "Why, what do you mean? Her gown is beautiful," she said and looked back at the picture, and her eyes softened. "She's a lovely bride. You certainly look happy, both of you."

Tom craned his neck to look at the picture.

Sam sat down again. "We were happy," he said, "and we stayed happy. But as you may have noticed, we were pretty young, too, and in those days engagements were really long. Carrie and I got pretty restive, and sometimes we thought

the time would never come. I'll tell you one fact, though; when we finally got through all the rigmarole, we went on our honeymoon feeling relaxed, and, well, it was just wonderful the way we felt."

"We'd done it up right, we'd satisfied everybody, and we didn't have a care in the world. We'd made Carrie's ma happy—she'd been looking forward to her daughter's wedding ever since Carrie was born, I guess—and we'd made my ma happy, too."

Sam looked off vaguely into space, but he knew their eyes were fixed on him. He also knew that while he had been talking each of them had looked down, self-consciously, for a moment at least.

"Of course, there's times when getting married by a justice makes perfectly good sense," he went on. "But on the other hand—and mind you, I only bring this up because marriage is a serious proposition, and it pays to think about it from all sides before, instead of after—when folks run off and get married just because they're impatient, that kind of takes the edge off their happiness sometimes."

"Instead of having some nice place already arranged for their honeymoon, they have to take catch-as-catch-can accommodations somewhere—often as not in the middle of the night, too. They know they're hurting people they love by what they're doing, so they're not completely happy and relaxed—"

That was as far as Sam got, because that was where Sally broke down and began to cry. Tom reached

out and put his arm around her and held her tight.

"Well, I honestly think you're making a wise decision," Sam was saying a few minutes later. "I think about November you'll be glad you waited."

Tom heaved a large, shaky sigh and said, "Mr. Clark, all I can say is you're an unusual justice of the peace to go talking yourself out of a fee."

His hand went into his pocket and he thrust a bill at Sam impulsively. "I want you to have this anyway, sir. You sure deserve it!"

Sam waved it away. "No, you hang on to that. You'll be needing it for the minister," he said.

"I—I don't know what we're going to say when we get home," Sally said hesitantly, when they were standing on the porch.

Sam looked up at the full moon. "Tell 'em you just went out spooning," he said.

He watched them get in the car and stood waving to them as they drove away, and then he looked up and down the silent street.

He guessed he could step out into the yard for a minute without being seen. He walked down to the signpost stuck in his lawn.

"Just as I thought," he said to himself. "A full moon sets kids to pranks!" A bit guiltily, and yet knowing he would not hate himself in the morning for what he had done, he pulled up the sign and took it next door where it belonged—in the front yard of his brother George, a J.P., who would marry any couple that came along for the sake of the fee. (Copyright)



A whimsical story of  
a small boy  
By A. L. BARKER

# A chapter in the life of Henry Subito

HENRY reckoned it would take the sea two hundred years to catch up with the Rock Parlour. Allowing two hundred yards from high tide to the foot of the cliffs and allowing the sea three feet a year, by 2153 Funderland would be gone and four municipal seats from the cliff walk.

It would have happened sooner if they hadn't built breakwaters. In some places eight feet of earth were lost every year, and people could watch their back gardens getting shorter. Henry thought he'd wait until he had to swim up to bed before he would leave.

"Some people have no manners," said the fat woman who was trying to dress her small child under a towel, "and they bring up their kids the same—"

"Henry!" Shame did for his mother what the sun could never do. Her face grew brick-red. "Henry! Don't stare like that!"

He looked with distaste at the fat woman. "I wasn't staring. I was working something out."

"Did you ever!" cried the fat woman wrathfully, and his mother wailed, "Henry!"

Sighing, he lifted his eyes to the safe horizon. The sea had its rind uppermost—thick, white, decorous as a quilt. The sky was blowy with cloud. One or two ships crept about, the smoke laboring up from their funnels. It was very dull.

"Don't you want to paddle, Henry?"

"I paddled this morning."

Henry's mother said brightly, deferentially, "Look, those boys have made a tent with deck-chairs. I'm sure they'd let you play—"

"The chair-man's coming for the tickets."

Henry reckoned they owed half-a-crown. Half-a-crown would buy thirty tries on the mechanical grabber. With odds at ten to one against, that would give three chances of a chromium cigarette-case, a packet of 20 cigarettes or a lady's wristwatch. He found he was staring at the fat woman and her daughter again, and hastily lowered his eyes.

There were only the pebbles to look at, fine big pebbles, smooth as eggs. They appeared as if they ought to be worth something. Suppose he were to split one open and find a ruby, neat and wet as a wine-gum? Or a nugget of gold?

Henry saw himself tapping the yellow kernel on to his palm and saying, "You only have to know which stones." He picked one up. His fingers felt dry with salt, but the great pebble was warm and comforting.

"Henry—you're not going to throw that?"

"No, I was weighing it."

She said to herself—she couldn't help it, "What funny things you do," and flustered under his steady gaze. "Oh, here comes your father!" Feeling her relief, Henry sulkily dropped his stone.

Subito Senior had bought a comic. "Something for you to read, Henry, while Mum and me take a stroll."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, dear?"

"I'd rather stay here."

She stood up, her hat a little askew. "Don't go far away, will you, Henry?"

Henry shrugged. When they moved away, he looked at his comic. The front page was about Riders of the Red Gulch. On the back was Chick Powder, the Boy Detective. Henry folded it and put it in his pocket. Then he turned over on his stomach and watched his parents tramping up the beach.

By the promenade steps they stopped to look back.

"He's not reading his comic."

"Henry doesn't seem to care for reading—only books."

"He ought to want to improve his mind."

His mother sighed. "It wouldn't be natural."

When they were out of sight, Henry stood up. He struck off briskly over the pebbles and on to the promenade. He went to the gentlemen's cloak-room, washed his hands, took out a stump of comb and parted his hair. He then brushed down his jacket, examining his knees and smoothed his socks over his garters.

"Fauntleroy himself," jeered a young man in a sunburst tie.

Henry appeared not to have heard, but as he went out he made a pointed and unprintable remark.

It took the young man a second or two to reconcile what Henry had said with Henry's pale and prissy look. By then Henry had prudently nipped away.

Between the bus terminus and the Marine Gardens he judged it safe to slacken to a walk. Safe, too, to stop and look into his favorite shop.

Henry and Fishwick, the dealer in junk, must have had similar tastes; certainly if Henry had been in the same line

of business his show-window would have looked much as Fishwick's did. It was piled so full of a number of things—a fantastic and quite incalculable number—that the window-gazer was assured of a solid hour's entertainment.

The quirks of human fancy found expression in Fishwick's shop; the odd, the frivolous, the would-be beautiful, and the frankly awful; everything that could be made or acquired or clung to—from a matchstick cathedral to a suit of link armor. The stock was so crammed behind the glass, one thing balanced and wedged on another, that the slightest movement of any article must have precipitated a landslide.

Henry would gladly have watched a landslide; the thing he longed to buy was several layers down. It was a toad under a dome of glass. Lumpily stuffed, warty, it squatted on an ornamental rock, and its hard, yellow eyes followed Henry.

Henry gazed at it. He had come here to gaze every day for a week. He went into the shop and the bell rang over the door. It wasn't the first time the bell had rung for Henry, and old Fishwick, drinking tea out of a chipped moustache-cup, scowled his recognition.

"That toad—the one in the glass case—how much it is?"

"As much as it was yesterday. It don't get cheaper with asking."

"Five shillings, wasn't it?"

The old man banged down his cup. "It's fourteen—if I've told you once, I've told you a dozen times!"

"Fourteen shillings?" Henry looked incredulous. "For an old thing like that?"

"Don't you know the older things get the more valuable they are?"

"Oh, well," said Henry, "it pays you to hang on to it."

Fishwick's reply was lost in the clamor of the bell as Henry left.

Past grey slab houses—"Board-residence,"

"Bed and Breakfast," "Rooms"—he went, and

turned into a street leading back to the

promenade. A slight change came over his

bearing. He lifted his chin, straightened his

shoulders and dropped into a casual saunter.

At the end of this street was the huge

white wink of the sea. Both sides of it blossomed sunblinds,

window-boxes, nautical clubs, and beauty parlors. Cars lined

the kerb; they blustered thickest round the entrance to the

Cordoba.

The Cordoba Hotel was built of salt-white concrete. The

tilled roof dipped like a pie-crust, brown Mediterranean jars

of bougainvillea stood in niches all over it. The style was

overwhelmingly Spanish—five stories of patios, balconies,

grilles, and half-arches. It was as if a very big girl indeed

had hired a fancy dress with too many old Sevillian fittings.

Henry strolled in, striking his heels deliberately on the

green-and-white-tiled floor. In the vestibule he paused to

take his bearings.

To his right was the reception-desk, to his left the entrance

to the bar. Facing him was a staircase of polished marble

and wrought-iron. A series of half-arches opened on to the

lounge and beyond it, the restaurant.

Henry, with a calm, travelling stare, also observed the

several people in the vestibule—two women, ultra-smart, a

beaky man with a dachshund on a lead, and a middle-aged

woman crooning to the dog.

Henry went across to the reception-desk. The clerk leaned

on both elbows and lightly laced his fingertips.

"Can I help you, sir?" His silky voice he put on every

a.m., and left behind with his white tuxedo every p.m. in the

staff quarters.

By contrast, Henry's voice was clear and penetrating. "Is

my great-aunt here yet?"

The clerk smiled for the benefit of the two women and the

beaky man who had turned to look. "Who might your great-

aunt be?"

"Lady Fishwick."

"I beg your pardon?"

"My great-aunt is Lady Fishwick—Lady Gwendoline Fish-

wick."

The desk-clerk had long, yellow teeth, which he probably

didn't show to guests. He showed them to Henry. "Such a

lady is not staying at the Cordoba."

"Oh, she wouldn't stay here. She's coming to tea with

someone who is. She said I could come along if I'd nothing

better to do." Henry's glance around implied that he seldom

found himself at such a loose end.

One of the smart women snapped her handbag and looked

pointedly at Henry's worn shoes. The beaky man stared and

the middle-aged woman had stopped clucking at the dog.

Her mild, mottled face was lifted towards Henry.

There was just a glint of yellow teeth from the desk-clerk. "What is the name of the guest your—great-aunt is visiting?"

"Oh, goodness," said Henry, immensely bored, "she was my mother's governess—a Miss Brook."

"I'm afraid you've mistaken the hotel—we have no one of that name staying here."

"Of course not. She married and changed her name. I can't remember what to." Henry shrugged. "Doesn't matter. I'll wait in the lounge. You might tell great-aunt I'm here."

The clerk tried to say something and Henry raised his voice. "You'll know her by yellow limousine."

The phone rang and the clerk picked it up with a positively strangling hand. Henry strolled into the lounge.

At first sight it did not look hopeful. There was a bright upper crust at the Cordoba, girls with shoulders like brown eggs and tired young men with more than a South Coast tan.

Tea used up their afternoon till cocktail time; to Henry they were of no practical interest whatever. Nor was the bald

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His father thought his son's existence was absolutely without any excitement but he was a long way from the truth because he really knew nothing about Henry.



Henry gave a profound bow, as Mrs. Maude pushed her daughter in front. "Don't bother about my title," he said.



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## Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 5

briskly, back and forth, back and forth.

Finally he moved, too, cautiously, sliding past the kitchen door at the side of the house. He was annoyed to step into a puddle of water, still standing from last night's rain. But then he was on the street, walking away. He was free, finally. Now for the accident to Francys Maguire.

Francys Maguire came out of the store washroom considerably refreshed; her face and hands washed, new make-up applied, her hair combed and smoothed down. Even her hat looked better. She had brushed the purple feathers with her fingers, coaxing them back to their original shape and texture, after they had been soaked by last night's rain.

She glanced back uneasily. She came out a different door. She hesitated a little, going out on to the street. She saw a familiar blue uniform at the corner, standing by the light. She hurried towards it.

"Hello, officer," she said, a little breathlessly.

The policeman was young, not much older than she herself. He reddened a little.

"Yes, miss?"

"I wondered—"

"Some place you wanted to find, miss?"

Francys put out a hand to touch his uniform. "No. It—I guess I just wanted to be sure you were real. New York is a very safe city, isn't it?"

"Safe, miss?"

"I mean, in practically broad daylight, with policemen around—nothing could happen to anyone, could it?"

The young policeman smiled. "Well, now, miss. I wouldn't be nervous. Stranger here, aren't you?"

Francys drew a deep breath. "Yes. I've only just come from my home in Xenia, Ohio."

"I could tell by the look of you that you were nervous, miss. Nothing to be nervous about. Nothing ever happened to anybody walking down Broadway by day, minding his own business. A cop on every corner, practically. If anybody should get fresh with you at all, miss, you look like you've got good lungs. I'm sure you could take care of yourself."

Francys drew a deep breath. "Yes. I can take care of myself."

She turned down Broadway more confidently now, walking with a long, free-swinging stride that showed a good deal of her legs. She did not look back again, though she sought out the reassuring figures of policemen whenever they occurred.

She stopped and entered a drugstore, where she consumed, in rapid succession, a malted milk, a toasted-cheese sandwich, and, upon further consideration, a hot-fudge sundae. She faced the mirror behind the soda fountain. She practised the scene which lay before her, watching her reflection carefully. She smiled with utterly frank girlish charm.

Dissatisfied, she smiled in a more worldly manner, slowly, in bored fashion. She decided on this smile as vastly more effective. She practised lowering her lashes, opening her eyes very wide in astonishment.

Standing by the counter, waiting to pay, she applied more lipstick. Except for seeing a policeman's uniform and the knowledge that certain persons were detained elsewhere, nothing did for a girl's morale what plenty of lipstick did. Unless, of course, it was a hat trimmed with purple feathers. She put her hand up lovingly to touch the softness of it.

In the feather-trimmed hat she knew she was invincible. That she was going forth to conquer. That the next few

minutes would be a crucial turning point in her career.

She found the address without difficulty. It was just off Broadway. She climbed the old, almost rickety stairs to the second floor. She peered uncertainly at the numbers, for most of the offices were dark: 210, 212 . . . Here it was: 214.

She was shocked to see that the office was unlighted, that there was a printed card in the glass of the door which said, "Closed Until Further Notice." She kicked the door angrily, stubbing her toe again through the toeless shoes. The door gave beneath her foot.

"Is anybody here?" Francys called.

There was no answer.

She walked farther in, then. She fumbled along the wall for a light-switch, without finding it. She hesitated a moment beside the big steel files—temp-

### Tumors found by sound

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tation indeed to explore them. But she walked on to open the door of the inner office, also unlighted.

She said aloud in a falsetto voice, "Right this way, Miss Maguire. Mr. Caruso has been waiting for you. The contracts are all ready to sign."

She answered with a bored version of her own voice, "I really haven't much time. A television rehearsal, you know, and those magazine cover pictures to pose for, two interviews—"

It was at that moment that she saw the figure of the man bent over the desk. She screamed shrilly. She flung herself forward, going awkwardly to her knees, her voice squeaking with fright, "Mr. Caruso!"

Cass Caruso shook his big frame slowly, bewilderedly. He muttered, "Waiting for the lieutenant. Must have—fallen asleep. Office—closed." and dropped his head to his hands.

Francys sat back, carefully righting the feather-trimmed hat. She said breathlessly, "You scared me so—it was just like—I thought you were dead."

"Rachel," he said. "Rachel's dead."

Francys watched him for a moment. She got to her feet, moved deliberately across the office, making the utmost possible use of her body.

Cass Caruso appeared to be sleeping again. Francys reached over to switch on the desk lamp, remaining under it for several moments, letting the light strike the boldly beautiful bones of her face. She gave Cass the bored smile she had been practising.

"I'm so sorry to be bothering you, Mr. Caruso," she said. "Truly I am. But I said to myself, just think, today I met

the great Cass Caruso, the star-maker, the man who is just about Mr. Theatre, the man who made Humphrey Ward, and it's a chance I'll never have again and I just must take advantage of it, I just must, and he will understand."

Cass raised his round face. His blue eyes stared at her without expression. "Stop chattering!"

"But—"

"I said stop!"

Francys Maguire stood before him, speechless. He looked at her with some of the normal sharpness returning to his reddened eyes. He said slowly, "You're the girl at Humphrey's today. There couldn't be two hats like that."

Then he said, "And you were with Humphrey last night. During the time of Rachel's death."

Francys Maguire shrank back. "No, I—"

"Weren't you at Pernaud's with him?"

"Oh, yes. I was at Pernaud's with him."

"And you came in with him, so you must have been with him before that?"

"Y-yes."

Cass Caruso said, "Sit down. Don't be afraid. What did you come to tell me?"

Francys backed towards the door. "I didn't come to tell you anything!"

"What did you come for, then?"

"I'm an actress!"

Cass Caruso sank back disinterestedly. "The office is closed."

Francys stamped her foot, so loudly that Cass jumped in his chair. She said, "A fine agent you are! You don't even know acting talent when it bites you. Sitting there feeling sorry for yourself when the best actress you've ever seen is giving you a chance to be her agent!"

Cass opened his eyes. He blinked once, his face expressionless. He said, "You?"

"Yes, me! Look at me. And remember you've seen me. Because some day you'll see my name in lights—big lights—and you'll think, she was in my office and I shut my eyes."

Cass said thoughtfully, "I've lost my pen. See if you can find it."

Francys Maguire did not hesitate. She advanced on the desk, riffling through the papers on it. She knelt to peer under it. She lifted the corner of the rug. She moved about the room, lifting things, kneeling to peer under others. Finally she came back to sit on the arm of Cass Caruso's chair, again with a great deal of her thin legs showing.

"It must be in your pocket. Let me see."

Cass Caruso swept her off the chair with one movement of his great arm. He said, "That's enough. Sit down over there."

"Well, my goodness, I don't see."

"And stop chattering!"

Francys Maguire sat down opposite him. He let her wait a full minute before he spoke. "Perhaps you have possibilities. You passed the acting test, at any rate."

"The acting test?"

"If you hadn't been an actress, you would have stood and thought where the pen could be. An intellectual search. But you searched as an actress must search, before an audience. You moved, you lifted things."

"Oh," she breathed.

Cass Caruso studied her. "Take off that hat!"

She did, wordlessly. He shook his head very slowly in discouragement. Francys flung herself forward, again on her knees.

"Mr. Caruso!" she said. "If you only knew what this means to me!"

Cass Caruso snapped, "Now,

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# She hits headlines as party-giver

## Elsa Maxwell likes plenty of fun

Famous American party-giver Elsa Maxwell has been in the news again because of her reconciliation with the Duchess of Windsor after a quarrel between them had divided the international social set, in which both are leaders.

AFTER avoiding each other for about eight months, Elsa Maxwell and the Duchess of Windsor met at a dinner party in New York, and to the delight of their hostess and all their other mutual friends shook hands warmly and made friends again.

Elsa's reconciliation with the Duchess, like her quarrel, made headlines in all newspapers in the English-speaking world. For almost everything that this prodigious party-giver and "name-dropper" does is news.

She is, in her own right, fantastic, this self-styled "biggest tramp in Europe and America."

She has wit, she has charm, and at 71 years she has the energy of a very vital young woman, although she weighs something in the neighborhood of 15 stone.

Her photograph appears over her much-read syndicated newspaper column in America. Next October she will publish her memoirs, "Come to My Party."

Rising from complete social obscurity with little else but a great deal of nerve, an abundance of what is politely called gumption, and a none-too-spectacular talent for composing music and second-rate lyrics, she has become an arbiter of international society and fashion.

She has a brilliant talent for giving parties, for introducing

people of diverse interests and backgrounds and making them get along, often by such primitive devices as forcing them into childish games, which they profess to enjoy hugely.

She is on close and even affectionate terms with such celebrities as Cole Porter, the Aga Khan, and Prince Aly Khan, to whom she introduced Rita Hayworth.

George Bernard Shaw hailed her as the eighth wonder of the world because when an old friend of Elsa's placed a 5000-dollar credit to her name at Cartier's, the Paris jeweller, she asked him instead to pay the 5000 to the violinist Fritz Kreisler, whom she wanted to play at one of her parties.

When her friend finally understood she wanted Kreisler, not a Chrysler, he threw

*From*  
**PETER HASTINGS,**  
*in New York*

up his hands in horror and said: "Five thousand dollars for a fiddler."

Shaw was complimentary. "I wanted to meet," he said, "the woman who preferred Kreisler to a jewel."

But the most intriguing question about Elsa Maxwell, the woman who can afford to be the world's most crushing snob about other snobs, is: What makes her tick?

While a name-dropper of

**HOW NOT TO SKI.** Elsa Maxwell, famous American party-giver and society leader, gives a demonstration at the opening of a new ski glide in the U.S.



monumental proportions, she is not unselective. She never particularly liked, for example, Lady Cunard, of the ship-owning family, a leading London hostess in the 'thirties.

With obvious relish Elsa quotes an interchange in which the Queen Mother, then Duchess of York, replied to the question: "Did you ever attend Lady Cunard's social functions?" with "Oh, no, Bertie and I aren't chic enough for her."

Elsa Maxwell was born in Keokuk, Iowa, a country centre whose social life might be compared for challenge, gaiety, and exhilaration with Snake Gully.

She did her best, however, by being born in a box at the local theatre during a performance of "Mignon" just as the touring prima donna was

reaching for high C during the big aria.

At an early age she moved with her parents to San Francisco, where her father, a non-conformist Scot with a love of music and the arts, earned an uncertain income from various occupations.

Her home life was rather dull, and at times agonised by the social successes of her friends coming from more fortunately placed families.

However, her father brought home many celebrities from the theatre and musical world, including Adelina Patti, perhaps the greatest opera star of the age, whom the youthful, plump Elsa promptly told: "I can sing better than you."

Elsa had an infallible ear for musical key and pitch which made her popular, and she was determined to succeed. She became an itinerant

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A KISS for Elsa in greeting from the Marquis de Cuevas, who was himself in the news at the end of last year as host at a lavish 18-century costume ball at Biarritz, France.



BARN DANCE. Famous for her unusual parties, Elsa wore this outfit of jeans and cloth cap when she was hostess at a barn dance given at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria, New York.





ESCORT. Elsa dressed as a man to escort film star Gloria Swanson (left) and prima donna Lily Pons to the fancy dress Theatre Ball held in a New York hotel.

and not very talented actress with a touring English company, in which she invested 2000 dollars. She discovered she had the incalculable art of getting on with people.

From these small beginnings she was able to tour South America posing as an heiress, crash England's fox-hunting set, tour South Africa as pianist-accompanist to a singer.

She has always enjoyed a salary from one occupation or another, from writing songs, journalism, publicity work, or lecturing. She freely admits that a small but indomitable clique of admirers hand her Christmas or birthday cheques for the odd 5000 dollars to tide her over temporary holes.

And then she has special credit arrangements with the plushiest and most expensive restaurants on two continents—restaurants which enjoy the prestige and publicity value of her 20,000-dollar parties.

For many years she lived rent free in her suite at the Waldorf Astoria Towers, in New York. She took over the suite in the early depression years when her publicity value was a thousandfold the amount of lost rental.

Now she pays a modest 350 dollars a month for it, or about one-third its real value.

The first thing that impresses you about Elsa Maxwell is her voice, which is hard and mannish. Her accent is an engaging mixture of English and American.

"I haven't much time," she told me on the telephone. "I'm working hard on my book, but I always have some time for Australians, among whom I count many, many friends."

I was greeted at the door of her two-room suite by her primly bespectacled secretary, who told me, note pad and pencil poised in one hand, that she would like me to make my business short, as she and Miss Maxwell had to compose a long cable to the Prince.

I looked around her empty sitting-room and detected only Turkish cigarette smoke. From the bedroom came a peremptory command:

"Come in, come in, Mr. Hastings. I have only a moment to spare, so you must

ask me quickly what you want to know. I've known many Australians in my time. Oh, dear me, yes, so you had better ask me who they were."

Following the fumes of the expensive Turkish cigarette into the bedroom, I came across an awe-inspiring sight—Miss Maxwell, holder and cigarette in mouth, lying in bed clad in a blue negligee and surrounded by mountains of correspondence.

"Sit down," she said. "I'll attend to you in a moment. You know I'm the busiest woman in the world, and I haven't much time, but I always have some time for Australians."

"Excuse me," she said, turning to her secretary.

"Where were we? Oh, dear me, yes! Take this down: Her Excellency, the United States Ambassador to Italy, Mrs. Clare Luce:

"My dear Clare—no, no, that won't do. Make it Madam Ambassador, no, no, Ambassador. Madam Ambassador, I look forward to seeing you in Rome in April. I have much to tell you. Would you be so kind as to give me a clearance certificate for the Customs officials in Naples? With all good wishes, yours sincerely, Elsa Maxwell."

"You see," she said to me, "how fantastically busy I am? Oh, dear me, yes."

She turned to her secretary: "To His Excellency the French Ambassador in Washington (M. Henri Bonnet): Cher Ami Henri. No, no, no, that won't do. Make it Tres Cher Ami Henri: As you know I'm leaving for France on April 17th. I would greatly appreciate it if you would give the customary certificate for Customs at Le Havre. Looking forward to seeing you soon. Affectionnement Elsa, and I'll sign it personally."

She turned her sharp eyes upon me. "Now what can I do for you? Oh, dear me, yes, I remember, you're the Australian journalist, aren't you? I've known so many Australians."

"Let's see now. I know Keith Officer, your Ambassador in France. Charming man he was. Absolutely charming. And I know your Mr. Casey and Mr. Menzies. Charming men. Now who else? Oh, dear me, yes, I've known so many that I've forgotten their names."

"Wait a minute. Their names are coming back to me. There was a newspaper knight. What a charming man he was. Sir John Butterfield, Butter-fingers, Butter-something."

"The name is plural," I suggested.

"Is it? How confusing, but I remember him well now."

## "Fantastically busy"

Quite a charming man. I can't think of names. Names are so terribly unimportant.

And, of course, I knew dear Nellie Melba so well. We practically grew up together. Do you know I wrote a song for her? Take down the words. I'm sure my Australian readers would like to know what I wrote for her.

"I said to her one day: 'Nellie, I've composed a song for you, and written the words

as well, and you've got to sing it! This is the song:

'Last night I faced the tumultuous throng  
Waiting eager for my only song.

And I, proud singer living in a world apart,  
Felt as I sang the world's greatest art.

Tonight alone so worn and spent  
I wander at last in discontent.

A little bird sings in a tree close by  
Dear God, how small a singer am I?"

"But I'm not a small singer," Nellie complained to me. "This isn't much of a song for the world's great-

est singer."

"I told her: 'Nellie, you sing it and see.' She did, and it was a great success."

"Now, do mention some more Australians. I've known so many. Mention a famous Australian."

"Edward Kelly?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. I've known him for years. What I like about Australians is that they are so like Americans. No formality, no protocol. Noth-



EXTRAVAGANZA. There's always something new in Paris, as Elsa shows in her costume of a cabaret singer, worn when she took part in a society gala night in a circus.

ing snobbish about them. Now what other Australians do I know?"

"Dr. Evatt?"

"Dear me, no. I've never heard of him."

"There was a wonderfully funny Australian I met once by the name of Sam Atyeo. I always remember him because he had such an extraordinary name."

"He was assistant or something to your Prime Minister. Very able man, very charming. He was also something or other big in the U.N. Oh, yes, I remember—Dr. Ee-vat."

"Dr. Evatt?"

"Oh, is that the man? We called him Ee-vat. Charming man. But let me tell you something of my plans. When I go to England this summer I'm going to act in a charity performance of Edgar Wallace's 'The Frog'."

"We have a wonderful cast of young socials. Charming people, all of them. Very unassuming people. They cabled

me, 'Elsa, please join our play,' and I cabled back, 'Yes.'"

"I believe that the right thing to do in this life is to do good—so long as it's fun. And if it's fun, it's good."

"Let me see who's in the cast. Oh, yes, there's Sir Edward Mont (his father was a great Colonial Secretary), young Lord Dudley and young Lord Ednam, Lord Portchester, who's perfectly charming."

"And we have a lovely cast of young women. The Duchess of Devonshire, one of the Mitfords, the best looking of the Mitfords, you know, and Lady Barbara Carton. Did I mention young Lord Plunkett? Charming boy."

"Now you've taken up far too much of my time, and I must get a cable off to the Prince. Tell me, as a professional journalist, did you like my first instalment of my memoirs?"

"I did, Miss Maxwell."

"What did you like best? Now come, be honest. You and I are both journalists. We can afford to be honest. Did you like my approach?"

"Miss Maxwell, I thought very highly of your memoirs. I especially liked your attack on snobs and name-droppers. It was timely and deserved."

"Oh, dear me, yes. I haven't got time for that sort of thing. I like fun."

"I'm nearly 71. I have the energy of 20 girls. My hair isn't dyed, and I don't give a damn. Now you must go. Give my love to Australia."

She held out her hand, and I left. Her secretary helped me on with my coat.

She opened the door as the voice came imperiously from the bedroom. "Now let's get that cable off, my dear, as soon as possible. To Prince Aly Khan. No, no, no, make it to His Serene Highness Prince Aly Khan—my dear—"



DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE. U.S. marines form a guard of honor for celebrities arriving at a film premiere at the Roxy Theatre, New York. From left, opera and screen star Gladys Swarthout, the Duchess of Windsor, film magnate Seymour Skouras, the Duke of Windsor, and Elsa Maxwell. Elsa and the Duchess have made up their tiff.

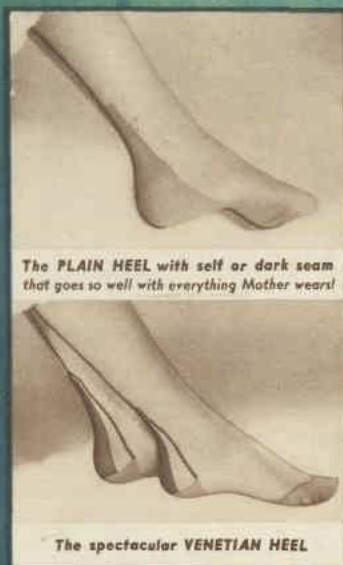




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"... This concludes the eleven o'clock news—so until tomorrow night—pleasant dreams!"

# It seems to me

**T**HERE is a great satisfaction in making things with your own hands. Most women like some kind of handicraft, most men are seldom happier than when putting about with a hammer and nails.

Women generally know their own limitations. For instance, while I can make a simple garment, I know that I lack the skill to run up anything ambitious.

Only the other day, using a screwdriver and two screws, I triumphantly replaced a cupboard catch in the position it had been in before it worked loose. But I wouldn't try to put up a shelf.

Men are usually less aware of such deficiencies in themselves, and that is why I flinch from the news that an American company has designed a "build-it-yourself" helicopter.

A handy man, so the designers say, will be able to put it together in the back yard for a total cost of £45.

It is alarming to contemplate the possibilities of such a project within the reach of what you might call a half-way handyman.

There are so many of these who are encouraged by the touching faith of women.

Once I had a dinner guest who offered to mend a radiator. Being unable to lose entirely the feminine belief that men automatically understand these things, I let him take it to pieces. He put it together again, switched it on, and pop! To the dismay of the assembled company it fused all the lights in the block of flats.

My advice is, ask for references before you let one of them build you a home-made helicopter.

**T**HE other day I read a piece about Mary Martin describing how effectively she used a huge chiffon handkerchief in a television show.

It was an accessory imparting "sheer femininity," said the writer ecstatically, going on to mention "the enchanting role played by these bits of magic in skilled hands."

"Skilled" is the important word. Actresses learn to do these things. Indeed, some of them are masters of the old stage trick of waving a large handkerchief to concentrate attention on themselves and take it away from others.

Many non-theatrical women have similar graces. Their stoles never slip off their shoulders, and they can dangle a piece of lace or chiffon so that it completes a picture.

But there are others of us who, if we carry large handkerchiefs, merely give the impression of having forgotten to tie them on somewhere.

Belonging to the latter class, I take a grain of comfort from a remark in one of Aldous Huxley's books. He wrote of a character as one of those women who couldn't pour a cup of tea without doing a Salome dance round the teapot.

**A** VOICE coach described Marilyn Monroe's voice as "sighs whispered as though in beautiful pain."

A most apt description for many singing voices, though the word "beautiful" is often omitted.



Dorothy Drann

**W**RITING his memoirs, a former U.S. Vice-President, Alben W. Barkley, says that he often thought of introducing a bill to make parents postpone choosing names for their children until the children were old enough to be consulted.

This view was induced by the fact that his own real Christian name was "Willie," although he has concealed it for many a long year.

It is odd that the name Willie should cause a boy such pain. None of them mind Jimmy. Yet William is as sturdy a name as James. "Will" is formal, but acceptable, and "Bill" is stamped with masculinity.

Little Willie in "East Lynne" probably did the tribe no service, since small boys are notably averse to "sob stuff."

Whatever the reason, it was natural enough for Mr. Barkley to feel injured if Willie was actually his given name, but I don't think much of his proposed solution.

What are the children going to be called in the meantime?

They could be given numbers, like Beverley Nichols' cats, or referred to as X, Y, and Z, but since childish names have a way of sticking their owners may grow up with a grievance exceeding that induced by "Willie."

**L**AST week I mentioned the antics of a magpie in a busy Sydney street. This week I have another interesting nature note.

In a shop window in the same street there is a huge stuffed kangaroo. In its pouch are two koalas.

**A**T a recent New York concert a composition entitled "4' 33''" was presented. The pianist sat motionless and the "work" proved to be a silence of four minutes 33 seconds. The composer explained that in the silence every cough, sneeze, and foot shuffle was part of the music.

Silence like music falls on tired ears. Thus the composer, groping, seeks to find A new idea, though, having found it, fears The Emperor's New Clothes may come to mind.

As well he might. Yet those with tickling throats Who, seated in a concert hall, must try To time their coughing with the loudest notes, May hail the notion with a happy sigh.

The composition, logically pursued, Could make the audience happiest of all With orchestration altered to include The hum of conversation in the hall.

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71/49/35

## The sailor collar

● A new point of interest in Paris fashions is the sailor collar, designed to give a dynamic change to current silhouettes. It is bold and brilliant in white, dramatic in self material. The four examples shown here have name tags by famous French designers.



**TWO-PIECE SUIT** by Dior has a fitted middy-type jacket finished with a deep V neckline and wide collar buttoned down at each corner. The straight skirt has all round box pleats. The *neathed* open-crowned turban is made in the suit material.



**DIOR** uses navy-and-white striped flannel for his slim-line dress pulled in at the waist with a narrow self-material belt. The rounded sailor collar is finished with a knotted tie.



**DIOR'S** straight-line hopsack tweed coat is patterned in black, white, and yellow. The coat is collared low at the back, the collar edge finished with a deep fringe. The forward-worn sailor hat is Paris millinery news.



**GERMAINE LECOMTE'S** dress with a shoulder-span pique collar buttoned up the back, with buttons made in the dress material. Skirt interest is added by a panel of narrow pleats.



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# Mother to compete in motor-cycle race

By  
**SHEILA PATRICK,**  
staff reporter

Only woman entrant in the 2494-mile motor-cycle race through three States, commencing on June 6, is Mrs. June Murray, of Collaroy, N.S.W., an attractive blond housewife and the mother of three young daughters.

**M**RS. MURRAY, who has been racing a motor-bike since 1949, not only competes in open bike races with men regularly each week-end but also looks after a husband, a house, three little girls, and a secretarial job.

For bike races Mrs. Murray wears a brown leather outfit of breeches, jacket, helmet, and riding-boots.

"I wear goggles and tie a scarf round the lower part of my face to protect it from flying dirt and the cold.

"I always rub on plenty of face-cream, and my bike-kit includes powder and lipstick as well as spanners and other tools," she said.

When I met Mrs. Murray she was dressed in a pretty white blouse and tartan skirt, with a gold necklace and matching ear-rings.

"I make my own clothes and the girls' clothes," Mrs. Murray told me, and added that only the previous night she had made the outfit she was wearing.

"Hilton, my husband, is a

motor-bike enthusiast, too," she said. "He has a racing bike. Mine is only an ordinary one."

"He makes me maintain my bike myself, although he cleans it for me on Saturdays while I do the washing."

"But I change tyres, do a decoke, perhaps regrind the valves, which, by the way, I must get done before the big race, and change the rings.

"I'd rather do a decoke than make the kids their new dresses," she said, laughing. "It's easier."

Mrs. Murray explained that her bike is a single-cylinder 350c.c. Matchless.

"I won't explain all that to you," she said when I looked puzzled. "But it is a fairly small motor-bike."

"Have you ever been on a motor-bike?" she asked me.



**WEARING CYCLING GARB,** Mrs. Murray poses on her motor-bike. She always carries powder, lipstick in her kit.

When I shook my head and said only once, and then disastrously, Mrs. Murray told me that many women went to the meetings.

Although only a few women actually rode in the races, and then usually on their husbands' bikes, about 50 were interested and rode pillion.

"My husband has a specially hepped-up racing bike which is a beauty," she said proudly.

I asked Mrs. Murray why she liked riding a motor-bike when the family had a car which she could drive.

"Oh, car driving is dull," she said. "On a bike there's a feeling of power and control."

"I don't speed," she added hastily. "When I'm going to work each morning, I always go on the bike from Collaroy to Mosman. I usually never do more than 25 to 30 m.p.h., but I've done 90 m.p.h. during a race."

"We all love motor-bikes," Mrs. Murray explained. "My little girls are dying to get their own bikes and always come with us to meetings every week-end."

"If I'm in a race and my husband is minding the girls, they meet me at check points to give me my meals and cheer me on," she added. "They think I'm wonderful."

Mrs. Murray said motor-



**ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Murray,** mother of three daughters, who combines motor-bike racing with housework and a job.

bike racing is not dangerous or difficult.

"I used to ride a pushbike. Then when I met my husband I learned to ride his racing bike," she explained.

"When we got married, he promised to let me have a bike and race it as soon as the children were a few years old."

Mrs. Murray's daughters are Cynthia, 11, Judith, 10, and Susan, 8.

"The kids wouldn't miss the meetings for worlds," she told me. "Cynthia and Judith both ride passenger with us and take the rings off the poles."

Taking the rings off the poles is like flag-bending in horse-races. The riders must collect a certain number off each pole.

Mrs. Murray has been in three or four big bike trials during the past few years.

"I won a cup for good riding in the Goodwin Shield in 1951, and a teaset and a teatray for other events."

"I don't diet for my races, and will just eat and sleep normally before this big interstate trial," she explained. "I think doing all my housework keeps me pretty fit."



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## U.S. animal expert



A BIG STRETCH for Mrs. Benchley but no effort at all for Jan, Taronga Zoo's giraffe, who appreciated the meal of fresh leaves.

## She prefers gorillas because "they're intelligent"

By BETTY BEST,  
staff reporter

A former director of a zoo, Mrs. Belle Benchley, of California, U.S.A., who passed through Sydney on her first round-the-world trip, says gorillas are her favorites among all the animals.

MRS. BENCHLEY recently retired from her job as a director of San Diego Zoo after 28 years and is now fulfilling her lifelong ambition to see in their wild state some of the animals she knows so well in their cages.

"Many people think that chimpanzees are more intelligent than gorillas, but they're not really," she said. "Chimpanzees copy humans, which appeals to people, but they don't think for themselves as gorillas do."

"I can prove that to you with my favorite gorilla story, which I think is wonderful."

"Years ago I used to wear an old felt hat that I'd had so long even my monkeys were tired of it."

"In San Diego Zoo we had

two gorillas, Bonga and Ingagi. I went right up to their cage one day to look at Bonga's sore toe."

"Quick as a flash he reached through the cage, grabbed my hat, and tore it to shreds."

"Ingagi, who loved me more than Bonga did, was frantically worried in case Bonga had really torn a part of me, so he rushed around gathering up the scraps as quickly as Bonga dropped them."

"Then he ran back to me, holding them tenderly, and carefully pushed every one back through the wires."

"Still he looked so distressed that I had to put the pathetic scraps back on my head to comfort him. As soon as I did that he went off happily, quite satisfied that I was whole again."

Self-styled as "probably the oldest zoo director in the

world," sprightly Mrs. Benchley is aged 71.

During her stay in Sydney she visited Taronga Zoo, where she made a tour of the Australian animals and was specially interested in the koalas.

"I just think they're the cutest little fellas!" she kept on exclaiming. "I can't believe I'm seeing so many at a time!"

"Of course we have four of them at San Diego and we're terribly proud of them."

"They came to us after taking part in the movie 'Botany Bay,' because we had been planting eucalyptus trees for years in the hope of one day having some of your koalas to feed."

"Now all that we ask is that they have some babies and keep the strain going. So far I'm afraid they haven't co-operated."

Mrs. Benchley had never studied any natural sciences before she first went to the San Diego Zoo as a book-keeper. Since then she has studied extensively.

She has written three books on animals for adults: "My Life In a Man-Made Jungle," "My Friends The Apex," and "My Animal Babies." She has also written a children's book called "Shirley Visits The Zoo."

In addition to writing for magazines and newspapers she has done a lot of work on film scripts, including Walt Disney's animal films.

"Disney photographed the baby deer for 'Bambi' at our zoo. He is one of the most wonderful people I've ever known with animals."

"Nothing is too much trouble for him and he will spend months and months on a detail just to make sure it is absolutely accurate."

"Of course all the studios take more trouble nowadays. When they used to make animal pictures years ago you were quite likely to see on the screen animals which were right out of their natural element."

RATHER SHY in the bright sunlight, Taronga Zoo's platypus had to be coaxed by the supervisor, Mr. Charles Cody, before it would show itself to Mrs. Benchley.





# Welcome at Zoo



**SINCERE WELCOME** from Digger, Taronga Zoo's most adventurous kangaroo, who hopped up to shake hands with Mrs. Benchley as soon as she entered his enclosure. Mrs. Benchley says animals prefer to make their own advances in friendship with humans.



**HER FAVORITES** at the Zoo were the koalas, "because they're so cute and cuddly," she said. George was placid and didn't mind being held, but Jennifer stayed in the tree and inspected Mrs. Benchley's hat. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

# The "Vogue"

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1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder,  
2 tablespoons MUMS Custard Powder, 2 eggs,  
1/2 cup of milk.

Melt the shortening and add it to the other ingredients in a mixing basin. Beat all together for about five minutes, beating hard. Turn into a well-greased square tin with paper on the bottom. Hollow out the centre a little so that the slab will not be higher in the middle when cooked. Bake in a moderate oven. When cold, cut into squares or fancy shapes. Make a little thin icing in several colours, including chocolate. Place the cakes on a wire tray with a plate underneath to catch the drips, and spoon the icing carefully over each cake. Decorate with nuts, cherries, forced mock cream or marzipan fruits, flowers and vegetables. For variety, some may be rolled in chopped nuts or toasted coconut. The greater the variety, the better will your collection of cakes look when served.

#### MUMS ORANGE DATE JELLY

1 pkt. of Mums Fruit Jelly Crystals (orange), 1 cup hot water, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup of orange sections free from all skin, 2 tablespoons dates cut into strips.  
Dissolve Mums Jelly Crystals in hot water. Add cold water, lemon juice and salt; chill. When quite thick, add orange sections and dates. Mould in a square pan. Serves 6-8 persons.

A little "spoiling" does no harm if it means serving your family the best there is. MUMS whipped cream smoothness and delicate, real vanilla flavour make it doubly delicious, doubly tempting. Ask for MUMS delicious custard at all good grocers—the difference is delightful and no eggs are needed. Serve MUMS to-night and watch the family's eyes sparkle. Then listen for the greatest compliment of all, "More please, Mummy"—so remember to make plenty of MUMS custard. MUMS makes all desserts so much more appetising.

# MUMS

**FAMOUS  
FOOD  
FAMILY**



MUMS pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder



MUMS luscious, real fruit Jellies



MUMS creamy, real vanilla Custard



# Glamor glasses

● A collection of model spectacles designed as fashion accessories rather than as functional necessities has been brought to Australia from a tiny workshop in Stuttgart, Germany.

**D**ESIGNED by husband-and-wife team Herr and Frau Theo Schneider, each pair is an exclusive model planned in color, size, and line for a particular type of face and will never be repeated in mass production.

Until now these glasses have never been sold outside Stuttgart, where, in a small workshop, measuring 30ft. by 15ft., the Schneiders and their craftsmen have been catering for customers who vary from fashion-conscious American tourists to men and women with facial scars to hide.

The idea of making individual models occurred to Frau Schneider when, after the war, soldiers came to her optician husband asking him to make frames which would conceal their facial scars.

She reasoned that many women who have to wear glasses feel just as self-conscious as men who have scars, and that there was no need for glasses to be unsightly.

With a natural flair for design,

Frau Schneider studied facial types and experimented with a variety of frames which would accentuate the good points of a face and minimise the less attractive ones.

On these flattering foundations Frau Schneider designed scrolls of semi-precious gems for evening wear, plainer motifs in gold and silver for daytime, and novelty carvings of flowers and animals for sportswear.

With each case she makes a detailed study of hair and skin coloring, and takes into account the type of cosmetics and clothing that most suit the customer concerned.

Some of her customers have brought their family jewels asking that they be included in the designs.

Until now she has never designed glasses without seeing the women who will wear them.

The first collection of over 200 pairs Frau Schneider has sent to Australia, however, includes glasses that she has proved will suit every type of facial shape and coloring.

Pictures on this page are by staff photographer Eric Donnelly.



**THEATRE GLASSES** have elegant scrolls of brilliants.



**BLUE FRAMES** studded with diamante and brilliants accentuate the eyes and are perfect for evening wear.



**TAILORED** for everyday wear these green plastic frames feature a simple gold motif on the wings.



**LIZARDS** in white ivory composition are carved on the wings of these smart light blue spectator sports glasses.



**CARVED FLOWERS** on attached combs give a cocktail hat effect.



**SPRIG OF ACORNS** in brown, white, and green makes a flattering variation.



**LAVISH TRACERY** in gold and blue brings glamor to flesh-colored frames.



**FOR GALA EVENINGS** matched brilliants decorate both frames and wings and culminate in starred combs.





LEAVING Christ Church St. Laurence after their wedding are Colin Ross Munro and his bride, formerly Carmen Sidwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. A. Sidwell, of Dulwich Hill. Carmen and Colin will live at Windsor.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Group-Captain Redmond Green and his bride leave for the reception at the Australia Hotel after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Green was formerly Nan Connor, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Connor, of Tempe.



AT RECEPTION. Ian McCallum and his bride at the Australia Hotel reception which followed their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. With Mr. and Mrs. McCallum are the bride's attendants, Mrs. Ken Triggs (left), Jill Triggs, and Mrs. Don McCallum (right). The bride was formerly Audrey Triggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Triggs, of Darling Point. The bridegroom is a brother of the well-known film star John McCallum.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**NOW** that the hectic round of autumn festivities is over, lots of lucky people are devoting most of their time to plans for a holiday abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Atwill, of the Astor, Macquarie Street, will leave for Canada and America in the Oronsay on May 21. After six weeks there, they will set sail for England in the Queen Mary.

Mrs. Atwill tells me that they will tour England by car, and after visiting Europe will arrive home in January.



**VICE-REGAL ENGAGEMENT.** Ista George, daughter of the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, and Lady George, with her fiancé, Captain Douglas Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who is A.D.C. to Sir Robert. Miss George arrived in Australia in February this year.

**THE** Dorchester Hotel will be the headquarters in London of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Peterson, who will spend two weeks there on a three and a half months' world trip. The Petersons will visit America twice—on the way to England and Europe and again on the return journey to Australia. Mrs. Peterson says she's looking forward to buying clothes abroad, and Mr. Peterson, a keen photographer, will take color pictures of the trip.

**THERE** was brief respite for Mr. and Mrs. Tresco Rowe after the recent wedding of their son Trevor and Carol Forbes, for now they are busy with preparations for a trip to America. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe will leave in the Oronsay on May 21. During their three months' absence, Trevor and Carol will live in their home at Mosman.

**I BELIEVE** that Mr. and Mrs. Dick Pye are having a wonderful time abroad. They left Sydney for America about a month ago, will arrive in London next week, and plan to come home in about four months.

**MAY 6** will be a big night for six Kambala schoolgirls who will give an end-of-term dance for 170 guests at the Woollahra Golf House. The hostesses are Jacquelyn Brain, Jocelyn Crisp, Jennifer Hume, Patricia Saunders, Xanthe Small, and Diana Winston.

**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Paddy Throsby, of "Growee," near Rylstone, and his bride leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Mouna Fielding Jones, youngest daughter of Mrs. Maynard Jenour, of Wentloog, Monmouthshire, England, and the late Mr. Ellis Fielding Jones.

**ONE** of the guests of honor at the Coral Sea Ball, to be held at Prince's on May 3, will be U.S. Admiral William Halsey, who flew out to Australia in an American naval plane this week. Admiral Halsey is well known in Sydney as he has visited us before—the last time was in 1944. His fellow guests of honor at the ball will include the American Ambassador, Mr. Amos Peaslee, and Mrs. Peaslee, the commander of the American aircraft-carrier Tarawa, Captain William Burch; Captain E. B. Jarman, of the Tarawa's escort ship O'Bannon, and Captain J. S. Whitefield, of the New Zealand cruiser Black Prince.

**JUST** moving into their new home at Stretton, Lancashire, England, are Lieutenant and Mrs. Fred Hefford, who were married last month at the Chester Cathedral. The couple have been honeymooning in Wales and Cornwall. Mrs. Hefford was formerly Val Smith, of Waverton.

**BRIEFLY** . . . Mrs. John Cooper, of "Mirridong," Cudal, visited Sydney for the yearling sales . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ian Chapman, of Cobarr, have named their new baby Barbara.

Anne



**FAREWELL PARTY.** Susanne Teakle, of Lake Bathurst, and Tony Pope, of Goulburn, arrive at the party given at the Pickwick Club by Mary Stephen for Wendy Lloyd Jones, who leaves for England this Friday.

**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rowe with the Rev. C. T. Kenderdine and bridesmaid Frances Horton Browne at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. The bride was formerly Carol Forbes.



**POLO AT AUSTRAL.** Colonel A. V. Pope (left), of Frankston, Victoria, Mr. Philip Parbury, of Dunmore, Mrs. Pope, and Mrs. Parbury were among spectators at the Austral Cup matches. Five teams took part in the matches, County A, County B, and Goulburn from New South Wales, and a team from both Queensland and New Zealand. In the finals, played at Warwick Farm, New Zealand won the Austral Cup from County A.



# A sweet surprise for Mother's Day



A gift — you know  
Mother will love and enjoy

It's the thought that counts on Mother's Day . . . and what could be more thoughtful — and appreciated — than a box of "Old Gold" Chocolates? There are 17 different centres among the 24 chocolates in each ½-lb. box — packed in two tempting layers and gaily highlighted with attractive foil wrapping. Express your good taste and affection — give "Old Gold" Chocolates. Available in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes throughout Australia.



Perhaps Mother prefers milk chocolates. Then give her MacRobertson's "Romance". A delicious assortment of centres coated with smooth, rich milk chocolate.



Another favourite is MacRobertson's Scorched Almonds. Finest-quality, roasted almonds, lavishly coated with milk chocolate — they make a perfect surprise gift.



"Clematis" and "Begonia" are other MacRobertson gift packages. These attractively decorated tins contain a wonderful assortment of dark and milk chocolates, each piece in its own gaily-coloured wrapping.

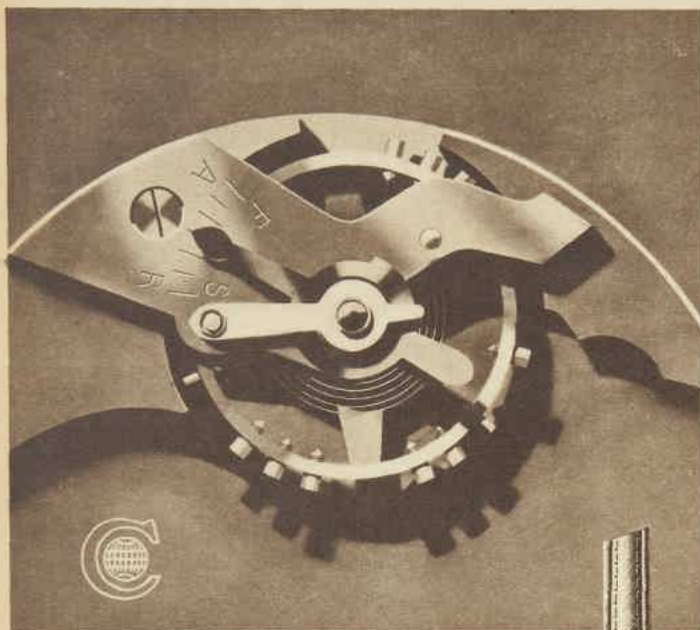
All made by

**MacRobertson**

The Great Name in Confectionery



The greatest enemy of  
your watch ..... baffled!



**S**HOCKS are the greatest enemies of a watch. Your watch is always in danger: even if you are careful, you may hit your arm against something, or your watch may slip when you are putting it on. If you visualise the minute size of the pivot of the balance-staff - this most essential and most fragile part of a watch - you will realise that but one shock is sufficient to break or twist the pivot, causing the watch to stop. Small wonder that replacing damaged balance-staffs used to be one of the watchmakers' most frequent jobs.

In the Cyma Research Department, however, an Anti-Shock Device was created which solved the problem once and for all. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is a triumph of inventive genius, and its practical efficiency has proved quite extraordinary. There is no doubt that this is one of the most important and valuable inventions in the history of watchmaking. In recent years, millions of Cyma watches have been fitted with the Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device, and now a damaged Cyma balance-staff has become extremely rare. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device - protected by exclusive Cyma patents all over the world - is now fitted to all Cyma models. This is one of the reasons for the astonishing reliability of Cyma watches.

Your next watch must be a Cyma too!

★ **ONLY** Cyma watches  
have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device  
but every **CYMA** has it!



The Cyma Watch Co., SA at La Chaux-de-Fonds, with its works in Yvernes and Le Locle, with thousands of employees, and a world-wide Sales and Service Organization is one of the most important watchmanufacturers in the world.

The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is protected by the following patents:

Switzerland	France
147857	811666
198992	854619
200929	1314
208578	2146529
198197	2219068
198769	2294023
Germany	2219067
688798	2184580
739151	England
688934	528645



### Mr. Mapps' time machine

**TWELVE** months ago Mr. Arnold Mapps, of Bexley North, N.S.W., was taking a ride on a Manly ferry when his mind, which had been gently ticking over, seized on the idea for a new invention.

"It's a gadget which fits on to the back of an alarm clock," he explained.

"Say you want to get up at six in the morning. You've only to set your alarm, and at six sharp the gadget will switch your radio on.

"Of course, my idea has been patented."

Mr. Mapps added that he was "better known to some as William Loiter," and that he'd written a book on modern dance movement as well as inventing his alarm-clock attachment.

**SUCCESSFUL** presswomen who have never lived outside cities, and who claim never to have boiled an egg, usually marry backwoods characters, settle in pioneering towns, and write books turning hardships into humor.

Journalist Joan Walker, once of England, now of Canada, has followed this time-tested pattern with her newly published "Pardon My Parka."

It's a light, gay book dealing with the Walkers' life in Val d'Or, a town which was "painfully like any set for a Wild West film, except that there weren't any board sidewalks. There weren't any side-walks, period."

Mrs. Walker tells of her visit to Val d'Or's only nightclub, where customers "wore macinaws, plaid shirts, or, if it was a hot night, no shirts at all."

She finds good copy in describing her nearest, but not dearest, neighbors—an Indian

# Worth Reporting

**BACKSTAGE** at the newly painted Phillip Street theatre, Sydney, we picked up a few wrinkles on William Orr's latest revue, "Top of the Bill," from leading actor Gordon Chater, who has a fresh wrinkle himself—in the centre of his forehead.

"A couple of weeks ago that was just an unromantic wart," he told us. "Couldn't wear that for a new show in a new theatre, so I got a plastic surgeon to exchange it for a wrinkle. How do you think it suits me?"

"Very well," we said, adding that Mr. Chater seemed to be following a theatrical fashion in plastic surgery set by Evie Hayes, who now wears a reticulate nose.

Mr. Chater, whose wrinkle will suit the quizzical comedy in which he excels, appears with 14 actors, including Margo Lee, Charles Tingwell, Lola Brooks, Ken Hannan, and Lyle O'Hara, in the revue written by youngsters Gerry Donovan, John McKellar, and Lance Mulcahy.

As with their "Merry-Go-Round" last year, this revue features songs and satires on the local scene.

### Our radio session: HERE'S YOUR SONG

**SIX** songs have been selected for a special Mother's Day presentation of our radio programme "Here's Your Song," to be presented on Thursday, May 6, 1954.

As usual, the programme will star Neil Williams and Lily Connors, and will be compered by Leon Becker.

**LISTENING TIMES:**  
**SYDNEY, 2CB, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.**  
**MELBOURNE, 3AW, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.**  
**MARYBOROUGH, 3CV, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.**  
**BRISBANE, 4BH, 6.30 p.m., Thursday.**

**THERE'S** a 10 Downing Street in Australia. It's the name of a holiday caravan on a camp site near Palm Beach, just a few miles from Sydney.

What we want to know, however, is whether the name of the owner is Churchill.

### Brides of the round table

**FATHERS** of this season's brides might like to hear that American girls are packing down the aisle in creations whipped up from double damask tablecloths and linen table napkins.

Australian brides-to-be might consider searching through the linen cupboards after hearing of Boston designer Phyllis Bianchi's ideas.

Miss Bianchi made a full-length wedding dress from the two damask cloths and a ballerina-length gown for a bride.

A round pink linen tablecloth formed the circular skirt, and matching pink table napkins outlined the top of the close-fitting bodice and formed a scallop motif over one hip.

### Handshakes by the thousand

**FIVE** thousand handshakes have been given by Mrs. Elenor Hampton, of Auburn Heights, N.S.W., to members of New Zealand Forces passing through Sydney bound for or returning from Korea.

President of the New Zealand Club in Sydney, Mrs. Hampton left her home town, Wellington, N.Z., in 1927 and has, for the past 18 months, met ship and plane loads of her countrymen when they arrived in Sydney.

When Mrs. Hampton, in a feathered hat and grey ensemble, dropped into our office she took our hand in a grey-gloved grasp.

"I'd hate to see any of the New Zealanders pass through without giving them a welcoming handshake and an offer of hospitality," she said.

Mrs. Hampton likes nothing better than arranging dances for the boys or putting them up overnight in the comfortable home which she shares with her son Allan—an ex-8th Div. P.O.W.

### The skilful needlewoman

**A** CUSHION-COVER of jacaranda-blue faille, embroidered with satin and stem stitch in burgundy silk, won second prize for Mrs. G. H. Rootham, of Fairfield, N.S.W., in a Dominion competition conducted by the Embroiderers' Guild of London.

The Guild issued a transfer of a design, featuring the national emblems of the British Dominions, and the transfers were sent to various women's organisations.

Mrs. Rootham entered her embroidery through the Country Women's Association, and has just received her prize, a book about traditional Portuguese embroidery.

Mother of three children, Graeme (6), Reba (4½), and Sonya (2½), Mrs. Rootham is already encouraging her elder girl, Reba, to use a needle.

"So far Reba has only sewn buttons on to cloth, using a needle and a thick bit of cotton," she said, "but, at any rate, it's a start."

## Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

family, headed by a gentleman known as War Bonnet. Published by Arthur Barker Ltd. Our copy from the publishers.

★ ★ ★  
"Our Virgin Island," by Robb White, tells how the writer and his young wife, Rodie, chose to exist on a tiny spot of land known as Marina Cay, in the British Virgin Islands.

Marina Cay was a parched, rocky island covering less than eight acres of dry land, possessing a white beach, a banyan tree, a bay, no drinking water, and the utmost solitude.

Before they built their house with their own hands the Whites had nowhere to sleep but on the sand, and nothing

to eat but the fish they caught, or the stewed seaweeds, "with a taste of iodine and a satisfactory texture to bite."

And when they had built their shelter of a home they were happy to be alone on the island, where the only sounds were of sea birds, the pounding of the sea, and of the wind—gentle sometimes, but again coming in hurricane force, bringing horizontal squalls of rain.

Robb White, a struggling writer, took his bride to this place against parental opposition.

The story, set immediately before World War II, is graphically written and wholly absorbing. Mr. White has made no humor out of the circumstances of early poverty and endurance, but has written a sincere book with, perhaps, some bitter undertones.

Published by Victor Gollancz. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company, Sydney.



# GLAMOR OFFERS TO AIR HOSTESS



IN BORROWED SHOES. Mrs. Petrov, who lost a shoe in Sydney, arrives at Darwin wearing Joyce Bull's shoes. She was met by (from left) Government Secretary R. H. Leydin, Qantas representative F. Angel, and Acting Crown Law Officer Edmunds.

## Fan mail, contracts, TV for girl who saved Mrs. Petrov

Because of the splendid way in which she carried out her part in the Petrov affair, Melbourne air hostess Joyce Bull has been showered with congratulations, offered big contracts, and, with the crew of her BOAC plane, is being televised by a TV unit that the B.B.C. has sent out specially to Beirut.

CHAIRMAN of the BOAC, Sir Miles Thomas, sent cables of thanks to Joyce and to Captain J. L. Davys, captain of the plane in which she, as air hostess, helped Mrs. Petrov.

Joyce received this cable, the first of many congratulatory messages, at Calcutta, where she and other members of the plane crew had two days' break after their flight from Darwin.

She also had telephone calls from London, talking for more than 40 minutes and telling the story of her flight from Sydney, which must be the

most sensational of present-day dramas.

The 31-year-old BOAC air hostess was the central figure in the dramatic story of Mrs. Evdokia Petrov's decision to remain in Australia with her Russian diplomat husband, who sought and was granted political asylum in that country—a story which ended in Russia breaking off diplomatic relations with Australia.

It was undoubtedly Joyce Bull's kindness and womanly sympathy that gave Mrs. Petrov the courage to leave the plane at Darwin on her flight from Sydney back to Russia.

Joyce was the first non-Russian to whom Mrs. Petrov ad-

mitted that she wanted to stay in Australia.

I had a long talk with Joyce in Karachi and her story of Mrs. Petrov is one that every woman will understand—the story of a distracted woman whose unhappiness and grief were eased by the gentleness and thoughtfulness of a young air hostess anxious to do what she could to help the unfortunate passenger in her distress.

"As soon as Mrs. Petrov came down the plane to the women's retiring room, I offered her my shoes, because she had lost a shoe in the demonstration at the airport before the plane left Sydney, and the Russians escorting her would not let her stop to pick it up," Joyce told me.

"I felt terribly sorry for her because she was weeping bitterly as the plane took off. She looked a pathetic figure in her stockinged feet as she came into the quite spacious—for a plane—women's retiring room.

"I followed her into the retiring room and said, 'Can I lend you my shoes?'"

"She looked dejected but smiled at me and said, 'yes' and I got my own suede sling-back shoes out of my overnight bag and between us we adjusted the straps."

That little act of kindness broke down the Russian woman's reserve. Still distressed, she looked up at Joyce



JOYCE BULL, BOAC air hostess, who helped Mrs. Petrov in the flight to Darwin. Joyce formerly lived in Melbourne.

Bull with a most unhappy expression and, seeing the tenderness in the young hostess' face, she gulped out, "I want to see my husband."

Joyce told me Mrs. Petrov seemed most bewildered and asked which way the plane was going.

"We are going to Darwin," Joyce told her. Mrs. Petrov seemed more than ever bewildered and the tears that had swollen her cheeks and eyes were starting again.

### Women's talk

JOYCE quickly got her a cold compress. "Put this on your eyes, you will feel better," she said, and started talking to Mrs. Petrov, the sort of talk women understand.

"Have you any children?" Joyce asked.

"I had one daughter—she died," was the reply.

Joyce comforted Mrs. Petrov and told her to try to relax. She offered her a headache tablet. "It may help you to sleep," Joyce said.

"Sleep? Sleep?" said Mrs. Petrov. "It is impossible. I have not slept for two weeks."

Joyce told me Mrs. Petrov was softly spoken and very sweet. "I would have done my duty by any passenger in distress and I had seen the scenes at the Sydney airport and felt very sorry for her indeed."

"I warmed to her immediately and wanted to do whatever I could to help her."

Mrs. Petrov's seat in the plane was next to Kisiltsin,

the Second Secretary at the Russian Embassy in Canberra. Behind it the Russian couriers Karpinsky and Jarkov were seated.

"Mrs. Petrov seemed more composed for a while when she returned to her seat," Joyce said.

"She smoked heavily all the time and when we served light refreshments she said, 'Can I have a cup of very strong black tea, please?'"

"The passengers were very sympathetic and no one stared too much or embarrassed poor Mrs. Petrov."

"Then she came down to the retiring room again to see me. I had told the two stewards—Bob Muir, the chief steward, and Ron Maria, from Bondi, N.S.W.—that she wanted to see her husband. We knew she was upset and we wanted to help her but were powerless at that moment."

Joyce said that on this second visit to the retiring room, Mrs. Petrov had asked her, "Won't you help me?"

Joyce added, "I went into a huddle with the stewards and we told the captain."

Captain Davys had told Joyce, "Ask Mrs. Petrov whether she wants political asylum."

After her second talk to Joyce Mrs. Petrov seemed more composed and she asked for a glass of beer.

While the Russian couriers dozed, Mrs. Petrov didn't re-

lax for a moment. "She knew her guards were armed. She told us so," Joyce said.

It was when Mrs. Petrov rose to visit the retiring room for the third time that Mr. Kisiltsin became suspicious and followed her. He stood outside the room, drinking water from the cooler.

Inside, Mrs. Petrov was telling Joyce she did not want to go back to Moscow but was too scared to say so. Joyce was able to tell her she was welcome to stay in Australia.

Joyce also assured her that her husband was still alive.

Then the plane landed at Darwin, and Mrs. Petrov was met by the Government Secretary, Mr. R. H. Leydin. "I could see she was going to pieces again and I got her some sal volatile," said Joyce.

### "Is it poison?"

BUT the deep-rooted suspicions of the Russian overcame Mrs. Petrov's trust in Joyce. "Is it poison?" she asked.

Joyce said no and drank some of the sal volatile. Mrs. Petrov took a sip but pushed the glass away. Mr. Leydin also took a sip to reassure her, but she would not put the glass to her lips again.

"We stood around while Mrs. Petrov made up her mind," said Joyce. Three hours later the plane took off without Mrs. Petrov, who had decided to stay in Australia."

## Typist in Moscow

Miss Pat Romans, of Canberra, a typist at the Australian Legation at Moscow, was among the women members of the staff who had to pack hastily to leave for home when diplomatic relations with Russia were severed.

PATRICIA ROMANS' mother, Mrs. George Romans, of Canberra, told staff reporter Betty Best in a telephone interview that her daughter two weeks ago had sent her a cable of birthday greetings.

Her daughter's letters from Moscow were full of the happy times that she had there, and she seemed very contented and well, she added.

Before Miss Romans went to Moscow last year she had a

job in the External Affairs Department in London.

An attractive, prematurely grey woman in her thirties, she was a popular member of the late W. M. Hughes' staff for two years during the war. Alfred Bachli, Mr. William Hughes' masseur for 30 years, has very happy memories of working with Miss Romans, whom he describes as "one of the most charming personalities I have ever met."

"She would be able to cope with any situation after the way she coped with old Billy," he said.





Now TWO HOOVERS Instead of ONE

*Announcing!*

# THE 1954 BIGGER-TUB HOOVER WASHER

**EASILY FILLED... EMPTIES ITSELF**

It's just arrived! The handsome, streamlined, bigger-tub Hoover... with the fastest washing action of any machine made! This compact, roll-away washer does a large family wash and gets it cleaner than machines costing much, much more. Hoover's exclusive Pulsator never touches the clothes. It washes thoroughly, swiftly, yet as gently as you would by hand. When you get a Hoover you get the best... at a price that fits the family purse. Ask your retailer for a demonstration today. You'll be thrilled with its amazing value.

*Fits the Family Purse* **65 GUINEAS** or Easy Terms



**DOES BIG  
WASHES  
FASTER**

Does a big 6 lbs  
wash in 4 minutes

**BIGGER  
WRINGER**

Takes a double  
blanket with ease

**SO VERY  
GENTLE**

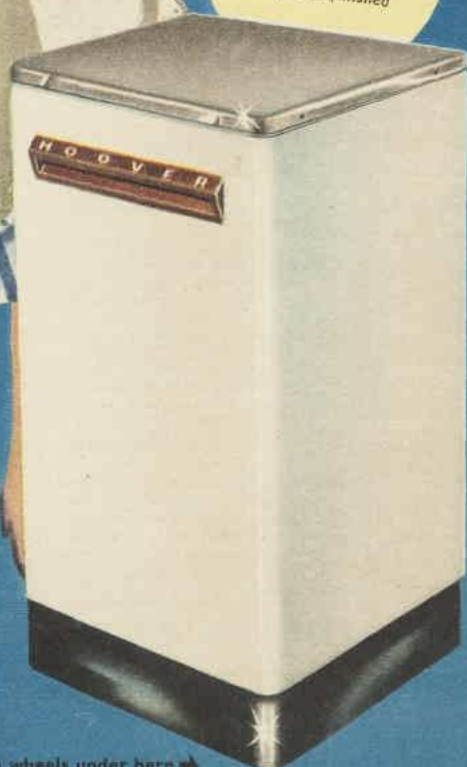
Exclusive pulsator  
gives a gentle washing  
action exactly  
like boiling

**EASILY FILLED  
EMPTIES ITSELF**

Adjustable hose for  
filling... automatic  
emptying

**ROLLS OUT  
OF THE WAY**

Push it in a corner  
when you've finished



Hidden wheels under here →



**DOES BIG  
WASHES FASTER**

The new, bigger-tub Hoover takes 6 lbs. of washing and gets it cleaner than ever before in 4 minutes! Does so much so fast that you can fit a full family wash into an hour or so.



**EASILY FILLED  
EMPTIES ITSELF**

So quick! So easy! The new Hoover is filled direct from the water tap by a length of rubber tubing. It is emptied in a few minutes by means of an automatic pump built into the machine.



**SO VERY  
GENTLE**

The Hoover's exclusive Pulsator is set in the side of the tub so never touches the clothes. It gets deeply-soiled whites gleaming-clean yet is so gentle that your sheerest lingerie can be done in your Hoover.



**ROLLS OUT  
OF THE WAY**

Because it stands on wheels, the new Hoover Washer is very easy to move about. The wheels, however, are set at right-angles to the wringer, so that the machine remains quite still during wringing.

HW.14.WW.FPC.



# HOME CONTEST AWARDS

## £1000 TO ADELAIDE MAN



£1000 PRIZEWINNER, Mr. Geoffrey W. Grigg, of Hyde Park, Adelaide, who topped the popular amateur section in our Family Home Contest, photographed with his wife and two young sons, David 2, and baby Simon.

## Men win first prize in both sections

The two first prizes of £1000 each in the architects' and amateur sections of our Family Home Contest, which closed on March 26, were won by men.

Teamwork gained the £1000 first prize for three young men in the architects' section. They are David A. Brunton, Jack Lilly, and Bernard H. Joyce, all of Melbourne.

THE assessors also awarded them a premium of £100 for a separate entry.

Winner of the £1000 prize in the amateur section is Geoffrey W. Grigg, of Adelaide, B.Sc., M.Sc., of Melbourne University.

The three winners in the architects' section are on the staff of the architectural branch of the Public Works Department in Melbourne.

They look forward to setting up as partners when they have finished their studies.

While completing part-time architectural courses at Melbourne Technical College, Jack Lilly and David Brunton are working as architectural draughtsmen. Bernard Joyce, an Englishman, is in the final year of his university course in architecture. He is employed as an assistant architect.

With Bernard's mother, Mrs. P. E. Joyce, of Middle Park, doing the secretarial work, they entered the contest, pooling their ideas.

The winning design may be built in sections, and was planned for young couples, the house to be enlarged as the family increased.

The young architects have had practical experience in building "from the ground up."

They built Jack's home at Tullamarine, in a semi-rural setting, and also David's house at Beaumaris.

Though Bernard is still single, Jack and David hint that it will not be long before they are building a home for him on a block of land he owns at Black Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Joyce came from England five years ago and settled in Melbourne because there seemed to be more

Both hope to sit for their registration examination next year.

Jack's wife was formerly Ronda Rowe, of Culcairn, N.S.W. They have a son, Douglas, aged two, and a daughter, Sharon, four.

David Brunton and his wife, married two years ago, have a ten-months-old son, Barry.

Mr. Geoffrey Grigg, winner of the amateur section, lives with his wife and two young sons, David, two, and Simon, three months, in a rented house at Hyde Park, Adelaide.

The plan he entered is the house he would like to build.

These ideas, which include a large living-room for communal use of the young family plus nooks for each child to ensure them privacy to pursue their own interests, conform to the modern concept of the rights of young people to develop their personalities along individual lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Grigg have been married three-and-a-half years and for two years of that time lived in England while Mr. Grigg did post-graduate work at Cambridge University, on a C.S.I.R.O. scholarship.

£1000 PRIZEWINNERS in the architects' section of the Family Home Contest, Jack Lilly, left, Bernard Joyce, and David Brunton. Bernard's mother, Mrs. P. E. Joyce, helped the winning team by doing all their typing.

**FAMILY HOME Contest**

opportunity for Bernard in Australia.

He then was articled to the architectural department of John Lewis, well-known Oxford Street store.

Jack Lilly, formerly of Western Australia, and David Brunton, who is 25, have worked to finance their courses and living expenses, taking part-time subjects for the past seven years, while holding jobs as architectural draughtsmen.

## PRIZES

### ARCHITECTS' SECTION

#### FIRST PRIZE £1000

DAVID A. BRUNTON, JACK LILLY, BERNARD H. JOYCE, 37 Nimmo St., Middle Park, S.C.6, Melbourne.

#### FIVE PREMIUMS OF £100

WILFRED E. LUCAS, 175 Wardell Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

DENIS ROURKE, 13 Harcourt St., Hawthorn, E.3, Melbourne.

DONALD WEBB, 12 Lileura Ave., Beaumaris, S.10, Victoria.

ROBERTO REGALA, 107 Darling Point Rd., Darling Point, Sydney.

DAVID A. BRUNTON, JACK LILLY, BERNARD H. JOYCE, 37 Nimmo St., Middle Park, S.C.6, Melbourne.

### AMATEUR SECTION

#### FIRST PRIZE £1000

GEOFFREY W. GRIGG, Waite Agricultural Institute, Private Mail Bag, G.P.O., Adelaide.

#### THREE PRIZES OF £100

MRS. MARGARET HENDERSON, "Wandalong," Foot St., Lower Templestowe, Victoria.

REX COLLEY, 28 Mandolong Rd., Mosman, Sydney.

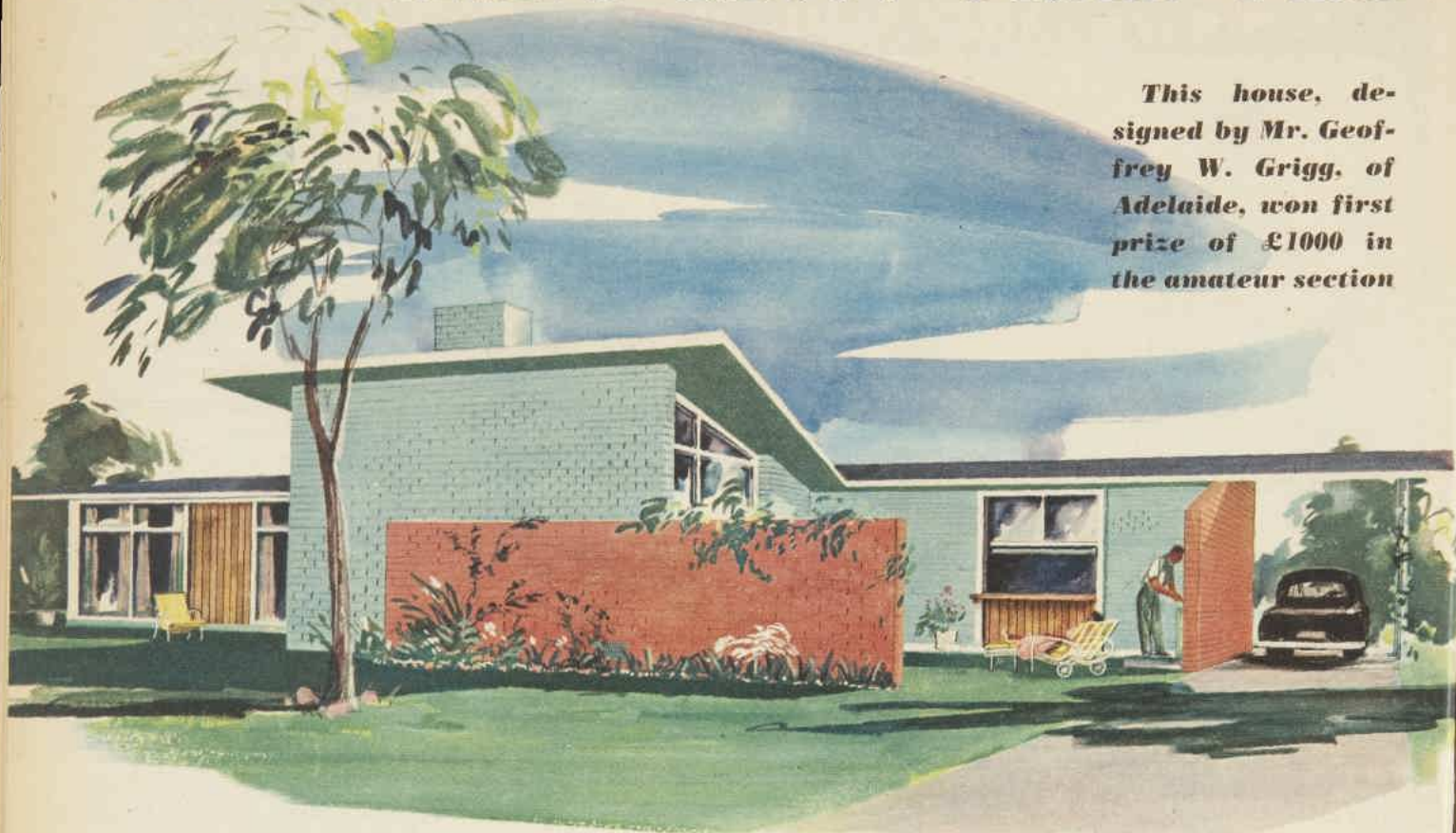
MISS MARJORY COLLARD, 14 Toorak Ave., Toorak, Melbourne.

## TRIO SHARE £1000





# FAMILY MAN'S £1000 PRIZE PLAN

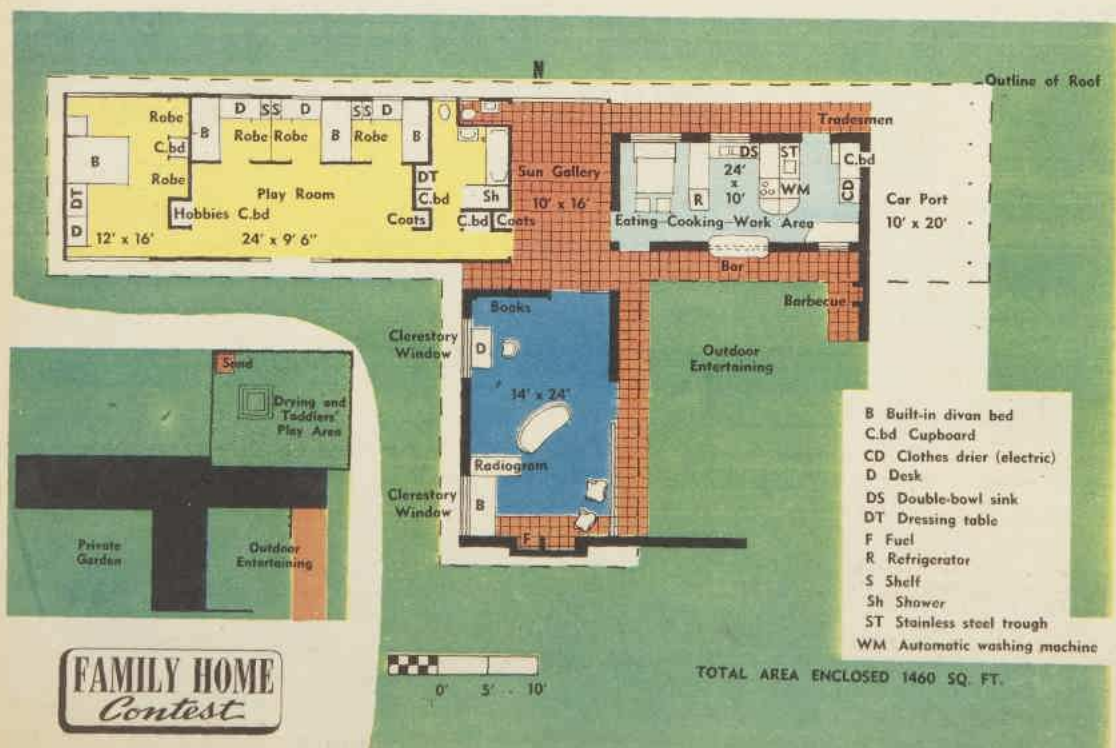


*This house, designed by Mr. Geoffrey W. Grigg, of Adelaide, won first prize of £1000 in the amateur section*

**£1000 PRIZE HOUSE.** This drawing of the house designed by family man Mr. Geoffrey W. Grigg, of Adelaide, which won in the amateur section, was made by a staff artist from Mr. Grigg's floor plan. It shows the service bar and barbecue in the section of the garden enclosed for private entertaining.

**SIMPLE GROUND PLAN** submitted by Mr. Grigg for his winning design for a family home. Like the majority of plans, it includes play space for the children in wet and fine weather. As well, it takes every advantage of the opportunities for outdoor living which the Australian climate makes possible.

Planned round a terra-cotta tiled sun-gallery or entrance hall, which serves as a living area, the house is T-shaped.



**T**HIS shape divides the block into three areas. Those on the south side are utilised as a private garden and as an outside entertaining area.

The area on the north is divided into two by a high wall or fence of stone or brick. One half (the enclosed one) is the service area and toddlers' play area. It is within easy reach of, and in full view of, the kitchen.

On one side of the entrance gallery is the eating-kitchen-work area constructed of solid masonry, and on the other the timber-framed bathroom and sleeping area.

At the south end of the entrance gallery is the lounge, which is of solid masonry. One half of the east wall of this room is of glass from floor to ceiling. The partition between the sun-gallery and lounge is also of glass.

The west wall of the lounge is entirely of stone or brick, except for two strips of louver windows set high in the wall for ventilation. The ceiling follows the roofline, but there is free air space between.

The work space is 24ft. x 10ft., and the areas provided for are partly separated from each other by benches and shelves, but arranged so that the mother can keep an eye on children playing outside, and on the stove, while doing ironing or sewing.

The children's bedrooms lead on to a playroom big enough to take a full-sized table-tennis table or to provide space for dancing.

**FAMILY HOME Contest**



Models of prizewinning plans on these pages will be displayed at the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention at the Town Hall, Sydney, from May 10 to 25.

# ARCHITECTS' £1000 DESIGN

FAMILY HOME  
Contest

This design, placed first in the architects' section, was submitted by three young Melbourne men training to be architects. The assessors described its basic plan as "brilliantly simple."

THE designers, Messrs. David A. Brunton, Jack Lilly, and Bernard H. Joyce, of Melbourne, also made the design flexible—12 squares may be built first and the remainder added later.

The basic unit is designed for a young married couple, a married couple with one child, or an elderly couple. With the addition of the second unit, three or four children could be accommodated.

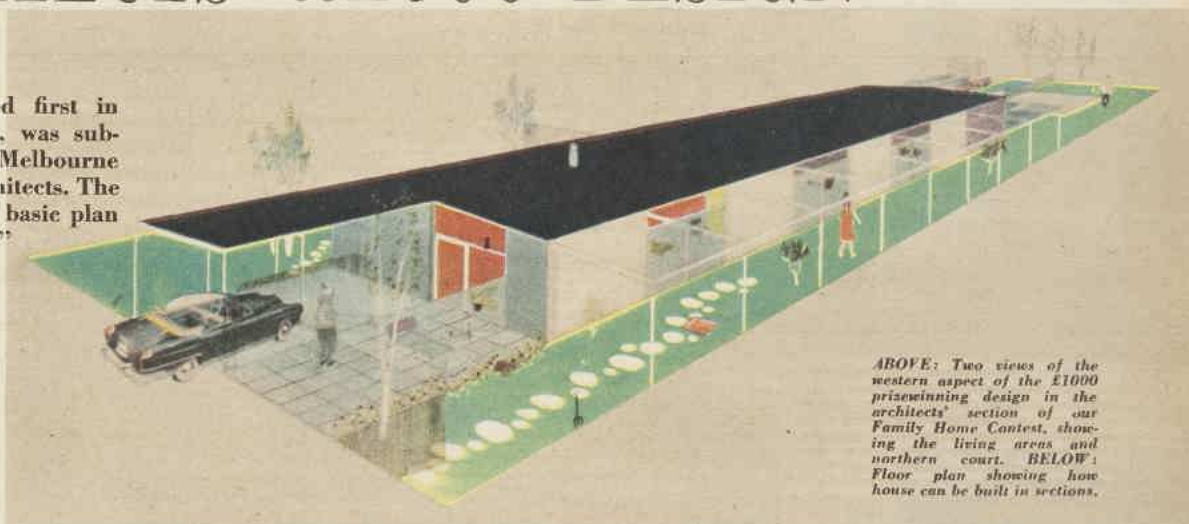
It gives the family scope for a widening set of living activities covering the differences between the activities of parents and child.

The house is set on the site to allow maximum space between it and all boundaries. This space is developed by the sun terraces, shaded courts, games area, and gardens.

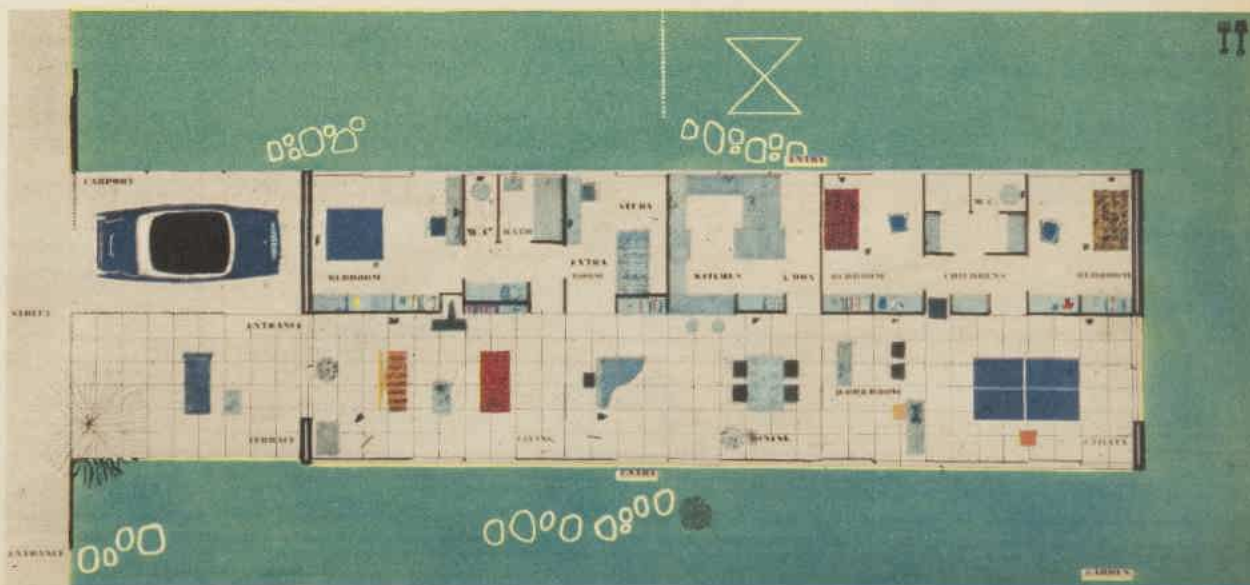
The building is of simple modular construction with a 4ft. 4in. grid, embraced at either end by 11in. brick cavity stabilising walls built on a concrete raft.

Longitudinal stability is achieved by the continuously centred storage wall. External walls are of dressed studs (timber construction) and or with glazed panels which are flexible in location and material finish.

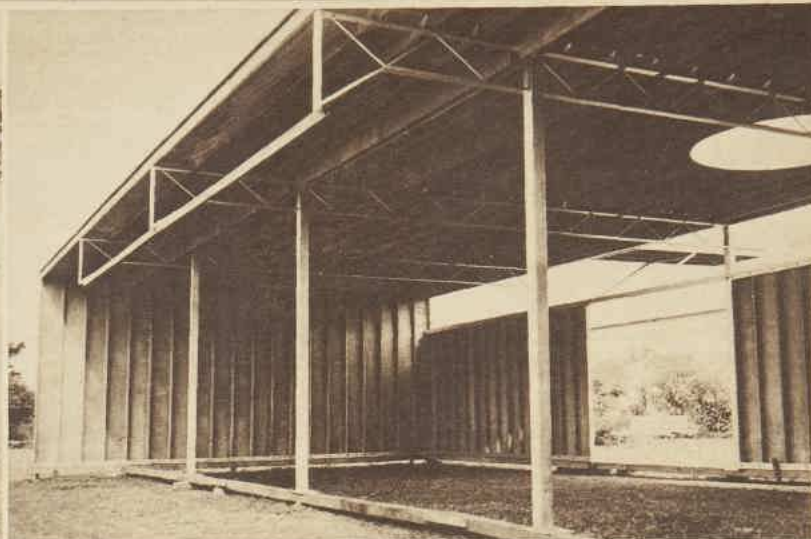
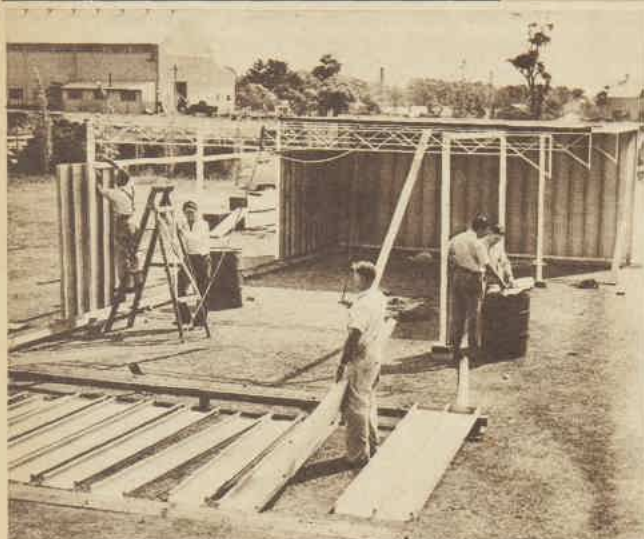
Roofing is of laminated maltoid and aluminium, or similar material. Ceilings are lined either on top or bottom of rafters. The sheeting of internal stud walls may be of a variety of materials.



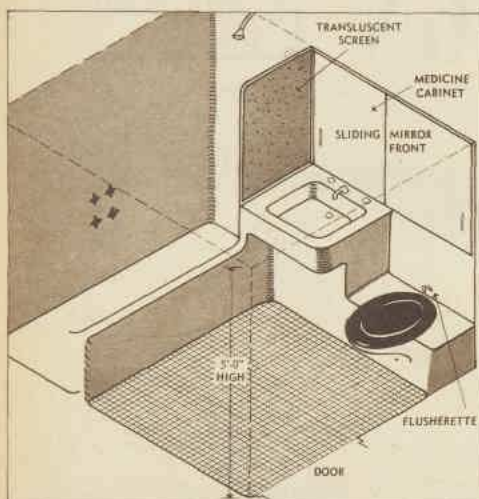
ABOVE: Two views of the western aspect of the £1000 prizewinning design in the architects' section of our Family Home Contest, showing the living areas and northern court. BELOW: Floor plan showing how house can be built in sections.







**PROGRESS PICTURES AT ASSEMBLY TEST.** After the required number of machine-made components were completed, our "House of the Future" was quickly assembled at the Arnco factory, Sutherland, N.S.W. The picture above shows one end wall erected and all the open-web roof-beams and columns in position. Above right: The almost completed shell after one day's work, taken from the northern side, the wall of which will be of glass.



**ABOVE:** Plan of the prefabricated bathroom unit to be made in one piece from either moulded plastic or steel.

**LEFT:** Circular skylight of steel and curved translucent plastic. It also acts as a ventilator to the bathroom.

Within the next few days a new kind of small house will be built in the Sydney Town Hall.

It is our "House of the Future," which promises to be the centre of attraction at the Architectural and Building Exhibition, which opens on May 10.

Revolutionary in design, it is likely to become the subject of controversy.

The house was planned by architect Harry Seidler for streamline production as a solution to the housing problem. Mr. Seidler claims that the present housing dilemma is due to cumbersome handicraft methods and wasteful man-hours involved in present-day buildings.

Our "House of the Future" will be a steel structure assembled from machine-made parts.

A recent constructional test showed that precision-made steel parts can be speedily put together. Progressive pictures of the factory test are reproduced on this page.

Due to space restrictions in the Town Hall, our "House of the Future" will be a one-bedroom home for a young married couple. But the design is flexible. It can be expanded

to fit the requirements of any size family. Variations of the plan are shown on this page.

One of its outstanding features will be the entire northern wall construction of non-actinic plate-glass, partly in fixed and partly in sliding frames. This type of glass keeps out much of the sun's heat. All rooms, even the kitchen, will face this wall, which can open on to a terrace, a view, or a secluded garden.

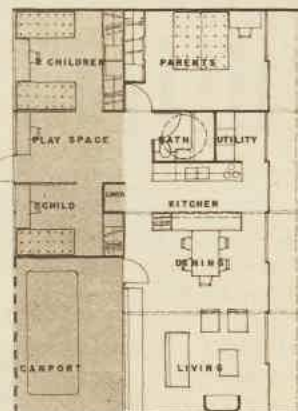
The interior will be further protected from undue sunlight and glare by a long metal sunshade, and the roof will be insulated.

Further details of the house are given on the opposite page.

The kitchen will have a unit incorporating the refrigerator, sink, garbage disposal, and stove under one counter-top.

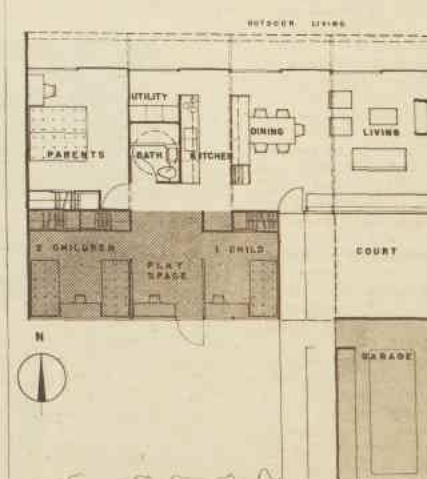
The bathroom will be a prefabricated unit incorporating shower, basin, toilet, flooring and walls up to five feet.

A further series of pictures, showing the actual furnishing scheme and disposition of rooms in our "House of the Future," will be published in our issue of June 2. A suggested plan for the garden will be included.



**FLOOR-PLAN** variation showing the carport and accommodation for three children. The children's rooms and play space are strategically placed in relation to the kitchen.

NORTH - SOUTH STREET



**ANOTHER VARIATION** of the flexible ground-floor plan designed for family living. In all three plans the wall of both fixed and sliding glass faces a northerly aspect.

EAST - WEST STREET



**ANOTHER PROGRESS PICTURE** showing the completed shell from the southern side. It clearly indicates the four identical structural bays and the high-up cross ventilation strip, which will be of glass, and the front-door canopy and skylight for the interior bathroom. This picture shows all the wall and roof panels in their raw state of zinc annealed 20-gauge steel. For the test, the pressed steel base angles were set on a temporary wooden base.



# Originality and elegance

IN his furnishing scheme, architect Harry Seidler's aim was to utilise the latest in present-day designs to fit easily and even elegantly into the prepared setting.

The surprise element, yet one that contributes warmth and beauty to the decor, is the introduction of timbered walls into the house of steel. These, of silver ash, form the end walls to bedroom and living area.

Their horizontal pattern contrasts with the vertical lines of the exposed ceiling ribs and creates an illusion of greater width.

The walls of glass (not shown in these sketches), with their sliding glass partitions, also make the rooms seem larger, lighter, and brighter.

The house is geared for streamlined housekeeping. It is easy to live with and easy to look after. As the floor plan (below) shows, the "workshop" of the home is placed at centre, with only a free-standing servery unit forming the boundary line between living areas and meal-preparation counter and cooking unit.

Silver ash is also used for the doors, wall cabinet, table-top, framework of the living-room couch, and the dressing-table. Indirect lighting plays an important part in the decor.

The "scooped" chairs and the interesting shapes of the dining chairs with their welded steel mesh bodies were designed to play a dual role. Surprisingly light, they are easy to carry and can be used for terrace or garden.

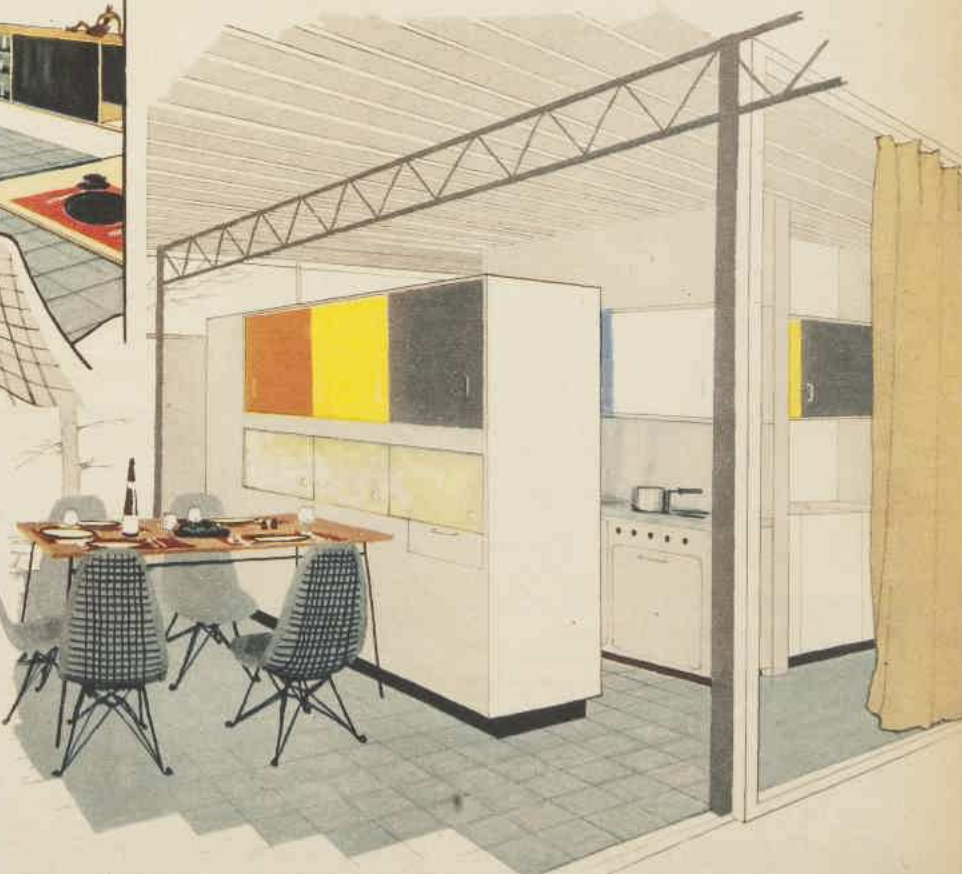


IN THE BEDROOM of our House of the Future the sense of secluded shelter contrasts sharply with the broader exposures of the living areas. Its furnishing scheme is simple but elegant. The silver-ash dressing-table is fixed to the wall and the wardrobe unit has a sliding mirrored door. A voluminous bedspread covers the twin beds.



LIVING AREA (above) shows the precast concrete fireplace and chimney set into the timbered wall. The stream-lined wall unit houses books, bric-a-brac, radio, television set, and cocktail cupboard. The plastic-tiled floor is soft to the tread, easy to clean.

FLOOR-PLAN (right) of our House of the Future designed for a young married couple shows disposition of rooms, the strip windows or "highlights" on the cool side of the house, glass wall, door placements, and the balanced furniture arrangement. Variations of the plan, including terrace, are on page 26.



DINING AREA and kitchen (above) are separated by a free-standing unit called a servery. It is well equipped with cupboards and drawers, which may be opened on either side, also a work counter to supplement the kitchen's main meal-preparation counter. Primary colors used on the sliding panels of the cupboards coupled with the yellow draw-curtains are in dramatic contrast to the light grey tonings.





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Fawn. Sizes: 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, and 32.

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# Amateurs each win £100

FAMILY HOME  
Contest

Plans as she works

Young Mrs. Ray (Margaret) Henderson, of Templestowe, Victoria, thought out her plan while engaged in housework.

WHILE she bottled tomatoes she was working out dimensions of the rooms. Other points were settled as she cleaned floors, washed up, and tidied the house.

Mrs. Henderson said that she thought about her plan for a long time before she began drawing it.

Then the plan took five days to draw, sandwiched between necessary jobs as she looked after her husband and two daughters, Wendy, four, and Susan, three.

She took some of the ideas from her own home, which she designed herself.

One of these was a heat-box over the fireplace, another making the kitchen a non-pass-through room, thus enabling the children to be kept out when necessary.

She also used her favorite forest colors in the interior decorations, because she likes being outdoors and tries to bring that atmosphere into the house.

The house is designed for the Melbourne climate.

Mrs. Henderson placed the back door near the front door, because tradesmen now refuse to walk around to the back.

Mrs. Henderson already has a plan ready for their future home—a bigger one—which they hope to build on another part of their land half a mile away.

In their present 10-squares home she has used every inch to advantage.

A bacteriologist before her marriage, Mrs. Henderson is still keen to take a medical course, which she began during the war.

Her husband is engaged in commercial seed-growing.



£100 PRIZEWINNER, Mrs. Ray (Margaret) Henderson, of Templestowe, Vic., with her daughters Susan and Wendy, right, in the kitchen of her home, which she designed.

Entered at last minute

Vivacious young senior history mistress Marjory Collard, of Ruyton Girls' Grammar School, Kew, Victoria, didn't get her £100 prize plan on to paper until the very last night.

SHE has been designing houses on graph paper since she was a child.

"It's just like doing crossword or jig-saw puzzles, only more fun," she said.

"I don't draw at all well, so just kept twisting the design around in my head until I finally got it on paper."

Marjory would have done an architecture course instead of history and English had her mathematics been more reliable.

She helped to design the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Collard, in Toorak Avenue, Toorak, and now, with her fiancé, Raymond O'Dea, is designing her own home, which they will move into after their marriage in August this year.

"We are achieving better effects with an economy campaign than we would with lots of money to spend," she said enthusiastically.

One of their long-sighted ideas is to have wrought-iron furniture in their living-room.

"Because you can see through it, the room appears larger," Marjory explained. "Then later it will be attractive garden furniture," she added.

COMMERCIAL artist Rex Colley, of Mosman, N.S.W., who was awarded £100 for his plan

for a family home, wanted to become an architect when he was at school, but as he was weak in mathematics he switched to art.

He submitted his plan for his contest house to his wife and children, Judith, 12, and David, seven, for their approval before sending it in.

To marry soon



MISS MARJORY COLLARD, of Toorak, Vic., put some of the ideas for her own new home into her contest entry. She will be married to Mr. Raymond O'Dea in August.

Artist's win



MR. REX COLLEY, of Mosman, N.S.W., says that he likes to plan houses, one of which he may build in the future. His plan had the approval of his wife and family before he submitted it.



# Architects awarded £100 premiums **FAMILY HOME Contest**

Australian architect Denis Rourke, now in England, worked on his £100 prize-winning design until 3 a.m. on cold English mornings before he posted it.

HE is working with the London architectural firm of Richard Sheppard and Partners, and has been abroad for a year.

On his way to England Denis travelled through the Continent on a motor-scooter, which he now rides through the London traffic.

Italy appealed most to him, and he hopes to return there before coming home, probably next year.

His parents, Brigadier and Mrs. Henry Gordon Rourke, of Hawthorn, Victoria, said that their son has been keen on architecture since his schooldays at Cranbrook, Sydney.

Denis gained second-class honors in Architecture at Sydney University before his family moved to Melbourne two years ago.

He is keen on music as a hobby and plays the piano.

He was stroke of his college and university boat crews, and had his own yacht when he lived in Sydney.

At present he is living in Kensington, London.

**A**NOTHER £100 prize-winner, young Melbourne architect Donald Webb, is also keen on music as a hobby and on yachting.

A war-time airman, he gained his Bachelor and Diploma of Architecture under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme and is now working for the Melbourne firm of Mussen, Mackay, and Potter.

Mr. Webb said that he did not feel qualified to make sweeping statements on architecture.

"But I do think that we could build to suit the environment more than we do,"

he said. "A house built on plains such as the Riverina should create interest to relieve the surroundings."

"But one built in lovely rolling hills, for instance, is always best as a low, rambling homestead."

Mr. Webb submitted a design for a country home.

He also designed the house he lives in at Beaumaris, Victoria.

He has a wife and two sons, Christopher, six, and Adrian, four.

Mr. Webb originally intended being an electrical engineer. Radio is one of his main interests.

"I just fiddle with it though," he said. "It is music that interests me most, but the only instrument I can claim to play is a radio."

Yachting and gardening take up the remainder of his time.

Most of his childhood was spent in Northern Australia, where his father, the late Rev. T. T. Webb, was a missionary.

**B**EARDED architect Mr. Wilfred (Bill) Lucas, of Earlwood, N.S.W., whose entry was awarded a £100 premium, submitted the plan of a house which he had worked out for his married sister.

"It was intended for a 50ft. block, which really helped, as I only decided to enter the contest at the last moment," said the 29-year-old bachelor.

Mr. Lucas, who since a child had wanted to be an architect, served in the R.A.A.F. from 1943 to 1945, flying Warwicks belonging to an Air-Sea Rescue Section under Coastal Command in Britain.

After a crash, which resulted in a long spell in hos-

## Sent plan from England



£100 PRIZEWINNER in the architects' section of our Family Home Contest, Mr. Denis Rourke, of Melbourne, who is now in England, after touring the Continent.

pital, he was discharged and began studying Architecture at the University of Sydney under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme.

The house plan which he submitted for our contest features a square building built around a central courtyard, concrete floors covered with cork tiles, and skillion roofs with sloping ceilings.

**A** FILIPINO student of Architecture, 22-year-old Mr. Roberto Regala, jun., was among four students from Fifth Year Architecture at Sydney University who entered the contest. He was the only prizewinner of the group.

His plan won a premium of £100.

Son of the Minister for the Philippines, Dr. Regala, he intends to complete his course in Australia and then attend Harvard University in the United States.

Last vacation Mr. Regala worked with leading architect Harry Seidler and did the drawings for Mr. Seidler's exhibition at the last Architectural Convention.

The plan Roberto entered was drawn up for a long, narrow site.

Most interesting point in it was, he said, the use of columns, upon which is set a "floating roof."

Plans which won £100 prizes and premiums will be published in our issue of June 2.

## Their plans pleased the assessors



MR. ROBERTO REGALA, of Darling Point, Sydney, left, Mr. Wilfred (Bill) Lucas, of Earlwood, Sydney, and Mr. Donald Webb, of Beaumaris, Melbourne, three of the £100 premium winners in the architects' section of our Family Home Contest.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 5, 1954



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PEGGY SAGE — WITH CRYSTALLIN FINISH



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Page 35



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**ASSESSORS AT WORK.** Mr. Robin Boyd, left, Mrs. Eric Andrew, and the president of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, Mr. Robert S. Demaine, considering some of the thousands of plans entered in the Family Home Contest. All three are well-known architects with wide experience in domestic architecture.

## Halls and verandahs ruled out in home plans

**FAMILY HOME Contest**

Houses built around a dark central corridor and surrounded by open verandahs are right out in Australia. Instead, most amateur and professional entrants in the Family Home Contest favored paved terraces, plenty of window space, and full outside living facilities.

**T**HIS is the opinion of three architects who judged both sections of our contest, which called for plans for Australian homes in which families could grow up comfortably.

The architects are Robert S. Demaine, F.R.I.B.A., F.R.A.I.A., president of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, of Melbourne; Mrs. Eric Andrew, B. Arch., F.R.A.I.A., A.R.I.B.A., M.A.P.I., of Sydney; and Robin Boyd, A.R.A.I.A., of Melbourne.

Nearly all the entries in the amateur section showed ingenuity in arrangements for indoor-outdoor living so as to take every advantage of Australia's sunny climate, they said.

Most designs included barbecues and automatic clothes hoists.

Mrs. Eric Andrew, who works with her architect husband in his practice, made a special point of the Australian flavor in the submitted design.

Mrs. Andrew has practical home experience as the mother of a daughter, Chalice, aged 10, and her opinions were endorsed by the other two assessors, both of whom are family men.

Mr. Robin Boyd has a son and a daughter, Mandy, 11, and Penleigh, five. Five years ago he designed his own home in Melbourne.

He has been concerned specifically with domestic architecture since the war, and has written two books on the subject: "Victorian Modern" and "Australia's Home."

"One important point which

we all noticed was that entries were much more influenced by professional designs which have been published in the past few years than they were by the houses already built around them," he said.

Mr. Robert S. Demaine, who with Mr. Boyd came from Melbourne to assess the competition, is in his second term as president of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

He is well known for his work in domestic architecture as well as his specialty of hospital designing.

All the assessors were intrigued with the number of designs based on an "E" for Elizabeth ground plan in honor of the Royal tour.

Other unusual ideas included a completely round house suggested as "ideal for a retired lighthouse-keeper."

This attitude indicated commendable realism on the part of competitors, but resulted in a generally constricted, compressed quality in entries, not demanded by the conditions.

Presentation of entries was usually more elaborate than required. In some cases plans were far too complicated by furniture and incidental fittings at the expense of clarity.

Some of the designs which were awarded prizes were selected in the face of, and not because of, the elaboration of their drawings.

Others are to be commended for plain, concisely noted, clear drawings.

The winning entry, No. 67A, now known to be the work of Messrs. David A. Brunton, Jack Lilly, and Bernard H. Joyce, of Melbourne, was placed first by unanimous decision.

### ASSESSORS' SUMMING UP

**H**ERE is the report of the three assessors on the contest and on the main prizewinning plans:

Though the average standard was high, few architects contributed, by a brilliant thought or evidence of detailed study, anything radically new to the solution of the average Australian family's housing problem.

This was in spite of the fact that most competitors concentrated on economy, restricting themselves generally to areas under 14 squares—although the conditions permitted 20 squares—and to the narrow, flat building site, although a 70ft. sloping site or an unrestricted country site was also permitted.

It was the only design submitted which combined a most convenient, attractive, and unusual arrangement of family living spaces, sufficiently considered in detail, with a sharp and direct architectural development.

Like every other entry it has contentious elements, but we believe in this case that the authors, at least, were well aware of the major difficulty which they had set themselves.

This difficulty arose from the brilliant simplicity of the basic plan—a rectangle split lengthwise into two, with one half allotted to day living and the other half subdivided for working, sleeping, and washing.

Because the halves face in

opposite directions, both cannot enjoy an ideal aspect, no matter how the plan is placed.

The plan is also applicable to numerous sites, other than the 50ft. lot selected; for example, in many inland or northern areas, north for the living-rooms and south for the bedrooms would be desirable aspects.

This plan used to good advantage every foot of its 18 squares.

The relationship of bedrooms and bathrooms is admirable. The structure is simple and economical, and is capable of being reduced so that a self-contained section of less than 12 squares may be built first.

The generous living section has a classic simplicity which could be developed to reflect the personal taste of any occupiers.

**M**ORE than half the entries in the amateur section concentrated on trying to provide greater convenience for the housewife.

The entry placed first, that of Mr. Geoffrey W. Grigg, of Adelaide, was based on a sound plan which could have wide application.

It shows a knowledgeable approach in its direct and open planning, with its three distinct zones of activity and its simple, economical construction.

The three-winged plan permits cross ventilation to all rooms and allows the kitchen to overlook the children's play space and utility yard.

The working zone unexpectedly contains the dining-table, leaving the living-room clear; but the kitchen is so central that more formal meals could be taken in the sun-room or in the excellently sited outdoor living space.

Comments on other prize-winning plans will be published in our issue of June 2.



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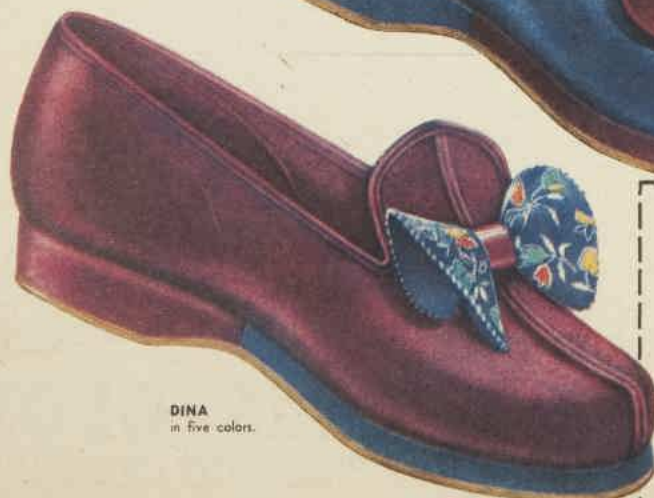


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Square dance skirts are a proved and popular fashion for teenagers here and in the U.S. Paper patterns for the two skirts and low-necked blouse sketched above are obtainable in stock sizes. See lines at right for details and how to order.

HERE is a coverage of current fashion in the famous dress centres of Britain, Europe, and the United States.

**California:** Shorts and slacks that start high, mould the midriff, and follow the curve of the figure is the new look for trousers. The trousers are set off with dressy blouses worn as casually as a shirt. This fashion establishes a new type of play-girl—one with "little girl" prettiness.

**Example:** Torador blouse with embroidered bib and push-up cuff worn with figure-shaping below-knee pants. The pants are laced at the sides. To complete the outfit, there is a short, about-waist-length bolero jacket jutting down in points at front.

**Paris:** Emphasis is on the blues. This is the strongest impression of the Paris color picture. Navy is tremendously chic, especially at Dior's, where true dark navy appears for night as well as day. Light blues are also important—soft sky-blue, turquoise, vibrant Chinese tones, light sapphire, periwinkle. Hard blues ranging from peacock to turquoise are chosen by Schiaparelli. Patou uses duck-egg and Ming, and Fath both soft and brighter shades.

In the same city famous millinery designer Maud et Nano has popularised printed silk

and printed taffeta for hats and matching scarves. The materials used feature tiny hearts as well as big and small flowery motifs. Various interpretations of narrow, elongated lines are sponsored for 90 per cent. of the hats in this collection. All shapes are worn set forward on the head.

**French Riviera:** The most original beach hat is a cloche deep enough to cover the nose. It has holes for eyes, filled in by sunglasses. Other amusing shapes include a deep fez in natural straw, like a cone, which is finished with two enormous bamboo rings big enough to slide over the arms. A fabric poke-bonnet is seen in pretty pink cotton.

**London:** Fox shoulder-pieces are featured by London designer Matti. He calls them "fox loops" and does them in silver, blue, and white. They are headless and have a tail at each end. These clip together to form a circle.

One of the most controversial London collections is shown by Michael. His tailored suits with narrow, squared shoulders and inset sleeves, and back-dipping, easy-waisted jackets, have interested many of his private clients and also buyers. Also arousing interest are his tube-like dresses worn with ultra bulky jackets. Another subject of comment are

his low waistlines in straight coats, with low-placed pockets.

**Ireland:** Thatched caps made of pleated straw, inspired by Ireland's thatched cottages, were among the accessories featured by Irish-born designer Sybil Connolly in a collection she took from Dublin to the U.S.A.

**Italy:** At Italian showings costume jewellery is bigger and more colorful than ever. Necklaces worn by mannequins combine big clusters of dark rubies with clear and smoky crystals. Giant earrings hung on gold wires, which go around the entire ear, are popular. Also endorsed are clusters of coral and colored stones both for earrings and necklaces.

Florence couture showings include a group of smart suits by Carosa. The suits have abbreviated jackets reaching just below the waist. A featured Carosa color is luminous orange-pink. Vanna (in the same city) calls her newest silhouette "Gone With the Wind," because the fullness, light supple fabric, and ruffles and frills would have delighted Scarlett O'Hara, the heroine of the novel of that name. Vanna's colors are inspired by Sicily and are orange-pink, sand-beige, and sea-blue.

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see here. I haven't taken an untired actress in years. They don't need agents until they've had some experience and I haven't the time to waste. If I take you, you'll sweat blood before I get through with you. You'll have to work very hard. On your voice, on your appearance, your walk. Your manners. You'll have to do everything I tell you. The first time I tell you."

"Oh, Mr. Caruso," she breathed. "To think you'd take little Francys Maguire, when you've never taken—"

"Stop chattering. And don't get any ideas in your head that you're great or anything like that. Your voice is awful, you look like a beanpole. I'm not taking you because of anything about you, except one thing."

"Yes?"

Cass Caruso said sadly, "Coming the day of her death. You remind me of someone. That's all. You remind me of someone. Now get out."

"Yes, Mr. Caruso," said Francys Maguire meekly.

She moved across the outer office with a new confidence, a new jubilation. As she turned into the outer hall, she thought she saw a figure move at the end of it. She hesitated, then hurried down the stairs, glancing back over her shoulder. But she soon forgot the matter. What was a shadow in the hall to Francys Maguire, actress?

Japhet Briggs sat in the big living-room alone. On the arm of the big easy chair in which he sat was a small leather-bound volume of modern poetry and in his hand was the pipe Brenna had given him last year on his birthday. But he was not reading, nor did he light the pipe.

Brenna came in hurriedly, straight from the front door. She was short of breath. "Oh, Japhet. I must be very late. I hope you weren't lonely."

Japhet rose courteously. "It doesn't matter," he said. Brenna's smile was sheer weariness. She looked distractedly at the gold watch on her small wrist.

"Is it really as late as that?"

"It's all right. Mrs. Eakers said dinner was stew and it could wait a little, so I asked her to try to keep it until you got here. My meeting tonight is later, and I knew you'd be along soon."

"I forgot about dinner."

"Humphrey's gone to sleep. He's had quite a day, evidently. He said he didn't want to be awakened by anybody for anything. Not even by you. He locked his door, and he said he won't come out until morning."

Brenna's clear blue eyes were troubled. She said only, "Oh?"

Japhet came over to put his hands on her shoulders. He said gently, "What's wrong, Brenna? What is it?"

"I don't know, Japhet."

She leaned against him wearily, and he tightened his arm about her. He said, "Friends are for when we're in trouble, Brenna. When things go wrong. Let me help you."

"You do help me, Japhet. Just by being. Because it helps to know there are people like you in the world. Good and kind and thinking of someone beside themselves; not conniving and plotting and evading and tricking to get something for themselves, to take something from somebody else."

"Here! That doesn't sound like Brenna."

She said, "I don't feel like Brenna. She was so happy, so utterly trusting. I feel lost and confused, Japhet, with nothing to hold on to."

"I guess I came home to do just that."

"Where have you been?"

She moved away from him undecidedly. She sank down on the great red couch, sliding off her shoes. "All over New

Continuing . . .

Cry Murder

[from page 10]

York. You wouldn't believe where if I told you. The energy that awful girl has!"

"What awful girl?"

"Francys Maguire. That's where I've been, Japhet. Following Francys Maguire."

"I don't understand. Surely you don't think she and Humphrey—I don't believe it. You trust Humphrey?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I trust Humphrey. Of course I trust Humphrey. With my life, my body, my love—I wasn't following that girl for jealousy, Japhet. I was afraid for her."

"Afraid for her?"

"She was frightened. Very frightened. And I felt she had reason to be. I don't know why. Don't laugh and tell me I'm superstitious. I am. It's part of my theatre upbringing. But this

She was just cocky. You never saw anything so cocky. She positively strutted. It gave me cold chills just to see her walk."

"Why should it?"

"I don't know. There's something about that girl. Something so terribly determined, and—and evil, Japhet. I don't know why I feel that way, but I do, more strongly every time I see her. As if some awful thing were hanging over all of us, something connected with her, something that was never in our lives until she came."

Japhet smiled, his eyes tender. "Where did she go?"

"First I nearly lost her in a washroom. I couldn't let her

Brenna nodded. "You're right, Japhet. You're always right."

Humphrey had not been in the Bronx in years. He had never expected to be there again. Only the direst necessity would have brought him now.

But the accident to Francys Maguire must happen tonight, he told himself. Tomorrow might be too late. Pure luck that Lieutenant Van Younger hadn't questioned her, if only in checking my whereabouts at the time of Rachel's death. . . . The accident must happen here. Where she lives. Where an accident would naturally happen to her.

A girl crossing a dark street, a car suddenly rushing around a corner—an accident. Simple, natural. With any luck, the driver would bolt; it would be a clear and obvious case of accidental death from a hit-and-run driver. But even if the driver stopped, who could prove that a body which had been run over by a car had been already dead, seconds previously, from a blow on the head?

Humphrey inspected the neighborhood thoroughly first. Francys Maguire, he thought, would live in a street named Catalonia. But Catalonia, though otherwise shabbily impossible, proved exceedingly convenient in one respect. It was dark. Very dark. Humphrey circled the block.

On the second corner he found what he wanted. A mailbox. Then he turned hopefully towards a glow of lights a block farther east. And it, too, proved something he needed. A small business section: several grocery stores, a drugstore, a surprisingly large theatre, called the Manor, a bakery, a dress shop. Most important, it was bound to have a telephone somewhere.

Humphrey kept his head down, his hat pulled over his face. Nothing resembling Humphrey Ward in the man who, hands in his pockets, shambled slowly along, keeping his face out of the light. . . .

The only telephones he saw were in the brightly lighted drugstore. Dared he risk recognition by walking its full, illuminated length? He hesitated. Finally he turned back to the picture theatre.

"Two," he mumbled to the blond girl, giving her the exact change.

She slid the tickets forward, not glancing at him. "Next?"

Humphrey went on in the rush of people. Once inside, he turned up the stairs to the balcony and in at the door marked Lounge, from which both rest rooms opened. At this early hour, as he had expected, the lounge was completely empty. And in the corner was a solitary telephone booth.

He was surprised that his hands, as he fumbled through the directory for the number, were quite unsteady. Tired, no doubt. He could not be emotionally disturbed by the imminent demise of such a troublesome creature as Francys. Her death would mean no more to him than Nicholas Sabinson's had. If only he did not keep hearing that scream, that falling scream. . . .

He half covered the telephone mouthpiece with his hand, raised his voice several pitches. "Hello?"

A hearty masculine voice answered. "Yeah?"

"Is Francys there?"

There was a loud masculine bellow. "Fran! Fran!"

Another bellow, feminine and farther away. "I'm coming! Keep your shirt on! Who is it?"

"Some guy with a squaky voice."

Steps, receding and then

To page 45

Beauty in brief:

Drill takes the floor

By Carolyn Earle

● Here are two exercises that are highly regarded for flattening bulging hips and narrowing the waist span — both important if you are toying with the idea of getting into a sheath gown or pencil-slim skirt this winter.

DRILLS for about 10 minutes a day include the "walk," which is really not a walk at all, and a "roll," which takes inspiration from the way a tailor sits.

Get set for the first exercise, in which you "walk" forward and backward while sitting on the floor, by taking up a position on the floor in which both legs stretch straight out in front and the hands rest on the floor behind you for support.

Begin by raising the right knee, keeping the right foot flat on the floor. Now alternately lower the right leg and raise the left knee as you "walk" forward as far as you can go, and then reverse the action to "walk" backward to the starting point.

The second exercise also takes a sitting position, but in this case legs are crossed tailor-fashion under you.

The trick is to roll as far left as your body will swing over without upsetting your position, and repeat the movement to the right while keeping the arms folded across the chest.

But at first amateurs will almost certainly find it easier to encompass this exercise with the arms held out at the sides for additional balance.

As you rock back and forth on the floor be sure to hold buttock muscles firm.

was more than superstition. There was some good specific reason for her being frightened. She started to tell me what was wrong."

Her voice was jerky with weariness and anxiety. "The phone rang. A reporter said there had been another death in Rachel Sabinson's apartment, while Humphrey and Lieutenant Van Younger and Cass were there. When I told Francys, she panicked and ran. I knew there was no use in talking to her further, and yet—I had sent her away and if anything had happened to her because I did—I panicked, too, I guess, and followed her."

Japhet smiled. "To protect her?"

"I didn't think I could protect her literally. But I thought I could scream or something."

"What did you think might happen to her?"

"I don't know. Some sort of violence, I guess. I know it was silly. She's a bold, unprincipled little hussy, anyhow."

"Did anything happen to her?"

Brenna laughed.

"It serves me right for imagining things. I must have been imagining them. Because nothing happened to her and in the end she wasn't frightened at all. And nothing had really been frightened in the beginning, she would have still been frightened in the end, wouldn't she? And she wasn't,

see me, you see, and she went out the other door. And then she went down Broadway to Cass Caruso's office."

"Humphrey's agent?"

"Yes. And afterwards she came out, grand as you please, and took a cab home, all the way to the Bronx. And I took another and watched her fall into the arms of her long-suffering father. Without the slightest danger anywhere."

Japhet laughed. "But you feel better, at least, for having done your duty."

"I don't feel anything, except tired," Brenna sighed. "Like Humphrey. And I'm going to wake Humphrey up."

"But he said expressly—"

"I can't help what he said. This is more important."

Japhet said quietly, "I never thought I'd live to see the day when you thought anything was more important than Humphrey's sleep."

Brenna rose wearily.

"You've seen it now," she said. "You were right in what you said to me. I trust Humphrey. I love him and, of course, I trust him. I've been putting this off all day — I haven't really seen him, but I could have, somehow—there must be some simple explanation. I'm going to ask him now."

Japhet said, "Nobody can talk clearly when they're as tired as Humphrey is. Can't it wait until after dinner? Since he's asleep, will an hour or two make much difference?"



# Acquiring personality

Everywhere you hear talk of personality. It's the ace quality, according to all the reports.

A GIRL says: "The man I'd fall in love with needn't be good-looking, but he'd have to have personality." A man says: "I don't go for beauty. I'd rather a girl have personality any day."

It's a mystery why one person is a vivid, vital creature while another is dull and drab.

The people who are born with personality don't have to worry about it any more than a born beauty has to worry about skin care and diet. They can break all the rules and not bother since a good-humored fairy dropped this special gift at their cradle.

The enlivening part of the components of personality is interest in other people, in what's going on around you—in other words, in pretty well everything outside yourself.

How you relate yourself to the world is what counts.

This, I think, is one reason why people who are insipid and run-of-the-mill as teenagers sometimes acquire colorful personalities. They don't lose interest in themselves— whoever could in this world?—but their interest in what's outside grows bigger than their self-interest.

Here are a few key questions to determine the condition of your own personality.

- Do you believe that in general you get out of life what you put into it?

Some people sit back expecting the good things to fall at their feet from the sky. "The world owes me a living" may not be their cry, but it's a fair description of their attitude.

They keen over an injury they've received, losing sight of the far greater wound their friend sustained last week.

In their view the ill-luck that comes other people's way doesn't really count.

Other people's success is a different matter. Often it pro-

vokes a surge of envy, no matter whether the success was justly earned or had to be dearly paid for.

Such people can have little feeling for any human needs, sufferings, and aspirations other than their own. They can have only a personality that's suffering from hardening of the arteries.

- Do you worry unduly, especially about yourself?

If you do, no matter whether it's from feelings of inferiority, or timidity, or excess of vanity, your talk is largely "I," seldom "we." You are rarely able to sink yourself in a team effort.



"My daughter's blind date? Oh, that's nice—she has always wanted a date."

How, then, can you expect to see the human landscape when the vision of yourself is obscuring the view?

- Are you still growing, acquiring new knowledge, new interests, other values?

Some people's personality growth stops when they're about 18. The abilities they have then are supposed to last them a lifetime. They could swim then, play tennis, cook, drive a car. At 25 it doesn't occur to them to try golf or sewing, or learning a new language. They say, perhaps scornfully, "I wouldn't make a fool of myself."

The spectacle of a middle-aged man or woman trying to follow new pursuits that are too young for them is pretty poor. But such mistakes are

more welcome than the sedate and staid creatures whose response to life has shrivelled so much that—men or women—they wouldn't even try to wear a new color or a new hair-cut.

- What is your laughter like?

Is it shrill and silly like a donkey's? Is it scornful and malicious? Is it good-humored only when the joke is on someone else?

Ideally, laughter ought to be warm and affectionate, full of shared fun. If it can also be gay, it is like having immortality while you're still alive, as Hemingway once observed.

- Are you self-sufficient?

If you answer a ready yes, make sure you're not fooling yourself. A self-sufficient person isn't one who boasts he can keep himself, make his own decisions, and buy his own experience without any help from anyone, thank you.

I mean someone who has enough resources within himself to make him unafraid of being alone—someone who isn't dependent on anyone else for moral or emotional support.

To want to do a Great Garbo all the time indicates a morbid outlook. But everyone at some time or another has to bear being alone, even if only for a short while.

If the very prospect makes you quail, if, always, you must have entertainment or company to make life bearable, yours must be a shrivelled personality.

You are asking far more of other people—and of life—than you are ready or able to give.

With people and with life there's no T.P. or pay as you wear. To get any good things you have to throw in interest or kindness or zeal first.

Sometimes the fun you get out of so doing is a very fair return in itself.

And now and again you really hit the jackpot of making a new friend or getting a real "break."

THERE are times when sheer corn can be thoroughly endearing. Such a disc is DOX1028, "Way Down South," a nigger minstrel show in miniature. Plenty of guitars and mandolins, and how they strum out old favorites like "The Robert E. Lee," "Beautiful Dreamer," "Camptown Races," and "Old Virginia." Vocals are handled by Marie Benson (formerly of Australia) and Bryan and Teddy Johnson. My snooty highbrow friends won't like this recording, but I should worry!

LOVERS of fine singing are well catered for with ED1245 and ED1247. The

## DISC DIGEST

first features that sensational young German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau singing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and Schubert's "Erl King," one of the most dramatic songs ever written, and, in this instance, magnificently portrayed. Gerald Moore's piano accompaniments are, as always, a joy to listen to. The second disc is a rare operatic treat, the final duet from Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," sung by the lovers at the foot of the guillotine in this opera of the French Revolution. If you enjoy really full-blooded opera you'll thrill to the performances of Joan Hammond and

Rudolf Schock, and if Giordano's music is unfamiliar, the fact that he often sounds like Puccini should win you over. The music in this long and melodious duet is played by the Philharmonia Orchestra.

YOU can't help noticing that as the output of LPs increases the trickle of 78 r.p.m. classical records improves in quality. Two new examples are gems in their own class—Weber's overture to "Oberon" on ED1246 (conducted by Wilhelm Furtwaengler) and pianist Arrau's limpid and beautiful playing of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" on LOX829.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 5, 1954

# Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 42

approaching, and Francys' voice saying, “Het-LO!”

“Hello,” said Humphrey in his normal voice.

He heard her draw in her breath. “It’s you!”

“Yes.”

“Are you around here?”

“No. I’m home.”

Francys said, very fast, “I hope you aren’t going to want me to come out anywhere tonight. I would be so disappointed. But my father—you know my father—is going to be here alone tonight—the boys are all going bowling—and my father insists, he simply insists, that I stay home one evening with him. He says it’s been so long since I’ve stayed home an evening or we’ve talked, just him and me. But we’d love to see you if you happened to be in the neighborhood.”

Humphrey said coolly, “I’m afraid I’m much too tired. I’m going to bed.”

There was a good deal of silence at the other end of the line. Finally Francys said, “You didn’t call because you wanted to see me?”

“Later,” said Humphrey. Francys’ voice was querulous. “Later?”

“You said yourself you couldn’t come out tonight,” he reminded her smoothly.

Francys’ intake of breath was explosive. She said, “Yes. But you could have come out here.”

“To the Bronx?”

“What’s the matter with the Bronx? I thought we were going to talk. About a part for me. You said today—”

“That’s what I called you about.”

Francys giggled. “Oh, I should have known. I said to myself, Mr. Ward isn’t a man to break his word. . . . Is it a good part?”

“Opposite. Humphrey Ward,” he told her recklessly. Let her think anything she likes.

She squealed, “Opposite Humphrey Ward!”

“If we can come to an agreement, of course.”

“We won’t have any trouble about that. Anything you say!”

“There’s just one thing I want you to do for me tonight.”

Francys said, very fast, “I can’t go anywhere tonight, Mr. Ward!”

“I just want you to send me a list of statistics. Age, weight, height, educational background, hobbies—just a brief little sketch about yourself.”

“What for?”

“I want to show it to the director when I talk to him about you. It needs to be long. But be sure to post it tonight. As soon as you possibly can.”

“Oh, yes!”

He made his voice low and intimate. “And I’ll definitely see you tomorrow. Good night.”

He hung up, wiping his face. He was suddenly conscious of a pressure behind him. Someone was pulling his coat. He looked into the lean, solemn face of a boy with horn-rimmed glasses. He was perhaps eight.

The boy said interestedly, “Hello. I’m Eddy. What’s your name?”

“Smith!”

“You calling your girl?”

“No,” Humphrey snarled, pulling away.

“You know, mister, you look

like somebody. You in the movies?”

“Here,” said Humphrey, “buy yourself something. Some popcorn. Candy. Anything.”

The boy said solemnly, “A dollar! You a bank robber, mister? I’ve seen you somewhere, I know I have. . . . Look, pop! He gave me a dollar!”

A sour-faced man emerged from the men’s room. He stared at Humphrey. He said, “What would he do that for? A dollar?”

Humphrey could not have felt more conspicuous. He fled without ceremony. He left the theatre by a side entrance. He found that he was almost running.

**P**RESENTLY he calmed down. A child! A stupid child! His stupid parent! Neither of them, certainly, would ever have seen Humphrey Ward or would be intelligent enough to recognise him, to say later that he had been here. And yet it would be fatal if they did.

Humphrey chose a dark corner between Francys’ house and the one next door and settled down, uncomfortably, to wait. For one event, fortunately, he had not long to wait. The Maguire door opened and the four Maguire sons came down the steps.

Their voices receded with their heavy steps. The silence of Catalonia Street descended again. There were few passers-by, though Humphrey was pleased to note that cars came frequently, at reasonable intervals.

His hand tightened on the gun. She’ll come out any minute now. Any minute. She won’t be able to resist that bait. A director. She’ll write the letter. She won’t be afraid to walk just to the mailbox. I have only to walk behind her quietly, hit her on the head, hard, near the corner, shove her in front of the next car.

Time seemed endless. The minutes dragged, the seconds.

At last the Maguire door opened again. Francys stood on the steps, letter in hand. And beside her stood the stolid figure of her father, Officer Maguire. She tucked her hand in his arm, lovingly.

“Oh, Daddy, it’s been so long since we had a walk together,” she said.

In a cold rage, Humphrey followed them, unseen, on their leisurely walk to the mailbox. His hand tightened on the gun again. Kill them both. Shoot them. Nobody could ever prove

Never shoot a policeman. Anybody who shot a policeman had the personal attention of the whole force, catching him. There was nothing Humphrey could do. Nothing.

Humphrey watched them go back into the house, a loving picture. He stood glaring at them. Gradually his rage subsided and he was thinking coolly again. Presently he retraced his steps down Catalonia Street. Keeping his head down, he used the other ticket to go into the theatre again, with a group of people.

He called the Maguire number, planning to hang up if the girl answered. Fortunately, he heard the gruff, honest voice of her father.

Humphrey spoke very low, mumbly. He said, “A bomb has been placed in the Manor Theatre. It’s set to go off in thirty minutes. Hurry!”

Officer Maguire was sputtering. “Who is this? How do you know? What—?”

Humphrey hung up. Now to get out of here quickly. Maguire would have to do something.

But would he call and hand the problem over to whatever police were on duty now, and stay home with his daughter, or would he come himself? Humphrey counted on the Maguire sense of duty to bring him in person. If it only did, Humphrey didn’t care whom he called or how many other policemen came here. Just so long as Maguire got out of his house and left Francys alone.

Humphrey hurried from the phone booth, from the lounge. On the stairs, he heard a voice behind him. It was Eddy again. Eddy said, “Hey, mister, I keep thinking I’ve seen you. You on television?”

“Why aren’t you looking at the movie?”

“I hate movies. Are you the Lone Ranger?”

This time Humphrey was actually running down Catalonia Street. Ahead of him he saw another figure, running the other way. Just in time, Humphrey stepped off the sidewalk into the darkness. With satisfaction he watched the puffing figure of Francys’ father go by, tearing for the about-to-be-bombed theatre.

Humphrey stood in the shadows in front of the Maguire house, getting back his breath and his wits.

Humphrey smiled to himself in the darkness, confidently. He had waited so long, so frustratingly, for this moment. And now it was at hand. Francys Maguire, very prudently, had shown a reluctance to leave her house. Very well. Statistics proved that there were more fatal accidents in the home than anywhere else. What more natural than that one should happen to Francys, at home.

Nothing to involve anyone else. Certainly not Humphrey Ward. What sort of accident?

A fall? Humphrey went up the steps quickly, without sound of footsteps. He reached up and unscrewed the bulb of the porch light. In complete darkness he rang the bell.

On the other side of the door, Francys said, “Who is it?”

“Flowers for Miss Francys Maguire,” he mumbled.

She undid the bolt. She switched the porch light futilely. She opened the door. He pushed her aside to enter.

“You!” she said.

She stood there facing him, white-faced.

Humphrey said smoothly, “I decided that you were right, Francys, that we should talk tonight. You and your father and I.”

He saw a little color come back to her face, saw the ex-

To page 51

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# Michael Rennie

★ Tall, rangy Michael Rennie is one British importee who has managed to carve a comfortable niche for himself in Hollywood films.

PROBABLY Rennie's success there might be termed moderate rather than spectacular. But it is positive, for all that, and firmly based in a series of sound parts in worthwhile pictures.

Fox signed the Yorkshire-born actor in a hurry after he appeared with Tyrone Power in "The Black Rose" in 1950.

Actually it was Power who helped to swing the contract which took Michael and his wife, Margaret, across the ocean. Signed in those affluent days before Hollywood studios began off-loading their highly paid stars, Rennie's seven-year agreement has still three lucrative years to run before he needs to look around for other acting avenues.

Hospitable Ty also sponsored them socially when the Rennies reached the West Coast, and they have remained staunch friends ever since.

A variety of roles in a brisk succession of pictures made the journey to America worth while both careerwise and financially.

From playing a doctor in "The 13th Letter" Rennie became a scientist in "I'll Never Forget You," an agreeable space-man in "The Day the Earth Stood Still," and a British agent in the spy story "Five Fingers."

His hit-and-run killer of "Phone Call From a Stranger" led to the role of Valjean, the convict, in "Les Miserables." In "Sailor of the King" Rennie played a mature naval officer, and in the CinemaScope biblical drama, "The Robe," he appears as Peter.

He's a soldier of the Queen in "King of the Khyber Rifles," and a villainous Bedouin leader in "Princess of the Nile." On this page he wears one of the costumes from the film.

At the age of 45 Michael Rennie has suave appeal and a beautiful speaking voice. Americans describe his accent as "mid-Atlantic."

Physically Michael Rennie is a big man though he looks slender. He is 6ft. 4in. tall, weighs something under 12 stone. He has dark hair, blue eyes, and a pleasant, angular face with an exaggerated cheek-bone look.

It was his height that helped Michael get his first movie break as a stand-in for John Loder, who is 6ft. 3in. tall.

A good all-round sportsman during college days, nowadays Rennie concentrates on golf (he has a handicap of 4) and cars.

Son of a well-to-do Yorkshire family, Rennie was educated at Harrowgate and Cambridge. At 18 he left school to begin work in his father's woollen mills, and at 26 he gave away a career in big business for show business.

Work as a film stand-in at Gaumont-British provided such a meagre living that he turned to the stage, and was just getting a start when he was called up by the Royal Air Force.

Michael Rennie took his first positive step on the road to a film career soon after he was demobbed, when he won a role opposite Margaret Lockwood in "I'll Be Your Sweetheart." "The Wicked Lady"—again with Margaret Lockwood and that brooding "bad man" James Mason—followed.

After several other mediocre pictures, Rennie was cast as the English king in Tyrone Power's "The Black Rose."

And that's where Hollywood stepped in and Tyrone Power," says Rennie.

Michael Rennie married Margaret McGrath, a musical comedy actress, in 1946. They have one son, David, born in England in 1953.







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**1. UNWILLING** backwoods waif Rose Marie (Ann Blyth) is taken to civilisation by Mike Malone (Howard Keel), of the Royal Canadian Mounties, in keeping with his promise made to her dead father.



**4. MASKED** bandit holds up revellers at a dance. Rose Marie, who is enjoying learning to be a lady, recognises him as Jim Duval. He leaves, stealing nothing but a kiss from her.



**5. FURIOUS** when he learns that Jim has been meeting Rose Marie in the woods, Mike warns Jim to keep away from her. Both Mike and Jim want to marry Rose Marie.



**7. CONVICTED,** Jim manages to convince Mike that he is innocent. Mike tricks Wanda into confessing she is the culprit.



**2. TRAPPER** Jim Duval (Fernando Lamas) is taken into custody on a minor charge on the way into town. He saves Rose Marie when her horse bolts. The pair are attracted.



**3. CHAPERON** Lady Jane (Marjorie Main), proprietress of the hotel, takes Rose Marie under her wing when Mike and Barney (Bert Lahr) turn over their charge.

## "Rose Marie"

★ Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, and Fernando Lamas all have star singing roles in Metro's re-make of the famous operetta "Rose Marie."

The generous musical score includes old favorites as well as new songs written by top contemporary writers.

Filmed in Eastman color and CinemaScope, the picture was shot on location in Canada's Jasper National Park and in the Sierras, in California.

Cast in the type of comedy character role in which she excels, Marjorie Main teams with Bert Lahr to provide amusing moments in the film.



**6. INVESTIGATING** the murder of an Indian chief, Mike finds Jim's knife beside the body. It was planted there by Indian girl Wanda (Joan Taylor), who is jealous of Jim's attentions to Rose Marie.





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## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at Home," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus ★ "Tumbleweed," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson.

**CENTURY.**—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, David Niven, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★★ "The Captain's Paradise," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Yvonne de Carlo, Celia Johnson. Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE.**—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope Biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★★ "All the Brothers Were Valiant," technicolor period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★★ "The Juggler," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale. Plus ★ "All Ashore," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mickey Rooney, Peggy Ryan.

**LYRIC.**—★ "The Outrider," technicolor Western, starring Joel McCrea, Arlene Dahl. Plus ★ "White Cargo," drama, starring Walter Pidgeon, Hedy Lamarr. (Both re-releases.)

**PALACE.**—★ "Island in the Sky," drama, starring John Wayne, Jimmy Lydon, Lloyd Nolan, James Arness. Plus "Calaboose," comedy, starring Jimmy Rogers. (Re-release.)

**PLAZA.**—★★ "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Terry Moore, Robert Wagner, Gilbert Roland. Plus featurettes.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★ "Little Boy Lost," drama, starring Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin. Plus featurettes.

**REGENT.**—★★ "King of the Khyber Rifles," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Tyrone Power, Terry Moore, Michael Rennie. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★ "An Artist with the Ladies," French-language comedy, starring Fernandel, Renee Devillers. Plus "All Hallowe'en," ballet fantasy, starring Sally Gilmore.

**STATE.**—★★★ "Roman Holiday," comedy romance, starring Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck. Plus featurettes.

**ST. JAMES.**—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. Plus featurettes.

**VICTORY.**—★ "The Big Heat," thriller, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Ambush at Tomahawk Gap," technicolor Western, starring John Derek, John Hodiak.

### Films not yet reviewed

**MAYFAIR AND PARK.**— "The Master of Ballantrae," technicolor period adventure, starring Errol Flynn, Beatrice Campbell. Plus "C-Man," drama, starring Dean Jagger, John Carradine, Lottie Elwen.

**VARIETY.**— "Three Forbidden Stories," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi, Gino Cervi. Plus featurettes.

## Talking of Films

### ★ The Big Heat

**"THE BIG HEAT"** (Columbia) is one of those tough racketeering dramas in which a lone man has to battle against the power of the town's big boss.

Glenn Ford is the honest young policeman who turns in his badge and starts hunting killers and blackmailers singlehanded after the murder of his pretty young wife.

In the early domestic scenes with his wife, played by Jocelyn Brando, Ford is pleasant enough, but after her death his grim determination to catch his wife's murderers does not always convince.

Most of the film's characters are unpleasant criminal types or people too frightened for their own safety to be honest.

Among them are Lee Marvin, who gives a solid performance as a sadistic racketeer who tortures his victims before finishing them off, and Alexander Scourby, the suave big boss who gives orders to the police commissioner.

Gloria Grahame is well cast as the carefree gangster's

moll who wants revenge when her looks are ruined by jealous Vince (Lee Marvin), who throws hot coffee in her face.

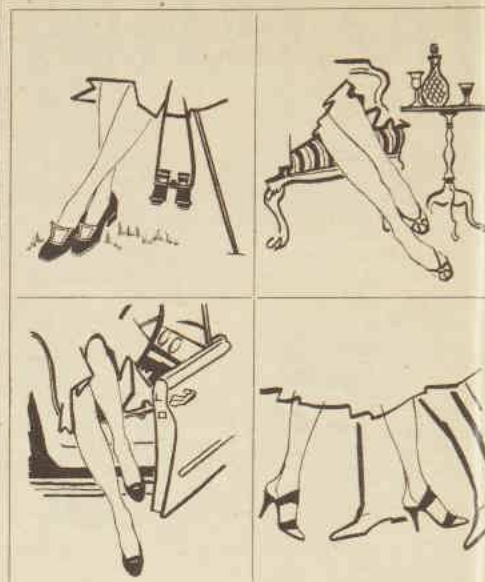
The film is by no means a pleasant one, but has more to it than the general run of cops and robbers adventures which have been foisted on the public lately.—J.B.

In Sydney—Victory.

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## Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 45

precision behind her eyes as she thought: He doesn't know my father isn't home.

She smiled, too brightly. She said, "Yes, Daddy's upstairs now, but he'll be down in a few minutes."

The Maguire living-room seemed to Humphrey the acme of ugliness and bad taste. He glanced at the open windows at the side, wondering if a scream would be heard. Would she scream if threatened with a gun? She might. No. Better to lull her off guard. He had plenty of time. At least half an hour. Wait until the circumstances were right for a natural-appearing accident.

"Well?" Humphrey sat down on the sofa, smiling at her. She smiled back doubtfully. She said, "I'll get us some cold beer." And moved towards the kitchen.

He caught her hand gently, but hard. He said, "Francys, about last night."

She giggled nervously. "My goodness, was it just last night? That I met you, I mean. It seems as if I'd known you always."

"When you followed me," he said steadily. "Do you know to whose apartment I went?" She looked away.

"Answer me!"

His tone opened her expressive eyes wide. She tried to pull away. She said, "Let's not talk about that. Let's talk about next fall. What part did you have in mind for me?"

"I want to know—"

Francys leaned towards him. "You'll never have to worry about last night, Mr. Ward," she said softly. "Never. And you'll never regret helping me. I'll work hard. I'll do everything you tell me."

"You'd suck me like a lemon," he said. "All my knowledge, my experience, my contacts. And then, when you were through with me—"

Francys said, "No, not like that. A team. You and me, we were meant to be a team. Because down deep, we're alike. I know what you're thinking and you know what I'm thinking. We both want the same things and we're both willing to pay anything we have to, to get them."

"No," he said. "No!"

"It's true. All the things you don't like in me are in you. You'd lie and cheat to get what you want just as fast as I do. You aren't kind and sweet and all the things that apple-dumpling wife of yours thinks you are. Why don't you stop pretending you are? With me, you wouldn't have to pre-

tend. Because I like a man ruthless and able to get what he wants. You can give me what I want and I can give you what you want. There isn't anything we can't do together."

He was staring at her, fascinated. Not by her and her words, but by the picture they brought back. These words he had heard years ago, in similar form, from Rachel Saberson.

He stared at her again, thinking, I've traded one Rachel for another. Only this one is young and untired, and she wants more. She won't stop with money and some demands on my time. She'll want my soul. And yet she's right, as Rachel was right.

## W

E are alike, Francys and I. And it would be a relief to be able to stop pretending that I'm good and sweet and kind and a cultured gentleman. To live with someone who knew me for what I really was, and didn't care. "You'd throw me aside when you were through with me, when something better came along," he said.

Francys' eyes were wide with disbelief. "Throw you aside! Humphrey Ward!"

He told himself: Believe her and it's the end of you. What's the matter with you? You came here to kill her. Why don't you kill her? Why are you sitting here thinking of a fresh start with her? Because it makes you feel young again?

He sighed, "Brenna—"

"Brenna!" said Francys Maguire scornfully.

"She'll never let me go."

"No," said Francys. "She'd look at you with those blue eyes, and she'd say, 'No, Humphrey. That awful girl has you in her power and she'll ruin you. I can't let her ruin you. I love you, Humphrey.'"

He was struck by the perfection of her mimicry, not only of Brenna's speech but of Brenna's way of thought. He said, grudgingly, through his teeth, "You're an actress."

"Oh, Mr. Ward!" She watched him again, anxiously. "You look white. I'm going to make you some coffee. Did you have dinner?"

"I'm not hungry."

"We'll see about that," said Francys. "It seems awful to ask Humphrey Ward, but — you'll have to get used to being in my kitchen, won't you?"

The Maguire kitchen was

plainly the most lived-in room in the house.

The walls were painted a pale sickly green, and thick with transfers of assorted colors. The most frequent, Humphrey found, was a small donkey-cart overflowing with flowers. The second favorite, a gay, multi-colored parrot. Donkey, parrot, donkey, parrot. . . . Humphrey shut his eyes.

Francys bustled about busily, utterly at home.

"I'll just heat up some of the roast in the gravy. And there was a stuffed potato left. There's still some of my berry pie."

Humphrey kept his eyes closed, shutting out the sight of her kitchen. He tried to sort his confused thoughts. Imagine a lifetime of souvenir sea-shells and donkeys on the kitchen walls and purple-feathered hats. I can teach her those things. I learned them myself. Rachel taught them to me.

Don't be a fool; you're falling for an act, and if you do you're lost— Brenna—Rachel—laughing.

The laughter rang in his ears, until he realised the sound was closer at hand, that Francys was answering the telephone in the corner.

"Hel-LO . . . Oh, hel-LO! Well, I was hoping you'd call . . . You have! You do! . . . Why should I believe that?" She giggled. "Tomorrow? Well, I don't know—"

Francys hung up the phone and came back to him, smiling strangely.

"Your boy-friend?" Francys giggled. "A child. I hate children. When there are such utterly wonderful men of maturity and depth. Like Humphrey Ward."

He would not admit to himself that he was comforted, but he was. He watched her go on with the preparation for his meal.

Standing close to him, Francys said softly, "We'll get joint billing on the play?"

Joint billing! This unknown guttersnipe from the Bronx, with a voice like hers, the grace of an ox, the taste and subtlety of — Joint billing with Humphrey Ward! He reached his decision then and there. Pity died, and temptation. In their place came only a cold, utterly final glare. Joint billing!

He watched her set his place at the kitchen table. Humphrey Ward eating at an oilcloth-covered table in the Bronx! It was unbelievable.

A dream. It must be a

To page 53

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## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Some reorganisation of your financial basis may appear desirable, May 4. It may mean passing up a present desire, May 6, in favor of future benefits.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Since May 4 is likely to be marked by a firm resolve in a personal matter, May 9 could test your will power and determination to work according to plan.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Bouncing out of retirement with a bang, May 7, you are likely to create a sensation by taking matters into your own hands. Be diplomatic, May 9.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Love affairs, romantic situations, social activity with your crowd flourish, May 7. Sporting arrangements, outings, are likely to be disappointing, May 8.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Those with a decision to make,

of first-rate importance may find May 8 thorny. If tension still continues, May 9, shelve the whole problem until later.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Travel over the weekend, if possible, either on long or short journeys. Otherwise read travel books, study faraway places, gather a fresh outlook.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Plant your feet firmly, refuse to retreat from your position, May 4, and you'll discover others can be converted to your ideas, with happy results, May 9.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Glamour, moonlight and roses, a budding romance may color the evening of May 5 with a rosy glow. If older, party-going, May 10 fine for joining a new group, business or social.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): You might work out a scheme, May 5, 6,

which might bring advancement in more than one direction. Health, personality at an all-time high, May 10.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): The evening of May 6 is likely to hold exciting news, thrills galore. Do not gamble with love or money, May 8, but May 10 promises success in a business matter.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): If a home-hunter, May 7 has the inside track. If shifting, May 9 is filled with fascinating possibilities. Otherwise, improvements to the old homestead or little flat.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): That big project, discussed May 5, lands on a hidden reef, May 7, will yet get under way to a successful conclusion, May 10, if you stick at it.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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dream. He must have been mad. Joint billing.

He watched her pull a small stool out from under the sink and clamber up to the top step.

"I want you to taste my grape jam," she told him proudly over her shoulder.

Humphrey knew instantly that the moment had come. The stool tipping forward, her head striking the corner of the sink—an accident, pure and simple. An accident. He would ensure her demise, of course, by the initial blow, easily explained afterwards by smearing a little blood on the corner of the sink.

He looked around quickly. The only weapon directly at hand was a knife with a heavy handle. Not what he wanted, not heavy enough, but it would have to do. He had only an instant—the moment would never come again. He picked up the knife and in a flash felt its blade; its edge was dull, so he wouldn't cut himself if he held it.

He moved forward, resolutely gripping the knife behind him, his fingers ready to take it by the blade and bring the handle down with vicious force. And at that second he heard someone behind him. The bolt. Francys hadn't shot the bolt on the door again. Her father was back.

But it was Brenna who stood in the doorway. Her blue eyes measured Francys Maguire, measured Humphrey, lingered on the knife. In her eyes were disbelief and horror, and worse than that, sad determination. And with Brenna's determination came a danger greater than any which so far threatened Humphrey.

He found his gaze was meeting Francys Maguire's. He realised with horror that Francys had been right. They were alike, he and Francys. They did think alike. And right at this moment, they were thinking the same thing: Brenna is alone. No one knows she is here. Brenna will never let you go. You'll never be safe now while Brenna lives.

The silence in Francys Maguire's kitchen lengthened

and deepened, stretched to the breaking point. Francys herself hung from the step-stool, quite ungracefully, literally gapping at Brenna. Humphrey had the presence of mind to put the knife down; he was sure that Francys had not even noticed it.

It was Brenna who spoke, finally. She said, "Oh, Humphrey!" and in her voice was the heartbreak that was in her eyes.

He took a step towards her. Brenna took a step towards him, completely instinctively. Then they stopped, looking at each other.

Francys said, quite inadequately, "Well, my goodness! Mrs. Ward!"

There was another silence. Then Humphrey said, "What are you doing here?"

Brenna said, "I went to your bedroom to talk to you. I expected you to be sound asleep. When I found that you were gone, out the window, I knew you must be here. And I know why. I should have gone to the police, but I still hoped I was wrong."

Francys Maguire forgot to act a part now. She sounded exactly like any young, bewildered girl. She said, "There wasn't anything. Mrs. Ward. I mean—he and I—we didn't."

At the sound of Francys' voice, Brenna's shoulders lifted proudly and her voice was steadied by anger as she said, "I know that."

"You needn't be so smug about it!" Brenna's voice shook again. "I just know there couldn't be anything between Humphrey Ward and"—she waved her hand to include the kitchen and Francys herself—"purple-feathered hats and donkeys on the wall."

"You've got a nerve!" Humphrey said, "I still do not understand why you are here, Brenna."

Brenna said, "All day I've been telling myself it couldn't be true. That Humphrey Ward, the great actor, the great man, the husband I loved, could not

## Continuing . . . Cry Murder

[from page 51]

possibly be involved in this. But there's no other reason why you would be here."

Francys Maguire came forward now, defiantly. She said, "Don't you think we'd better tell her the truth, Humphrey?"

Brenna said scornfully, "The truth isn't in you."

"Humphrey wants a divorce. He wants to marry me. And I'm going to play opposite him in the fall. With joint billing."

Brenna's voice was very low, very sorrowful. She said to Francys, "You little fool!"

"You can't talk to me like that!"

"No," said Brenna. "I don't suppose I can talk to you like that. Because I was a far greater fool than you are. You're going into this with your eyes wide open, knowing what you're doing, what you're after. I went into it with my eyes shut. Shut tight."

FRANCYS said eagerly, "You don't care about the part in the play?"

"No." Francys said to Humphrey, "It's all right!"

"Why, Brenna?" he asked. "Why don't you care about the play? Because you no longer care about me?"

Brenna shook her head. "No one can just stop caring for a person out of their hearts and body. It isn't so easy. I suppose I'll always care about you, all my life; at least a little. Or about the man I thought you were. A man who never existed."

"Could you tell me what you're talking about? Anyone is entitled to a chance to defend himself."

"Yes," she said. "Anyone is. I've told myself that all day, and that I would say nothing to anybody until I had talked to you. And I haven't. I went to your room tonight still thinking, 'There's some simple explanation; there must

be. I love Humphrey. He's good; he's kind; he couldn't kill anybody."

Humphrey said, "How could you believe—"

"A woman in love remembers things, Humphrey. Little things that a man might never notice or would soon forget. I remember the first time I ever saw you with Rachel Saberson. It was the first time in my life that I was ever jealous."

And the thing that made me jealous was a gesture I've never forgotten. The way she reached up with both hands and smoothed your hair. It was a practiced gesture, an old gesture, a habit of love. And last night Rachel reached up to smooth her murderer's hair, with both hands, in the same way."

"You saw Rachel," he said. "She was theatrical to her toes. She loved to touch people."

"I watched her all that first evening," said Brenna. "And it was a gesture she used on no one else. A sort of very personal thing."

"And on that evidence you are willing to believe me guilty of murder?"

"Not willing, Humphrey." Brenna's voice was very low. "Not willing. I told myself it was coincidence. Humphrey couldn't. But this Francys Maguire? Why are you here?"

"I'm interested in her career. I want to help her."

"Francys' father said you walked into Pernaud's with her last night. That meant she had been with you earlier in the evening. That she had followed you. You wouldn't have taken her to Pernaud's except from urgent necessity. You wouldn't have been seen with her. In a purple feather-trimmed hat."

Francys moved forward suddenly, belligerently. "He would so!"

"And you wouldn't have come here, Humphrey. Come when you were dead tired, when tomorrow would have done as well. Come secretly, sliding out a window, down a

roof. Unless you had to. Because Francys Maguire knew too much."

"You're just jealous," Francys said. "That's all you are, jealous. All right, I did follow him last night. But it wasn't anything like you think. He has another girl, that's all. At least he went to see one."

Brenna said, "And the knife, Humphrey? Why the knife?"

Francys said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Why do you think I came here tonight?" asked Brenna. "Because I was jealous? If I were, do you think I would have come all this way to make a scene, and give you the satisfaction of knowing it? I came here because I had to. I couldn't talk to the police or even call and warn you, until I was sure, until I had talked to Humphrey. And yet I couldn't have it on my conscience, always, that I had stayed at home and let you be murdered."

She almost whispered, "I was very nearly too late. He had the knife in his hand, raised behind your back, as I first stood in the doorway."

Francys Maguire shrieked quite genuinely, "I don't believe you!"

Brenna said, "Well, Humphrey? Did I imagine the knife, too?"

Francys said, "You're just making this up! All of it. He was going to give me the part, truly he was. Because he knew I had real talent, didn't you, Mr. Ward? Real talent."

"Shut up," said Humphrey between his teeth. He said to Brenna, "You would never have worked all this out for yourself. Japhet. He's behind this. He brought you here."

"No. That's unfair. He's at a chemistry meeting. I took my little car and came alone. No one else is involved. Yet."

The word "yet" hung in the kitchen like an undetonated explosive. Humphrey stood unmoving. He knew what he must do, and yet he could not bring himself to do it. Not Brenna. Peg, Rachel, Francys Maguire—none of them mattered. But Brenna!

There could be no buying

Brenna off, however, as there had been Rachel or Francys Maguire. Brenna would make no bargains involving her conscience. Not Brenna. The decision was clear-cut. Humphrey Ward or Brenna. If she lived, he died. Which meant there was really no decision at all. Humphrey was regretful, very regretful, but the matter was out of his hands.

He took a step forward. He saw that his decision must be in his face, his eyes, for Francys Maguire thrank back, whimpering, her hand over her mouth. Brenna did not move. Her eyes met Humphrey's levelly, but in them, too, was knowledge.

It was almost, he thought, as if Brenna, also faced with the same decision he had been, had chosen not herself but Humphrey. While her conscience would not permit her to remain silent, she had not been able, either, to bring herself to betray her husband. It was no accident that Brenna had come here alone, without the knowledge of Japhet or Gabe. She had come hoping to find Humphrey innocent, without thought of herself if he were not.

Humphrey glanced at the knife. He saw Brenna's eyes follow his, wincing a little. Francys Maguire gave an artistic shriek, reached for the telephone. "I won't be—I've never—I'm going to—"

"Your performance," said Brenna, "would have been a little more convincing if you had quietly raised the revolver and called the police without shrieking to attract attention. You know he'll stop you now. You want him to."

"I was only trying to help you!"

"Naturally," said Brenna. Now that the decision was made, the regret passed, Humphrey's mind was working clearly. Not here. Suppose Brenna's body were found and they tried to notify me before I could get home? I must do this carefully. So that there will be nothing to connect me with it; so that I will have

To page 54

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time to be found peacefully asleep in bed.

He brought out the .32, thankful for his foresight in taking it tonight. He said to Francys, "Turn off the stove. Get over there beside her."

"Me? Why me? I haven't done anything to you. I'll never say anything, Mr. Ward. I don't know anything."

He waved her across the room with the gun. "Don't think I'd hesitate to use this." And to Brenna, "Is your little car out in front of the house?"

"Yes."  
"All right," said Humphrey. "Walk ahead of me, both of you. Don't try to attract any attention or to get away. Remember, I have nothing to lose by shooting both of you. Brenna, get behind the wheel. Then Francys. I'll sit on the outside. With the gun."

Brenna walked quite steadily, but Francys Maguire lurched a little from sheer fright. He pushed her, roughly. "Stand up!"

"I'm at-standing!" said Francys.

He yanked off the apron which she was still wearing. And, holding it in his hand, he suddenly had the murder plan which he had needed. An instantaneous perfect plan, inspired by being in Francys Maguire's kitchen.

The car was Brenna's small green coupe. They crowded the front seat. Humphrey said to Brenna, harshly, "Get started."

"Where—"  
"Home."

She hesitated. "Our home?" But Gabe—

It was like Brenna to think of Gabe, to want to spare him, even now. Humphrey ground his teeth. "Do what I tell you!"

Francys moaned, shivering with fear. Francys was making a better scene; she was the better actress. But he knew that as she sat there she was feeling nothing at all, except perhaps fear for herself. She was calculating, quite coolly, this turn of events, with a view to putting it to her own uses. And Brenna, behind the quiet depths of her blue eyes, was feeling a great deal.

Brenna's hands were unsteady as she started the car, pulled away from the kerb. They drove silently, except for an occasional whimper from Francys. Blocks went by, miles, before anyone spoke. Then it was Francys.

She said to Brenna, "Did you really come tonight to save my life?"

Brenna glanced at her. "I don't know. I knew I couldn't have gone on living with myself if I hadn't tried to save you. But I can't honestly say I care much what became of you. I must say I think it pretty much served you right."

Francys Maguire was plainly not used to honesty in such doses. Her gasp was quite genuine, as was her rage.

"You have no right to blame me for this! I haven't done anything! I'm not the sort of girl to get mixed up in murders! He's your husband, not mine. I didn't—"

Humphrey said with awe, of Francys, "She's so young."

Brenna said without awe, "She'll be like this when she's fifty. If she lives to be fifty."

They drove in silence again for a while. As they crossed the bridge, Humphrey was conscious of a new tension in Brenna. It was in her hands on the wheel, in her body as she leaned forward, in the glance she shot from side to side. He saw her look towards a policeman when they stopped for a light.

He said, "Don't try anything, Brenna. My shot might miss you, but it certainly wouldn't miss this girl. Do you want to be responsible for her death?"

## Continuing . . . Cry Murder

[from page 53]

Brenna said nothing. The light changed, and she drove on. But now it was Humphrey who was tense, leaning forward, shoulders tight. And it was fortunate indeed that he did so.

At the next light, Brenna sat, looking ahead. But her fingers were moving so slightly as to seem motionless, but turning, turning the wheel. When they started they would have been carried crashing into the car next to them. The policeman on the corner hurrying over, witnesses.

Humphrey snatched at the wheel, righting it.

He snarled: "Don't try anything else!"

A resourceful and intelligent person, Brenna, thinking clearly, looking for a way out now. And Humphrey's life depended on her not finding it. Brenna said abruptly, "Here we are."

"Not in front of the house!" said Humphrey. "Put the car into the side street. And don't attract any attention doing it."

Francys whimpered. "I want to go home! Right now. You two make me nervous. Real nervous. Let me go. Mr. Ward, and I'll never say anything to anybody. You'll never see me again. You'll never hear of me."

"Stop grovelling," said Brenna. "It isn't you he's planning to kill. It's me."

Francys looked at Humphrey. "Is it?"

"That depends on you," he said coldly. "If you do what I tell you—"

"Anything you say, Mr. Ward! Anything!"

Brenna got the car into the kerb, somehow. She waited, wordlessly.

"We'll get out and walk towards the house," said Humphrey. "Remember, if either of you tries to attract any attention, Francys will die."

"Oh-h!" wailed Francys Maguire.

"You needn't shoot her," said Brenna contemptuously. "I won't try anything." She got out of the car and walked beside them, her trim figure silhouetted under a passing street light.

But Humphrey had noted the growing anxiety in Brenna's voice. She was not so fearless as she seemed, then. Brenna, like Francys Maguire, was scared.

Humphrey's feeling about Brenna had hardened now, after his momentary weakness and regret. It was not his fault she had got herself into this; it was entirely her own. She could have minded her own business and remained the honored and cherished wife of the great Humphrey Ward. That she should put such a stupid thing as conscience before her own life, and even his!

Anyhow, there was no choice now. Either Brenna or Humphrey Ward must die.

He said, "Both of you walk towards the side door, by the kitchen. And don't make any noise."

Brenna's voice for the first time was pleading. "Not in the house, Humphrey. Gabe—"

"Don't worry. Gabe will never know."

"You can't be sure of that. Gabe's your son. He adores you. You can't—"

"Gabe adores me?"

"Of course. You can't risk—"

"I'll look after Gabe," said Humphrey. "He's in his room at the front. You can see the light. And I tell you, he'll never know. Quietly now. Pick up your feet, Francys."

"I'm so scared!"

"Pick up your feet, anyhow."

Fortunately, Mrs. Eakers goes home at night, he was thinking. And Japhet's at his meeting. Gabe's safely upstairs, the full length of the house away.

He said again to Brenna, "Don't try anything now."

They moved up the sidewalk, around the side of the house. Brenna, at Humphrey's command, produced a key and let them into the dark kitchen.

"You know where the light switch is, Brenna. Turn it on."

Brenna moved away from him in the dark. Francys Maguire tried to move away, too, but he yanked her back by the arm. "Quiet!" he whispered at her.

"I'm quiet!"

Brenna was quiet, too. Entirely too quiet. Hurriedly Humphrey locked the back door, dragged Francys towards the door into the dining-room, blocking it. . . . Brenna can't get out now. She's somewhere in the kitchen. But it wouldn't take her so long to find the light switch. Where is she? What's she trying? Why was I so stupid as to let her get away?

In the silence, he heard a little click. Just one soft little click. And then he knew. Brenna was trying to use the telephone!

He could not locate the sound by direction. He had been in the kitchen so very seldom that he could not remember where the telephone was. Easier to find the light switch. His hands fumbled frantically along the wall. Finally his fingers touched something. And then he had the lights on.

He said to Brenna, "Put that phone down!"

**B**RENNA hung the receiver up slowly. But had she had time to summon help? How could she? Suppose . . . Hurry. That was all. Hurry.

He yanked Francys Maguire to a chair in the middle of the large kitchen. "Sit there!"

"Yes, Mr. Ward!"

"You, too," he said to Brenna. "Take the next chair."

For an instant he thought that Brenna was not coming, that he would be forced to shoot her, there, where she stood. Then she came across the room quietly. Her fright showed plainly now in her eyes, though she did not voice it. But Brenna was still fighting.

He watched her, his hand hard on the gun. With his other hand he fumbled among the drawers of the cabinet. He found some dish towels, fortunately old and of soft though sturdy material. He gave them to Francys Maguire.

"Tear these into strips. Just wide enough to be strong."

In tossing the towels to Francys, he looked away from Brenna for an instant. She grabbed for the gun, missing by a fraction of an inch as he pulled back, steadying it.

Francys said, "Why—"

"Do what you're told!"

Francys tore clumsily. "More," he told her, watching Brenna. Brenna was too quiet. Entirely too quiet. She did not look away, even for a second.

"But that's lots!" said Francys.

"I said more!"

Francys went on tearing strips. Finally he said, "That's enough. Put your hands behind you, Brenna. I'm going to tie them."

Brenna's voice broke. "It will never work, Humphrey. Never. Before it's too late, won't you—"

He said, "It's already too late." He snarled at Francys, "Hand me the strips as I need them. And remember the gun is within reach of my hand."

Francys handed him the strips of cloth. Brenna struggled suddenly, fiercely, without warning. It took his entire strength, for a moment, to subdue her. Brenna whispered, "Run," at Francys, but Francys

looking at the gun, did not move.

Humphrey did not let his anger keep him from tying Brenna's hands carefully, putting the bonds over her clothing, to avoid any possible marks being found later. He tied her feet, too, and prepared a gag.

He said, hesitating, "Brenna, I don't want to— If you would only—"

Brenna said sadly, "If I would only forget my husband has murdered—how many people, Humphrey? . . . Tell Gabe I loved him. He'll need to know that. Because I'm the only one who ever has."

The only one. Humphrey remembered his panic at Gabe's illness last night. He jammed the gag indignantly into Brenna's mouth.

The gag was necessary first, with Francys. Unlike Brenna, she would have no scruples on Gabe's account about screaming. Humphrey counted heavily on the element of surprise with her: she was sitting, wide-eyed, looking at Brenna, for once not thinking about herself. He had the gag ready and inserted it swiftly, rightening it with a jerk.

But then she was fighting him, viciously, like an animal. With her size and youth, she was almost his equal in strength. Humphrey lost his balance, crashing backwards against a cabinet. Crockery tumbled resoundingly. Something hit Humphrey, momentarily blinding him. He rubbed it from his eyes frantically. It was sugar.

Francys, typically, was running towards the door. He reached out, caught her ankle, dragged her viciously down and back. She, too, crashed on to the floor. He hit her, coolly, with the gun, not too hard; just enough to stun her for the time necessary to tie her securely.

He did. He was standing over her, panting triumphantly, when he heard Gabe's voice at the top of the stairs.

"Brenna?" said Gabe. "Is that you, Brenna?"

No. It could not be Gabe. Even at that distance, had he boy heard the crashing dishes? The sounds of the struggle, brief as it had been? If he came downstairs now, to investigate—Humphrey stood frozen, not daring to breathe.

Gabe called again. "Brenna?" And this time his voice was closer.

Then there was only silence. Where had Gabe gone? Was he coming down the stairs or already down them? If he appeared in the kitchen door—Humphrey decided he must at all costs forestall that. He poked his head hurriedly out of the door. But the house above was quiet, and the hall empty. Gabe had apparently gone back to bed.

Humphrey went back to the kitchen quickly. Time was important now. This must be over before Japhet returned from his meeting. How long did those meetings last? Humphrey turned to the stove, examining its mechanism. He saw comprehension dawn in Brenna's clear eyes, watching him. Francys' were spilling over with tears of self-pity.

Reluctantly he decided against turning on all the burners. Parts of the stove might remain as evidence after the explosion. He could quite safely count on there being little left of the two women's bodies—certainly not enough to trace the facts of the bonds, for example—but metal was something else again.

He extinguished both the pilot lights. Then he turned the oven on, full. The gas began to hiss forth. He did not bother putting Brenna and Francys close to it. He was

To page 62



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# Attractive dicky

Crisp-looking accessories that vary and brighten basic dresses are invaluable assets for the well-groomed business girl. This easy-to-make dicky takes only half a yard of 36in. wide white pique, and the pattern is very simple.

**M**ADE with a small roll collar, the dicky can be worn with a plain high neckline or with the popular cut-away dress.

Here are the directions for making:

**Materials:** 1/2yd. white, 36in. wide pique, 3 small buttons, 2 hooks, 1 eye, card bias binding to match.

Make full-scale patterns from the diagrams given below in which each square equals 1in. The solid spots on the diagram mark the edge of pattern, which should be laid to the fold of the material, the arrows mark straight of material, and notch-marks indicate centre back.

Allow 1/2in. round all pieces for seams when cutting out.

Cut one piece in pique by pattern A for front, and two pieces by pattern B for back;

cut a bias strip 6in. wide and 16in. long for the collar (piece together if necessary).

To make: Fold facings to right side on back dicky sections at broken lines. Stitch front section to back sections at shoulder seams. Press seams open.

Stitch facing to dicky from the fold to centre back notch at neck edge. Slit from raw neck edge to machine stitching at centre back. Trim seam and repeat with other back section facing. Turn facing to wrong side and press.

Fold bias strip in half lengthwise, right sides together, and stitch each short end. Trim seams, turn right side out, and press.

Place one long edge of bias strip to neck edge, right sides together, edges even. Stitch and trim seam. Press. Turn in seam allowance on remain-

ing long edge of bias strip and slip-stitch to machine stitching on the wrong side.

Make buttonholes on left side of back section, 3/4in. from fold and at 2 1/2in. intervals. Sew buttons to right back section to correspond.

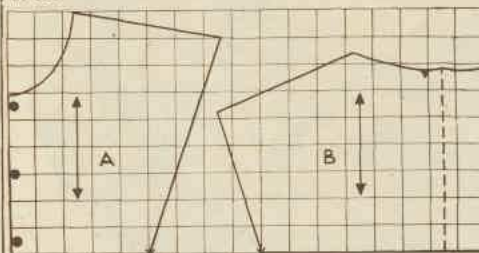
Sew a hook to top corner of left back facing on the wrong side and a loop on the right back side to correspond, and sew a hook and eye 1/4in. up from back collar edges. Fold collar in half as shown in photograph.

Finish remaining raw edges with bias binding.

To make tapes for the dicky, cut two pieces of binding 19 1/2in. long and two pieces 13 1/2in. long. Fold tapes in half breadthwise, turn in ends, and machine-stitch along edges. Fold the shorter tapes in half and sew one to each side of front at Xs to make loops. Sew the longer strips to the back, where marked by Xs.



**TRIM** white pique dicky is smart and useful. Made from three pattern pieces, it has a two-inch roll collar cut on the cross. The dicky fastens with three small buttons at the back. Any girl can make it with ease in one evening.



**IN THESE DIAGRAMS** the section marked A is the front of the dicky, and the section marked B, for which two pieces are cut, is the back. A bias strip forms the roll collar. See directions on this page for making this smart accessory.

## MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

**POWDERED** borax sprinkled on shelves or around any small floor cavities where ants or cockroaches come will help to get rid of these pests.

**TO** stiffen petersham belting that has gone limp, rub the side facing the skirt thickly with soap, then press with a hot iron.

**IF** a picture won't hang straight, glue a half-inch strip of coarse sand-paper along the lower back edge. It will then grip the wall.

**WHEN** a bottle of lemonade or similar type of drink has been opened and the contents not all used, place a match across the neck of the bottle, or the handle of a silver teaspoon in the mouth of the bottle. This will keep the drink for several days without it going flat.

**COVER** the top of a discarded parchment lampshade with material, stand it upside down, and it makes a useful wastepaper basket.

**WHEN** refilling a lipstick container, light the end of a candle and allow some wax to drip into the bottom of the casing, then gently press refill on to the wax. This prevents waste when the lipstick wears down.

**TO** relieve the irritation of mosquito bites, rub the spots with a cake of wet soap.



**TO REMOVE** candle grease from your best dinner cloth, first scrape off hardened grease with a blunt knife, then place blotting-paper over and under the spots and iron gently. Use a warm iron. Change blotters as they become soiled.

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# Classic sweater

The classic sweater as illustrated here has become a tradition in the smart woman's winter wardrobe. It's the perfect complement to a two-piece. It provides warmth and suggests good grooming.

**H**ERE are the directions, which can be followed easily by the beginner:

**Materials:** 5 skeins F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" Shrink-proof 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 14 knitting needles; 4 small buttons; 1 press-stud.

**Measurements:** Bust, 32-34in.; length from top of shoulder, 20in.; length of sleeve seam, 18in.

**Note:** For 36in. bust, use 10 skeins F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" 3-ply fingering wool and No. 10 instead of No. 11 needles.

**Tension:** 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1in.

## BACK

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 132 sts. When work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 4in., k 54 sts. (leave rem. 48 sts. on a spare needle).

Cont. on last 54 sts., making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. above opening and 3 more 1in. apart.

**Buttonholes:** 1st Row (wrong side); P 3, cast off 3 sts., p to end.

**2nd Row:** K to last 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 3.

When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Join wool at centre back, cast on 6 sts., k to end of row. Cont. in st-st., keeping the 6 cast-on sts. in g-st. and shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

## FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Cont. in st-st. until armholes measure 6in.

**Next Row:** K 46 (leave on a spare needle), cast off 10 sts., k 46.

Cont. on last 46 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge every row until dec. to 36 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1

for 3in. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 102 sts. When sleeve seam measures 18in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 66 sts., then every row until dec. to 32 sts. Cast off.

## NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 11 needles, pick up and k about 88 sts. around neck. P 1 row. Work 2 rows st-st., then 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Cast off in ribbing.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening. Sew on buttons. Sew a press-stud at neck edge.



ABOVE: The classic sweater worn as a blouse. Because it is knitted in two-ply wool, the ribbed basque can be tucked into the skirt without the least suggestion of bulk. The wide belt is optional. Left: Worn as shown, the sweater looks trim all day long. If desired, it can be dressed up with pearls or your favorite glittering clip or brooch.

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CLOSE VIEW of the delicate blossom of a weeping cherry tree photographed in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristow, of Leura, N.S.W. The shape of the weeping varieties is shown off to advantage when they are planted either in a lawn or wide border.

## BLOSSOM IN SPRINGTIME

Planning and planting for a wonderful burst of blossom in the spring is a pleasant winter task for the gardener.

**F**LOWERING trees are easy to grow and have few pests and diseases, so plant as many as you can. They will pay you back a thousandfold.

If you must content yourself with one tree, choose a place in the lawn where its beauty will be fully appreciated, or in a wide border.

The crab apples or cherries are particularly suitable, as they are lighter growing trees than the plums and peaches, and won't seriously affect the growth of the lawn or other plants nearby.

In recent years nurserymen have developed an exquisite weeping form of these species. From the top of a high trunk the branches weep down, looking in spring like a cascade of frosty blossom.

These weeping forms are neither easy to obtain nor cheap, but are worth the effort. The upright forms, however, are a lovely substitute even if more commonly seen.

If you have room for lots of flowering trees, there are many ways of using them—to line a drive, to give height in a wide border, for street planting, at the end of a vista, or massed in a glade.

The following list will help you select your species.

Crab apples are spreading, light-growing, hardy trees which grow quickly to about 10 feet. In spring their branches are so heavily laden with flowers that it is often impossible to see any leaves. Single and double flowered varieties are available in colors varying from white to red. Many of the crabs have attractive brilliantly colored fruit.

The Chinese flowering crab, *Malus spectabilis*, is a tall erect species and in spring the branches are covered with masses of red buds which open

to semi-double fragrant pink flowers. The small fruit is red-dish-yellow.

The Japanese flowering crab, *M. floribunda*, is probably the most handsome and reliable species, and therefore is most popular. It grows into a small rounded tree. The carmine buds change to pink, then white on opening to the single blooms.

*M. parkmani* is another spectacular variety with large double flowers. Buds are a dark rose, which fades to rose-pink on opening. Fruit is pea-sized and reddish. *M. alden-*

*14* inches across, produced in short-stemmed clusters of two to five.

*Mikurumagaeshi* is a fine single pink variety. The deep pink-pointed buds open to large flowers,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches across, which are white with a pink tinge. Clusters of two to four have a drooping habit. *Yoshino* bears pale pink to white blossoms in clusters of two to five. It is an early flowerer. Trees are large, growing to 25 feet in Australia.

Cherries need little or no attention and should not be pruned, as this spoils the shape of the trees.

The flowering plums have spectacular bronzy foliage and flowers which vary from palest pink to deep rose, and from single to double. They are hardy and fast-growing, but throw a dense shade and are not ideal for planting in lawns. They flower in early spring.

*Prunus blireiana* grows to about 12 feet and has double rose-colored flowers and light purple foliage. *P. moseri* is a paler pink, but equally lovely. *P. pissardii nigra* reaches 15 feet and has single pink flowers and rich bronzy foliage. *Festeri* is a variation of this species with larger, deeper colored flowers.

The plums have a beautiful twiggly form which is ruined if the trees are pruned. If it is necessary, prune sparingly just after flowering.

Finally, there are the peaches, which are hardy and fast-growing. There are early, mid-season, and late varieties, varying in color from white through pink to red. The peaches must be heavily pruned after flowering.

Flowering peaches have only one troublesome disease, the ugly peach leaf curl, but this is easily controlled by spraying in winter with copper sprays like copper oxychloride or Bordeaux mixture.

## GARDENING

*hamensis* has bronzy foliage, with red flowers and fruit.

Crabs need little attention and should not be pruned more than is necessary to shape them or force new wood to grow on old trees.

The Japanese flowering cherries are also hardy and do well in a variety of climates. Reaching 12 to 15 feet in height, they produce exquisite flowers in late spring and have magnificently colored autumn foliage as well.

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## Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 54

not planning to kill them by gas. An accident. This must be a pure and simple accident. The two women walking into the accidentally gas-filled kitchen, perhaps one of them smoking — Humphrey rummaged until he found a tiny candle. He carried it to the extreme opposite edge of the room, where he lighted it.

The gas will get to that spot last. By the time it does, the whole kitchen will be filled. And when the flame touched the gas, a tremendous explosion, I hope followed by fire.

The smell of the gas was already strong enough to be unpleasant. Humphrey moved towards the door. He glanced back. He hesitated, then went out. He shut the door behind him with relief. He wished he knew more about gas, how long it would take to accumulate the amount necessary for the explosion. Five minutes? Ten? Or even less? The kitchen was a big room, but the gas was pouring in full force, steadily.

Hurry, in case the explosion should occur much sooner than he was expecting. He mounted the stairs two at a time. He peered cautiously down the hall to make sure Gabe could not see him. He went through Brenna's room to his own. He must change his clothes, since it was to be assumed that he had been sleeping.

But his own room was partly above the kitchen. No place to be when the explosion occurred.

He found he was running. Brenna can hear me. Not give her the satisfaction of knowing I am afraid. But he could not afford the luxury of pride now. In minutes, perhaps seconds, Brenna would be dead.

Humphrey flung his clothes off with frantic haste. His hand touched the gun; he thrust it hastily into a drawer; under something. His hand touched the bottle of poison, which he had forgotten to dispose of. Not leave anything for a police search to find . . .

No time for that. He thrust it into his bathrobe pocket. He had difficulty getting his pyjamas on. He kept putting his hands into the wrong arms. Then, somehow, he had them on. He fumbled with the lock on his door. Finally he was striding down the hall towards Gabe's room, knowing each step was carrying him farther from danger.

Gabe was sitting propped up in bed, still with the book on North American plants. Surprise was evident in his polite tone. "Good evening, sir. I thought you were going to sleep straight through. Does Brenna know you're up?"

"I woke, and couldn't get back to sleep. Where is Brenna now?"

Gabe frowned. "Maybe she went out. She didn't say so, but she hasn't been in here all evening. Are you hungry, sir? I got a merit badge for cooking in the Scouts, you know. We could go down to the kitchen and I could—"

"I'm not hungry!"  
Gabe seemed surprised again, at his father's vehemence. He said cheerfully, "Sure you wouldn't like a sandwich while I'm making myself one?"

Humphrey noted with horror that Gabe was actually swinging his feet out of bed, preparatory to descending to the kitchen. He said, "In a few minutes, Gabe. I—we so seldom get a chance to talk alone. I thought—"

Gabe pulled his feet in, with a resigned look. "Yes, sir?" Humphrey felt his usual ris-

**ALL characters in the serials A and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.**

ing irritation with Gabe. Time stretched before him bleakly. Time without Brenna, time across the table from this polite, bespectacled youth.

It must be five minutes. More. How can gas take so long to explode? Can anything have gone wrong? Can Brenna or Francys have got loose? Nonsense! They were helpless. But Brenna is so stubborn, and Francys is so strong. . . . Why doesn't it go off? Why?

Gabe cleared his throat, apparently feeling the obligations of a good host to break the silence. He said, "Gee, could that girl cook!"

"What girl?"  
"Francys Maguire. Her pancakes!"

"You ate pancakes with her?"

"This morning. And maybe I'm going to tomorrow again. At least she said tonight that I could call her and she'd see."

"Tonight? You saw her tonight?"  
Gabe's color rose a little. "I didn't exactly see her. She gave me her phone number and I—I called her. About the pancakes, you know."

**G**ABE, Humphrey thought dully. That was Gabe Francys was handing those clichés tonight on the phone. My son, Humphrey moaned audibly. At least a minute more now. Time enough, surely. Nothing can have gone wrong. Downstairs, the doorbell rang.

"Shall I answer it, sir?" asked Gabe.

"No! Let it ring!"  
"But it might be Uncle Japhet."

"Why doesn't he have a key?"  
"I'll have to go down the stairs, right alongside the wall of the kitchen. If the gas goes then, I'll be killed, too."

The doorbell rang again, more insistently. Humphrey knew that it must be answered, that he must answer it. He dared not leave Gabe here. Gabe would be too likely to wander into trouble.

"Come on, Gabe. Put on your robe and slippers, and we'll both answer it."

"All right. If it's Uncle Japhet, we can all have something to eat then."

Gabe was infuriatingly slow on the stairs, flopping his slippers, leaning on the railing. Humphrey said sharply, "Come on!"

Gabe stopped. "Do you hear something?"

"No!"  
"I do. There's a sort of thumping."

Brenna. I'll bet it's Brenna. She's found some way of thumping, even tied as she is. If Gabe—

Humphrey said more sharply, "Japhet's pounding on the door. Come on!"  
"It didn't sound like the door. It sounded—"

Gabe came on reluctantly. Finally they were at the front door, which, when opened, admitted not only Japhet but Lieutenant Van Younger and Cass Caruso.

Lieutenant Van Younger was not dapper now. His hair was awry, and so was his temper.

He snapped, "Mr. Ward, where is your wife?"

"I don't understand," said Humphrey. "Have you some reason to believe something has happened to her?"

Japhet said furiously, "Van Younger is crazy, Humphrey! Stark, staring crazy! He thinks—"

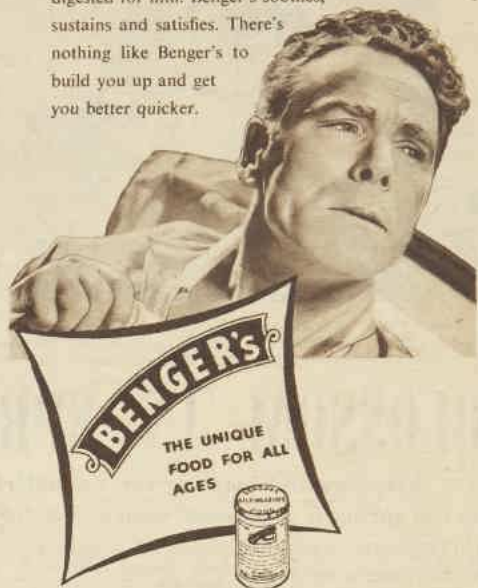
Lieutenant Van Younger snapped, "I'll do the talking here!"

Cass Caruso said, with his usual lack of expression, which

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## Staisweet Staisweet Staisweet

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 5, 1954

# Continuing . . . Cry Murder

from page 62

was a sure sign of his interest. "You've got to do more than talk, Lieutenant! You've got to find Francys Maguire." Humphrey stuttered, "F. Francys Maguire?"

Japhet said, "These stupid jackasses think Brenna has kidnapped her!"

Humphrey leaned against the wall, fighting an insane desire to laugh. Any second now the gas will explode and I'll have the most perfect alibi for murder that a man ever had. Three witnesses, including a police lieutenant.

Lieutenant Van Younger turned quickly to Humphrey. "There's no time to waste, Mr. Ward. Your wife was always one of our prime suspects. You were, too. I admit I personally thought—but there was no motive here. Your wife had the clear motive of jealousy. Your son could only have got the poison from one of you, accidentally, no doubt—a hair preparation from your joint medicine cabinet matched what was found on Rachel Sabinson's hands. None of that was really conclusive evidence, so we decided we would follow her, meantime keeping you occupied elsewhere. We did follow her. And this afternoon she trailed Francys Maguire."

"What?"

"Your wife very nearly cornered her in Mr. Caruso's office."

Cass' office, Humphrey thought, enraged. Francys went to Cass' office.

"Mrs. Ward ended up by following Francys right home to the Bronx. She couldn't go in then, because Officer Maguire and his sons were home. But tonight Francys was alone. And your wife somehow eluded her police shadow and went back there."

"How do you know that?"

"The policeman on the beat reported Mrs. Ward's car out in front of the house. But by

it to reach the little candle flame and ignite. As it must any second now. It must.

To Humphrey's relief, Cass Caruso said, "Brenna might have had the key to the apartment of one of her friends who has gone away for the summer. Maybe—"

Lieutenant Van Younger was immediately interested. He produced an efficient-looking pad and began to take notes. Humphrey listened intently. Nothing happened. Nothing. If the gas had gone out! Or the candle!

Nonsense. How could the gas go out on a modern, well-regulated stove? Why should the candle? The oven just had less pressure than Humphrey had supposed. He should have risked turning on the burners, too. Any risk was better than this waiting.

He heard a sound then—a sound which chilled his heart. It was not the sound he had been expecting. This was a pane of glass breaking. At the back of the house. In the kitchen. Then another pane. Then a shout—Japhet's voice.

Lieutenant Van Younger was running, with a shipperless Gabe at his heels. Humphrey felt himself glued to the chair in which he sat. There had been no explosion, he thought dully. And now there would be none.

With his uncanny genius for trouble-making, Japhet had somehow wandered downstairs and into the kitchen. With scientific presence of mind, Japhet had doubtless blown out the candle, let in the fresh air. The only hope which remained now was that Brenna and Francys might have been fatally overcome by the gas. Even then, they would be found tied.

Humphrey rose, pretending to start for the kitchen. Go out

wouldn't you rather see him tried and convicted than be tried and convicted for murder yourself?"

Humphrey moaned, suddenly feeling the awful pain in his throat. His eyes went across the room to Brenna, who was still coughing from the gas, safe in the circle of Japhet's arm.

Japhet said, "If you hadn't managed, somehow, to bump your chair over to the candle and smother it—"

I might have known it was Brenna. Brenna. She'll be an Iowa housewife in a year, Humphrey thought. She'll grieve, but she'll get over it. And Japhet will be there. Curse Japhet.

He saw Francys Maguire then, a bit grey but otherwise apparently recovered from the gas. Sobbing her great, theatrical sobs, she was clinging very close to Gabe, who, white faced, was looking anywhere but at Humphrey. Cass went slowly across to Francys. She smiled at him through her tears.

She said, "Oh, Mr. Caruso! Wouldn't it be wonderful if Gabe—a Ward with the talent his father had, without the evil genius—if he and I could make a team?"

Oh, no, Humphrey thought wildly. All my life I've wanted Gabe to become interested in the theatre. But not through this vixen. Not to leave him with her. My son, my grandchildren.

Humphrey fought for words, but could barely get breath. He did not need the words, for Brenna said, with cold clearness, to Francys, "Over my dead body, you'll get Gabe. . . . Cass, you can't have anything to do with that girl! She—"

Cass said, "If the police have nothing against her— I can't give my clients Sunday-school tests, Brenna. She has great talent."

"She shan't have Gabe!"

Francys cooed up to Gabe. "Of course, if you're tied to your mother's apron strings."

"I'm not tied to anybody's apron strings!"

"Come down to my office in the morning, both of you," Cass said.

Brenna was silent now, bidding her time, Humphrey, who knew her so well, realised. Francys Maguire, he thought grimly, still did not recognise the strength and determination that were in Brenna.

He hoped Brenna realised the strength and determination that were in Francys. He thought she did. He was betting on Brenna to save Gabe. He could not be sure, but he could hope.

Humphrey shut his eyes, feeling the blackness again. The pain in his throat was almost unbearable. His hand fumbled slowly in his pocket, closed around the bottle of poison. That would be the best way. As soon as he had rested a little and could possibly force himself to swallow.

It would be the best way, of course, for the great theatrical tradition that Humphrey Ward had established, though no scandal would actually tarnish the real genius that had been his acting. Humphrey wondered regretfully who would play Paul in "The Dark Wind." No matter. He heard, suddenly, the thin, high scream of Nicholas Sabinson, falling. . . .

Then, as suddenly, he saw Rachel coming across the stage to meet him. He was moving forward to meet her. The wonderful challenge of her laughter steadied him. Pitting all his skill and knowledge of his profession against hers, Humphrey Ward concentrated happily on playing his last scene.

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Continuing . . . .

## A Chapter in the Life of Henry Subito

from page 9

man who looked over the top of his "Financial Times." Henry smiled distantly.

He chose a seat from which he could keep an eye on the clerk. The immense white armchair was piped with scarlet. It smelt of leather, cigars, and perfume. Henry caught one ankle under the other and braced his fingertips on the arms of the chair to keep from floundering in its depths.

An American dowager with wire-gold hair and a knife-edged suit passed through the lounge. She was like a salt breeze and she ruffled up the sophisticated set like a bunch of fledglings. Henry looked after her with admiration.

The clock stood at a quarter to four. China tinkled in the restaurant. The bald man went in to tea. The desk-clerk looked through the half-arch at Henry. Henry examined his nails. The woman who had petted the dachshund pattered in—Henry eyed her thoughtfully.

She sat down near him on the edge of one of the big open-armed chairs, smiled willingly and anxiously around. The smart young people ignored her.

Henry watched the smile. Wilting a little, it travelled round the room and settled on him. He returned it.

She said gratefully, "I hope your friends come soon. It's so tedious waiting. I always think."

"I don't mind," Henry crossed one knee over the other and leaned as far back as he dared. "The thing is, I've never met this person my great-aunt's coming to tea with. I don't even know what she looks like."

"How very awkward. Never mind, I expect your great-aunt will be here any moment now."

"Do you know her?"

"Well—no, indeed, I don't know Lady Fishwick, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Henry, "I'm Aubrey Carmichael."

"I'm Mrs. Maude. My husband and I and my little girl, we are from Chiswick." The smart set watched her stonily through their cigarette smoke. She blushed. "It's very pretty there."

"We live in the country," said Henry, "in Bucks. Do you know Bucks?"

"No."

"We've got a nice place in Bucks. Smallish—about three hundred acres. The house has forty rooms, but, of course, we can always put people up at the lodge."

Mrs. Maude's handbag slid from her lap. Henry gallantly retrieved it. "I expect you'll find you've met my great-aunt. She goes about a lot in Society." He said kindly, "Fishwick isn't an easy name to remember."

Mrs. Maude bridled with pleasure and alarm. "Oh, but I'm sure I would—"

"Twitchett's a funny name, isn't it? We have a butler called that. And one of the gardeners is called Crick, Dick Crick." Henry laughed.

"Fancy!" Mrs. Maude was round-eyed. "What a lot of servants it must take to keep that big place going."

"There's our town-house, too, of course. I suppose you've heard of Grosvenor Square?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—"

"It's handy for the shops. Now in Bucks we're miles from the nearest village."

"But I expect you've got a car—"

"Oh, yes, three—two big ones, limousines, and a sports model. But the limousines are heavy on petrol. If you run out of matches it costs four and sixpence to drive to the shop for a twopenny box."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Maude faintly.

"It's a mile and a half to the gates—people have a long walk to find out if we're in."

She had her first flicker of doubt. "Wouldn't the lodge-keeper tell them?"

"Sometimes we go out the back way."

There was a silence. Mrs. Maude, cuddling her overlarge handbag, looked at Henry's shoes. They were rather sandy from the beach and he had a hole in his sock just above the ankle.

Henry crossed one knee over the other and swung the sock and the hole. "I shouldn't be here really. There'd be a terrible row if my family knew."

"Would there? Why?"

"I'm not allowed to speak to great-aunt. She's an out-cast."

"Why ever's that?"

"She ran away with the knife-boy."

"She—what?"

"It was before they had stainless steel, years and years ago. They kept a boy just to clean the knives." Henry said quickly, "That would be about the most awful thing she could do—running away with him—wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed—if they weren't married—even if they were."

"Why?" Henry frowned. "What's awful about running away? And why did they? I mean, he was there and so was she—what did they run away for?"

Mrs. Maude gasped. "I expect they wanted a change." She said hastily, "But what happened?"

"My great-grandfather went after them in his four-in-hand. He was so mad he broke his whip over the horses' heads. His hat blew off and his beard blew all over his face and it frightened an old woman to death. I expect she thought it was the devil driving."

"How terrible!"

"He caught them," said Henry with satisfaction, "and took them back. He shut the knife-boy up in the tower. In the dead of night you can still hear him knocking and crying to be let out. We don't use that part of the house, he makes such a racket."

"You mean he's locked up there now?" cried Mrs. Maude in horror.

"Oh, not him," said Henry impatiently, "it's only his ghost. He starved to death years ago."

"Emmy!" A man and a girl stood at Mrs. Maude's elbow. He was big and fidgety, he kept jingling the small change in his pocket, pinching his ear, pulling his nose, easing his collar away from his neck.

The girl had red-colored hair, and the soft, chinless face of a rabbit. She was about twelve. "Tea, Emmy!" said the man, running a thumb over his lapel.

"Oh, Norman, you startled me." Mrs. Maude, dropping her handbag, got up with the flutter of a pheasant.

Henry, retrieving and smoothly proffering it, had all the adroitness of the gigolo. "Oh, dear, oh, thank you—let me introduce—my husband, Mr. Maude, and my daughter Deanna. Norman, Deanna, this is—"

"Don't bother about my title," said Henry. "Just plain Aubrey Carmichael will do." While the Maudes gaped in their several fashions, Henry

To page 65



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 5, 1954



# A Chapter in the Life of Henry Subito

from page 64

bowed, a deep, profound bow. "Delighted to make your acquaintance."

Mr. Maude ducked his head as if he had been struck suddenly on the back of the neck. Deanna, flushing scarlet, plucked at her skirt. There was an awkward pause.

"Tea, Emmy."

"Oh, we shall have to run along — Deanna, don't twist your gloves like that." Mrs. Maude turned to Henry. "Perhaps we shall see you at tea with Lady Fishwick?"

Henry sighed. "I'm afraid my great-aunt's forgotten. It's past four and she always has her tea at four o'clock sharp."

"Oh, what a pity! Perhaps she's been delayed."

Henry shook his head. "She's very absent-minded."

"I am so sorry," Mrs. Maude looked from her restless husband to her daughter's scarlet face. "Why don't you —" She was as breathless as if she were throwing down the gauntlet. "Why not have tea with us?"

"Thank you, I will," said Henry promptly.

Henry enjoyed his tea. He was not put out by Mrs. Maude's seating him next to Deanna, nor by her tremulous hints about nice friendships between young people. Nor did he allow Mr. Maude to disturb him.

As the meal proceeded and Henry dealt with a plate of bread and butter, cream puffs, chocolate eclairs, Battenburg cake, ice-cream, and fudge sauce, and expressed a fancy for some sweet biscuits, Mr. Maude became almost pathologically reticent. He did his utmost to draw Henry into conversation, either from suspicion or the hope of distracting Henry's attention from the food. Henry was able to cope.

"Carmichael?" said Mr. Maude, shredding his paper napkin as Henry bit into his third éclair, "is it in Debrett?"

Henry had no clear idea what Debrett might be, but he said, "Of course," because confidence was everything, and added recklessly, "Under 'C'."

Mrs. Maude said, "Deanna won't be able to rest until she's been to the library and read all about you."

"Neither shall I," said her husband, beating his spoon against his cup.

Henry ate the marzipan off a Battenburg slice. "One of my ancestors witnessed Magna Carta — you know, the thing King John had to sign. And a Carmichael went with Drake after the Spanish Armada."

"Deanna loves history, don't you, dear?"

Deanna buried her pink nose in her cup.

"Everyone's got ancestors," said Mr. Maude. "I don't see why some people make such a shindy about theirs."

"It's the blood that counts," Henry spooned up fudge from the ice. "Blood's important."

"Do tell us about your wonderful place in the country," urged Mrs. Maude. "We'd love to see it, wouldn't we, Deanna?"

"Of course, Hampton Court's bigger," said Henry dreamily. "But we've got a nice garden — roses and carnations, and all that. It cost five pounds a yard to stock the flower-beds. If I tread on them to get my ball I don't have to let the gardener see me. I can tell you."

"It must be beautiful," sighed Mrs. Maude.

"It's like walking on cake," said Henry.

Mr. Maude leaned over and tapped on the table. A rich plum colour was creeping up round his jaw. "What school do you go to, young feller?"

"I don't go to school."

"What? Not Eton or Harrow or Sandhurst?"

"I'm not strong enough. I have a tutor."

"No appetite," cried Mr. Maude, running a violent thumb round his collar. "Need coaxing with food?"

Henry said coldly, "My parents have to be careful. I am the only son."

"Then—you'll inherit everything?" Mrs. Maude looked wildly at her daughter. Deanna nibbled her handkerchief with large buck teeth.

Brushing the crumbs from his lap, Henry said kindly, "I'm not sorry things turned out as they did. I shouldn't have met you if my great-aunt had taken me to tea."

"It's my belief she couldn't afford it," said Mr. Maude. Henry smiled across the plundered table. "We did tuck in rather, didn't we?"

"I wish you'd tell us your title—Deanna's still dying to know."

"I'd like to stay and talk, but I'm afraid I have to go."

"Not yet, surely!"

"No, indeed, not yet." It was slightly ominous, this opposition of Mr. Maude's. "Come to think of it, there's a volume of Debrett in the writing-room upstairs. Suppose we all go and look under 'C'." Rather fun," said Mr. Maude, fiercely pulling an ear.

Butter would not have melted in Henry's smile. "I'm so sorry; I promised to be back by five."

"But won't you come and see us again? You and Deanna would be lovely company."

"Emmy"—Mr. Maude's grin was both odious and threatening—"the Duke's carriage waits and the horses are getting cold in their hocks."

Henry looked pityingly at Mrs. Maude. He said, "Good-bye, thank you for the tea." As he passed through the restaurant he considered without rancour the cakes on other people's plates.

The desk-clerk was purring over the house phone. Henry gave him a nod. Outside he began to whistle. He thought uncharitably of Mr. Maude, but by the time he turned the corner he had forgotten the whole family.

The toad was there in its base in Fishwick's window. Henry and the toad stared at each other. Both pairs of eyes were jewel-bright and still, but in Henry's was a curious longing. He went into the shop.

"How much for the toad?"

The old man was unpacking a crate. He looked up, a slat

of wood in his hand. His shaggy brows shot up and then drew down into a knot. "Do you want a beating?"

"I asked a civil question."

The wood shook in the old man's hand. "I'm not past putting you off the premises!"

Henry said innocently, "I thought you wanted to sell it."

"Not an hour ago I told you the price! Yesterday I told you, and the day before, and the day before that. Every day for a week!"

"I can't remember whether you said two and sixpence or two shillings."

"Fourteen!" shouted Fishwick, brandishing the wood over his head. "Fourteen shillings!"

"It ought to sell like hot

## Notice to Contributors

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cakes," said Henry as he went out.

Mr. and Mrs. Subito, jostled all the way from the pier, saw their son rambling along with a desultory air, hands in pockets, stockings drooping. They felt a qualm of conscience at having left him to devices which had proved so empty. It was, after all, his holiday, too.

"We'll go to Lyons and get a cup of tea," said his father, "and Henry shall have an ice."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, dear?" said his mother.

On consideration, Henry decided he could eat another ice, but both parents noticed that he had to give the matter thought. His mother worried that he was sickening for something and his father blamed the ice-cream that came nowadays in china dishes with spoons. He remembered the frozen custard of his own boyhood, thick sweet slabs of it sold by Italians with brass-topped barrows.

As they passed the entrance to Funderland, Henry looked eagerly towards the mechanical grabber. Subito Senior was thinking what a straightfaced

world his son had inherited—all potted risks and adventure on celluloid.

What were jets and atoms to a boy? Boys weren't scientific brains, they were young animals needing crude excitement, the cruder the better. Looking at the Ghost Train with its papier-mâché horrors, the Kiddies' Roundabout, the bikes that could be pedalled but never moved, Mr. Subito thought that life for Henry must be about as heady as a piece of uncooked pastry.

Then he saw the circus poster. It was very garish, very yellow. The lettering was red and the acts were "stupendous," "mammoth," "breath-taking," "never before attempted." It was flesh-and-blood and hocus-pocus in the good old tradition.

"Look at that—a circus! How about it, son? Isn't it just the thing?"

"It would be lovely, wouldn't it, Henry?"

Mr. and Mrs. Subito, catching each other's excitement, read every word of the poster.

"Look, there are barebacked riders and a high-wire walker on stilts—on stilts, mind you!—and a girl lion-tamer. That ought to be worth seeing."

"And performing seals and a troupe of waltzing elephants."

"And the Most Death-Defying Act in the World—Never Before Risked in any Ring—"

"Oh, we didn't ought to miss it!" cried Henry's mother. "We won't," said Henry's father. "I'll go right away and get the tickets."

Then they looked at Henry and the wind went out of their sails. Henry was gazing absently at the empty line where sea and sky met.

"Do you think he'd enjoy it?" whispered Mrs. Subito. "Of course he will. All boys love a circus."

"Henry's funny that way. He doesn't seem to like the things other boys like."

"He likes 'em, all right," said his father impatiently. "He'll like the circus when he gets to it. It's just that he's got no imagination."

Henry looked at that thin line between sea and sky. To someone, somewhere, he was saying, "My mother was a bareback rider. He fell from the trapeze and broke his neck the day I was born. I'm training to walk the wire over Niagara Falls next year. Of course, lots of people have, it's nothing really, but I'm going to walk it backwards."

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Walking privilege (3, 2, 3).
- Outright for fifty in a broken vase (5).
- Musical instrument for an odd favourite after tea (7).
- Quick remedy without swanning a string (7).
- Took fire in case for the best (8).
- Play for a medico with a mother (5).
- Follows the horses or they carry over the water (5).

WARRIANT MAGAW  
EEN O B A  
NOES NASTING  
U U I S V E  
OUTSIDERS SPUR  
N I S C E S  
CROOK ROADS  
E N E  
OUST SNIPPERS  
E A S E L Y  
STADIUM REVEL  
R O D E E U  
RATHE MISTROM

Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Be indignant because it is despatched again (6).
- Everything to these painful swellings (5).
- Speculating truth mainly in the crude metal (7).
- Daughter of Mahomet who seems to be plump on top (6).
- Aspire to employ corrupt practice (5).
- Any substance found in a famous mountain peak without here (6).
- Used for broken bones, and, though not very long, it contains a Chinese mile (6).
- Try air stirred up for an uncommon thing (8).
- Sometimes a horse does it to a rider or one M.P. to another (7).
- Father's attempt for a sweet dish (6).
- He who goes by carries a donkey (8).
- An addition to a document which sounds as though it has a mean of marking the spot (6).
- Din is one (5).
- Or a mother confused in perfume (6).

## DIFFICULT AGE FOR WOMEN!

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## Continuing . . . Point of Arrival

from page 3

Winifred outside, tying up plants, between nine and eleven in the morning.

And if you were a small boy, five past eleven was the time to look in on a Saturday or Sunday, because Aunt Selina would have a bun for you, and Aunt Winifred an apple.

Dora was a speckled and rather dingy duck, making up for a lack of looks by sheer force of personality. She came towards them, elevating her little wings and carrying on alarmingly.

"She's a splendid watchdog," said Aunt Selina. "Mind, she'll nip you, but I hope she's going to see enough of you to make friends eventually. You must never wear a red tie, though—she takes great exception to red. I had to give my red cardigan away; it put her in such a state every time she saw me in it."

After lunch it rained a little. Stephen, drowsily content, sat before a log fire with the Sunday papers until his aunts had finished the washing-up, which they firmly refused to allow him to help them with.

At tea-time they gossiped pleasantly about the people he had known. Names and faces of fifteen years ago passed across the screen of his recollection, and it seemed to him they must be untouched by the interval between then and now.

Then they began gently to cross-examine him. He found them uninterested in the progress of his career.

Flatteringly, they accepted without question or the need for confirmation the fact that he was doing very well.

"And what do you do for relaxation, dear?" asked Aunt Selina.

"I play tennis in the summer and squash in the winter," said Aunt Selina and Aunt Winifred exchanged glances.

"Do you belong to a nice club, dear? I don't mean a man's club—I mean, your tennis and so on? Meet nice people?"

"Oh, yes," said Stephen. "It's a very pleasant club. I spend most of my week-ends there."

Aunt Selina looked slightly exasperated in the pause that followed, but Aunt Winifred, who never minded rushing in where angels feared to tread, asked eagerly, "But, Stephen—do tell us—haven't you got a girl-friend?"

"No," Stephen admitted, "as a matter of fact, I haven't. To begin with, I've been too busy, and then I find that the girls I meet at the Club—well, they're nice girls, but there isn't one that really appeals to me. To be honest, I don't think I appeal to them, either. They probably find me a very dull, slow sort of chap."

Aunt Selina and Aunt Winifred said nothing for a moment or two, their faces registering clearly that girls who thought like that were obviously unworthy of consideration, and could not be expected to have any appeal for a man like him.

But before he left, Aunt Selina said earnestly, "Winifred and I are a little worried about you, Stephen. We understand it is a very good thing that you should be making such progress with your work, and so interested in it, but we don't think you should become too absorbed into it."

"It's time you thought of marrying, and you should try to find some nice girl to look after you. You mustn't mind my speaking to you like this. You're our only nephew and we are so fond of you, and we should so like to see you happily settled down in a home of your own."

Back in his flat in town, Stephen considered his aunts'

advice. What they had said had come as no surprise to him and was no more than a confirmation of what he felt himself.

But it was one of those cases easy enough to diagnose, and even easier to prescribe for; the difficulty lay in carrying out the solution.

As it was, he lived in lonely comfort, even more aware, since his visit to Brooks End, that he had no living thing to call his own—not even a duck.

He had been naively pleased to move into this flat from his rather cramped bed-sitter—the address had the right ring about it for a rising young professional man. But no bachelor flat could ever be home—of that he became daily more aware.

That was all very well, but what was to be done? One couldn't go to a shop and say, "I want a nice wife, please, good quality, but not too expensive."

**B**UT when he got down to this question of thinking about what sort of a woman—he became confused, a most unusual and unwelcome state of mind.

He decided finally that, not having a clue to guide him, there was no point in looking deliberately for a wife. She would have to happen, as it were, to materialise of her own accord, and in this decision he felt relief. It seemed right and in accordance with the best traditions.

A day or two later he was astonished to get a telephone call from his Aunt Selina while he was at the office.

Astonished, because the aunts, although progressive in most ways, had never been able to overcome their initial impression that the telephone was an infernal machine, and they would never allow one to be installed at their cottage. In fact, they only used the instrument on occasions of extreme urgency.

It took him some time to find out what the emergency was, because Aunt Selina, unaccustomed to the use of the telephone, spoke right into the mouthpiece with extended vocal cords, as though trying to communicate intelligence to a half-witted alien.

With pencil and paper he tried desperately to pin down such fragments of the message as made sense to him.

"—GREAT FAVOR—"  
boomed Aunt Selina—"RE-MEMBER BELLAMYS?"

Bellamys? The name was familiar—he wished now he had paid more attention to the local history his aunts had been relating to him on Sunday afternoon. Bellamys—weren't they the people who had lived in the big house called The Wilderness?

But he had to keep pace with Aunt Selina—what was she saying now—"LITTLE GIRL—JANE—MOST GRATEFUL—GOLDEN ARROW."

Conning over his notes when his aunt finally and breathlessly finished her narrative, Stephen was satisfied that he had the gist of what he wanted to say. "That's all right, Aunt Selina—I'll see to it."

With his aunt's gratitude echoing in his ears for a good five minutes after she had replaced the receiver, Stephen checked her story over.

The Bellamys, it seemed, were expecting their daughter Jane to arrive that night from

**A**L characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

Paris, unaccompanied, where she was to have been met by friends who lived in Kensington and who were to take her to their home, as their daughter Monica was having a birthday party.

But a series of minor accidents and events had wrecked these arrangements. Stephen had not been able to grasp all the details apart from the two salient facts, which were that Monica had measles and Mrs. Bellamy influenza.

The essential fact that he had managed to garner was that his aunts, whose connection with the Bellamys appeared to be fairly close, had proposed him as knight-errant—or, more properly, boy scout, to rescue the little girl from a forlorn and fruitless wait on Victoria Station, and he had accepted.

He got his secretary to work out train arrivals and departures, and calculated that it would be possible to convey her from Victoria to King's Cross in time to catch the 7.30 p.m. to Brooks End.

He then sent Miss Baker out for a large box of chocolates, which would, he hoped, help to console Jane Bellamy for a missed birthday party.

He got to Victoria Station with five minutes in hand. It had not occurred to him until then that a cross-Channel journey was a fairly hazardous undertaking for a small girl, but nowadays children seemed to be shipped from place to place across tremendous distances.

One saw photographs in the papers of ticketed tons in charge of air hostesses, going nonchalantly from London to New York, or even farther. No doubt she would be in the care of some temporary guardian.

When the Golden Arrow steamed smoothly in, Stephen began to wish he had eyes on stalks, each capable of looking in a different direction from the other.

Such children as he saw emerging from the front part of the train seemed to be firmly attached to parents or nannies; the throng of passengers diminished steadily and with disconcerting speed, until finally only Stephen and one other person were left on the platform.

This other person was a girl, and she was quite small, but she could not be called, in the sense that he understood the term, a little girl. She was wearing a trim suit and a little hat. She stood there, with her luggage round her, clasping a great spray of white lilac, eyeing Stephen with a kind of puzzled curiosity.

To his own astonishment, Stephen found himself doing something he had never done in his life before—addressing an unknown person of the opposite sex.

Raising his hat, he said, "We seem to be in the same boat. I was expecting to meet someone and you were expecting to be met, and it looks as though we have both been let down."

He had no sooner spoken the words than he was terrified of the impression they might have on her. She would probably think him a very oncoming sort of chap, and of all the people in the world whose good opinion he valued, this young woman had, in the first moments of their meeting, taken first place.

She smiled very charmingly and reassuringly at him. "I was certainly expecting to be met. The funny thing is—I feel I know you."

It was a mutually funny thing. He, too, felt that he knew those dark eyes, under their straight brows.

They stood looking at each other, sharing a warm sense of

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PHS 72



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*Betty King*

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# Pot Luck

BY OUR FOOD AND  
COOKERY EXPERTS

● Pot-luck dishes with eye-catching toppings are easy to fix, economical, and very satisfying.

**I**F cooked in a casserole or pressure-cooker, inexpensive cuts of meat can be used in pot-luck dishes with very pleasing results.

Left-over meat or bought-cooked meat or smallgoods are glamorised and extended when used in this way. By using casserole dishes attention during cooking time is cut to a minimum.

Send the casserole straight from oven to table and eliminate washing up of extra serving dishes.

Any one of the pot-luck dishes on this page will satisfy the very hungry without stretching the purse-strings too far.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## BACON AND CABBAGE CASSEROLE

Three cups chopped cabbage, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ dessertspoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk, ½ cup water, 4oz. grated processed cheese, 6oz. diced corned beef, or other cold, cooked meat, 3 or 4 rashers bacon.

Place cabbage in saucepan with salt and sufficient water to cover base. Cover and cook 5 minutes, drain. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, onion, mustard, and salt, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add evaporated milk and water, stir until boiling. Add nearly all grated cheese, stir over gentle heat until cheese melts. Arrange alternate layers of cabbage and meat in greased casserole. Pour over sauce, cover with balance of cheese. Place bacon rashers (rind removed) around top, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

## CREAMED FRANKFURTS AND POTATOES

Three dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, 3 dessertspoons grated onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup evaporated milk, 2 cups milk, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4 cups diced cooked potato, 6 or 8 large frankfurts, extra 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, onion, salt, and mustard, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning.



Add milk and evaporated milk, stir until boiling. Fold in cheese, parsley, potatoes, and three-quarters of the sliced frankfurts. Fill into greased casserole, top with balance of frankfurts, brush with extra melted shortening. Cover and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes until thoroughly heated. Remove lid, cook further 10 minutes.

## COLONIAL BEEF WEDGES

Two cups minced cooked roast beef or corned beef, 1 onion, 1 large tomato, ½ cup cooked diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup thick brown gravy, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 4oz. savory scone dough, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Combine meat, gravy and Worcestershire sauce, season to taste, fill into ovenware dish. Cover with chopped onion, parsley, thickly sliced tomato and celery, season lightly. Roll scone dough to fit top of dish, cut into service-sized wedges, place on top of tomatoes. Glaze with milk, sprinkle with cheese. Bake

in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

## CREOLE RABBIT AND SPAGHETTI

One rabbit, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons chopped shallot or onion, 1 apple, 1 large tomato, 1 stick celery, 1 tablespoon vinegar, pinch spice, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, chopped parsley.

Soak rabbit ½ hour, drain and dry. Cut into joints, brown lightly in hot fat. Add flour and onion, allow to brown. Add water, stir until boiling. Add chopped tomato (skin removed), chopped peeled and cored apple, diced celery, spice and vinegar. Cover and simmer 1½ hours until meat is tender or pressure-cook 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with border of cooked spaghetti, sprinkle top with chopped parsley.

## SATURDAY CASSEROLE

Four cups cooked rice, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3

dessertspoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 12oz. tin pork, luncheon meat or cooked and sliced pork sausages, 7 tinned or preserved apricot halves, cloves, extra 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Combine rice, peas, beaten eggs, milk, melted butter or substitute, parsley, onion, curry powder, salt and pepper. Cut 8 or 10 strips of meat for garnishing, dice balance of meat, add to rice mixture. Fill into casserole, top with meat strips and apricot halves studded with cloves. Brush top with extra melted shortening, bake in very moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

## PIQUANT STEAK PIES

One pound topside or round steak, 3 dessertspoons fat, 3 dessertspoons flour, ½ pint water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon brown sugar, pinch spice, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 to 1½ cups chopped carrot, parsnips and peas (mixed), 8 or 9 tiny white onions, 6oz. shortcrust pastry.

**YOU will enjoy any one of these pot-luck dishes. See recipes for bacon and cabbage casserole, piquant steak pies, creamed frankfurts and potatoes, Saturday casserole and two other dishes on this page.**

Trim steak, cut into inch size cubes, brown in hot fat. Stir in flour, brown lightly. Add water, salt, sugar, spice, vinegar, and sauce, stir until boiling. Simmer 1½ hours, add vegetables, cook further 30 minutes; or cook meat in pressure-cooker 15 minutes, reduce pressure, add vegetables, pressure-cook further 5 minutes. Fill into individual casseroles or pie-tins. Roll pastry thinly, using inverted empty casseroles as a guide, cut out tops with fluted pastry-cutter. Cut large diagonal cross in centre of each. Place on top of meat, glaze tops, fold four centre corners out to rim, making square opening in centre. Glaze folds, bake in hot oven 15 to 17 minutes until golden brown. Makes 4 or 5 casseroles or one large pie.



# Velveeta

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## NEW PROCESS adds precious lactose...extra milk minerals

Now, Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese. Why? Because precious lactose (milk sugar), much milk mineral and Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> are lost in making ordinary cheese—run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back—adds them to the other vitamins, proteins, calcium

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## Looks Good, Tastes Good Is Good Rosella VEGETABLE SOUP

Almost a meal in itself, everyone enjoys this delicious double strength soup laden with nourishing garden vegetables.



# Meat dish wins £5

• An appetising and satisfying meat loaf wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

A LAYER of cooked spaghetti in white sauce between the layers of meat adds interest to this ever-popular dish.

Consolation prizewinners this week are marshmallow fudge cake and asparagus supreme.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### SPAGHETTI-MEAT LOAF

Six ounces spaghetti, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 onion, 1 green pepper, 2oz. flour, 2 cups milk, 1lb. minced steak, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, salt and pepper.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until soft; drain. Melt shortening, add sliced onion and green pepper, cook 10 minutes. Add flour, cook further three minutes. Add milk, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Mix one half of sauce with meat, breadcrumbs, and one beaten egg, season with salt and pepper. Add remaining sauce and egg to spaghetti. Place half meat mixture in greased loaf-tin, cover with spaghetti, then with balance of meat. Bake in moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot with baked tomato halves and greens.

First Prize of £5 to Miss T. Rolfe, C/o Post Office, Hobart.

### MARSHMALLOW FUDGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup strong milk coffee.

Frosting: Eight ounces sugar, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 1 or 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with coffee. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into two greased 7 or 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out on cake-cooler, join and cover with frosting when quite cold.

Frosting: Place sugar, gelatine, lemon juice, and water in saucepan and boil five minutes.



MINCED STEAK and spaghetti make this wholesome loaf, which is especially suitable for week-end meals. See prize-winning recipe on this page. Baked tomato halves topped with a thin slice of onion go well with the meat loaf.

Remove from heat, allow to cool. When mixture begins to thicken, beat until light and thick. Add vanilla and continue beating until marshmallow holds its shape. Spread on cake quickly.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Twomey, 53 Park St., Pascoe Vale, Vic.

### ASPARAGUS SUPREME

One ounce butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tin asparagus cuts, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 onion, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Melt butter, add flour, cook two or three minutes without browning. Add milk and salt, stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Allow to cool. Place asparagus in greased ovenware dish, cover with green peas, thinly sliced onion, and sliced eggs. Cover with sauce, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot with melba toast or rolled brown bread and butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss F. Mead, 460 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

## NEW WEEKLY CONTEST

THE clever homemaker or the handyman can win a weekly cash prize of £3/3/- for bright ideas on how to make something new from something old.

All you do: Send full details of how you made the article or articles, with a simple diagram, if necessary, or a picture, if it is possible for you to take one.

Send your entry or entries for this stimulating contest to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## BABY'S SLEEP

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHEN a baby has restless nights there is usually a reason, and every effort should be made to discover and remove the cause.

Hunger and thirst are often the reasons why a child does not sleep well, but there are many other simple things that will disturb a child.

Among these the most common is overfeeding or being fed too quickly. Insufficient or too much covering or lack of fresh air will also make a child restless, so will the discomfort of a wet or soiled nappin.

A child who is in an uncomfortable or cramped position will not sleep soundly.

A leaflet dealing with some of the common causes of disturbed sleep can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed.



★ They can be a light snack—they can be a big meal... they can be anything from a salad to a casserole...

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Delight the family WITH THESE DELICIOUS DISHES

LOOK FOR DIFFERENT ONES EACH AD.

## MORTON HERRINGS WITH RICE

1 large tin MORTON HERRINGS in TOMATO SAUCE, 1½ pt. thin white sauce, 2 oz. cooked rice, 1 hard-boiled egg, juice of half lemon, Slices of lemon, Seasoning - salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion.

Cut fish into large pieces and put into a well-buttered pie-dish. Cover with rice. Add tomato from the MORTON tin to the white sauce, 5oz. in lemon juice, chopped onion and seasoning. Pour sauce into dish. Bake in a hot oven for about 15 minutes. Garnish with lemon slices and hard-boiled egg cut into quarters.

## MORTON HERRING ROLLS

1 small tin Morton Fresh HERRINGS, 6 ozs. shortcrust pastry, Pepper, 2-3 ozs. grated cheese.

Make shortcrust pastry in the usual way, roll out until 1/8 in. thick. Cut into small rectangles (as for sausage rolls). Remove skin and backbone from the herrings. Place an equal amount of fish on each pastry, sprinkle with grated cheese, a squeeze of lemon juice, and pepper. Roll inside pastry, mark with the back of knife, brush over with beaten egg and bake (moderate oven) until pastry is evenly browned.



Choice BRITISH Fish  
**MORTON HERRINGS**  
FRESH or in TOMATO SAUCE



AMERICAN VOGART transfer pattern No. 197 has lots of bright puppy motifs for embroidering household linen with amusing reminders of daily chores. Price of the transfer sheet, which is 24in. x 28in., is 2/6. Orders should be addressed to our Needlework Dept. See page 72 for address.



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## Fashion PATTERNS

F3168.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make evening blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F3164.—Smart slim-line shirt waist dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

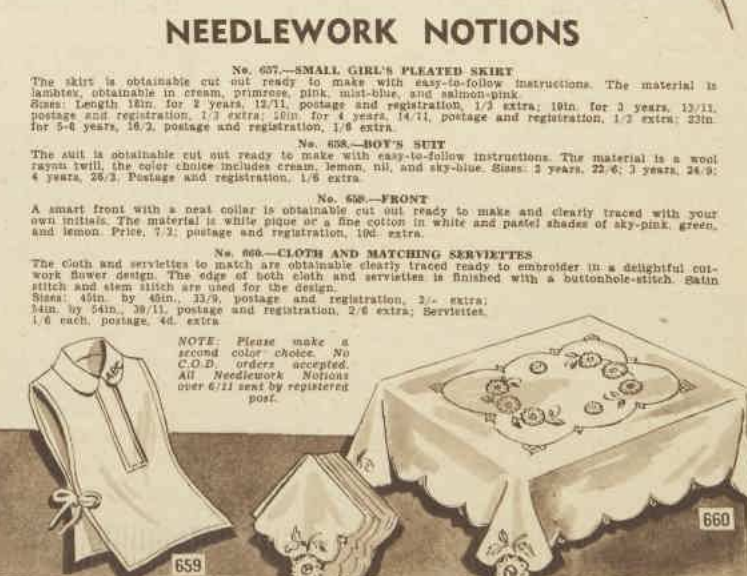
F3165.—Two-piece suit with a short bolero jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3166.—Wide-skirted evening dress designed with contrast on the halter-type bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 11½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F3167.—Small boy's two-piece sleeping pyjamas. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. braid. Price, 2/6.

F3169.—One-piece with soft, easy lines. The V-shaped neckline is finished with contrast necktie to the cuffs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 657.—SMALL GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT

The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is lambert, obtainable in cream, primrose, pink, mist-blue, and salmon-pink. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 12/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 19in. for 3 years, 13/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 14/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 21in. for 5-6 years, 16/2, postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

### No. 658.—BOY'S SUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The material is a wool rayon twill, the color choice includes cream, lemon, nil, and sky-blue. Sizes: 2 years, 22/6; 3 years, 24/9; 4 years, 26/2. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

### No. 659.—FRONT

A smart front with a neat collar is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced with your own initials. The material is white pique or a fine cotton in white and pastel shades of sky-pink, green, and lemon. Price, 7/2; postage and registration, 10d. extra.

### No. 660.—CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The cloth and serviettes to match are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in a delightful cut-work flower design. The edge of both cloth and serviettes is finished with a buttonhole-stitch. Batin Size: 45in. by 45in., 13/9, postage and registration, 3/- extra; 54in. by 54in., 39/11, postage and registration, 2/6 extra; Serviettes, 1/6 each, postage, 4d. extra.

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Watch them sit up when you serve

# TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN



Roasted, toasted and crisped — they rustle onto your plate! Every big golden flake alive with the wonderful flavour of sun-ripened corn. No other breakfast cereal can compare for flavour and value!



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Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs. Here's a complete, satisfying breakfast!



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A new, enlarged, up-to-the-minute edition of this proved and approved authoritative guide to parenthood.

Price 12/6 From All Bookstellers

The Australian Women's Weekly May 3, 1954

Continuing . . . .

## Point of Arrival

[from page 67]

wonder. Suddenly she said triumphantly, "I know who you are! You're Stephen Scott!"

"Yes," he answered, astonished. "How do you know that?"

"You used to live at Brooks End. Your father was Dr. Scott. I know your aunts quite well. I'm Jane Bellamy—we live at The Wilderness."

For a moment he stood thunderstruck, then he understood it all perfectly. What his aunt had said was—"Do you remember the Bellamy's little girl Jane?" and certainly he had remembered; what he had most stupidly forgotten was that little girls grow up.

Crimson with embarrassment, he could not find a word to say. What an ass she would think him—and rightly!

"I last saw you at a Christmas party," she went on. "I was about ten and you were about fifteen, and seemed very lordly to me."

Well, he had to say something, and it had to be the truth. "Lordly is far from what I am feeling just now. Because I came here in fact to meet Jane Bellamy, whom I was quite idiotically visualising as being the same age as when I last saw her."

And now he could see her as she had been, a shy, dark-eyed little girl, and most vividly he remembered the Christmas party, too; when he had, indeed, been so lordly that he found the idea of kissing little girls under the mistletoe a great bore and could not understand why the older people seemed to enjoy it so much.

"Oh, you are like that, too? I'm just the same—time means nothing to me."

His self-esteem stopped its rapid ebbing; here was somebody who understood, someone who even admitted to the same weaknesses.

"But," she went on, "it's very nice of you to come and meet me—but—why?"

"It's a long story—let's get a taxi, then I can tell you all about it on the way to King's Cross."

Time, which meant nothing a short while ago, now became vital and in very short supply. Normally, Stephen was not a great conversationalist, he kept many of his thoughts to himself, on the assumption that they were none of other people's business.

He now saw that "other people" meant everyone except Jane Bellamy, and felt urgently that he wanted it to be Jane Bellamy's business to know all about him.

He recognised himself as being lucky in that the childhood connection between them, and her friendship with his aunts, gave him a ready-made footing, but, at the same time,

he recognised a necessity for speed combined with delicacy.

There were, however, certain things that could not be held up to the pistol point of desires, and the 7.30 to Brooks End was one of them. Jane was settling herself in her corner of the carriage when she said, "Oh!" in a manner which left no doubt at all that she was extremely put out about something.

"What is it?" asked Stephen anxiously.

"The white lilac—I must have left it in the taxi—oh, how stupid of me!"

Mention of the white lilac brought all Stephen's fears to the surface. It had probably been given her by some swash-buckling French admirer bidding her au revoir—what had she been doing in Paris, anyway? He longed to know.

"Don't look so worried," she begged him prettily, recovering herself. "It can't be helped—it's one of those things—"

"I'll go back to Victoria and see if I can trace the taxi," he offered.

"I wouldn't dream of it, I've given you enough trouble as it is. I'm cross about it because my aunt—my mother's sister, she married a man who's at the Embassy in Paris—sent it specially for my mother. It's too early to be growing here—and too expensive to buy—and Mother does love it so—and having the flu it would have cheered her up—"

In a flash Stephen saw in the white lilac a golden opportunity. "Your mother shall have her white lilac, I promise you. I'll see to it myself in person."

"Oh, but you can't do that!"

"But I can, and will. I consider it sheer carelessness on my part not to have noticed we had left the lilac in the taxi. I must replace it."

She began to laugh. "You haven't changed a bit, have you! Still lordly!"

The whistle blew. A train had brought her to him, and now a train was going to take her away. Not, it was true, out of his reach—but the truth in the old cliché that there's no time like the present struck Stephen with force.

Opening the carriage door as the train was about to move, he got in. His aunts were going to be astonished to see him, and his housekeeper equally astonished not to see him, but he didn't care.

He looked at Jane and his heart jumped. She and he were the two who were not astonished at what he had done. They both knew they were starting a journey which would have the same destination, and it wasn't Brooks End.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN



# NEW ANTI- ENZYME IPANA



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fight against  
Tooth Decay!**

**HOW ENZYMES CAUSE DECAY  
(and bad breath, too)**

Dental scientists know that the bacteria present in everyone's mouth use *enzymes* to turn food particles into harmful acids. These acids in turn attack the teeth, causing decay. This bacterial-enzyme action is also responsible for a great deal of mouth odour.

## HOW NEW IPANA COMBATS BACTERIAL-ENZYMES

New Ipana contains a special cleaning and foaming agent which actually *neutralises* these harmful enzymes. Every time you brush your teeth, new Ipana effectively fights tooth decay, and stops most unpleasant mouth odour for as long as nine hours. Incidentally, your dentist would advise you to use Ipana regularly after meals—that's the surest way to get effective dental protection.

When you use new Ipana, you'll notice it's twice as foamy, cleans twice as well. That, also, is thanks to Ipana's new anti-enzyme foaming agent.

**ALL IPANA IS NOW ANTI-ENZYME  
NEW CLEANING POWER FOR WHITER,  
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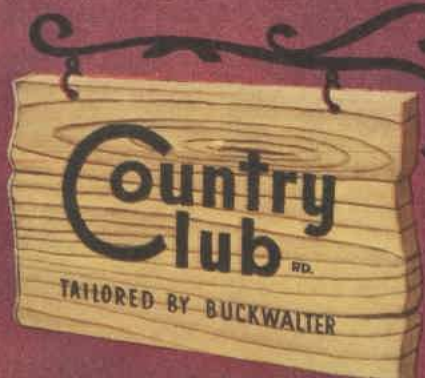
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## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, helps Dr. Boyd, a famous scientist, experiment with a doorway the doctor has discovered leading to the fourth dimension. Two convicts make their escape from pursuing police through the doorway, and Mandrake deter-

mines to follow them and investigate the world that lies beyond the "Doorway to Z." Dr. Boyd tries to stop Mandrake, but he insists and takes a walkie-talkie set with him so he can talk to Dr. Boyd through the barrier of the doorway. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED





## Fashion FROCKS

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"KYLIE."—A smartly styled winter dress made in wulchene. The color choice includes reseda-green, mid-grey, royal-blue, and twilight-blue.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

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"MARIETTA."—A very attractive half-slip with a self material frilly trim. The material is taffeta, obtainable in blue, pink, and white. The slip is available ready to wear only. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price, 32/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



## NEW CLINICALLY PROVED MENTHOID CREME

(Containing Epinephrine)

The latest scientific development  
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for **IMMEDIATE RELIEF**

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To help treat the cause of the pains which the New Menthoide Creme alleviates so well, continue taking DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS to cleanse your bloodstream and follow the Menthoide diet chart. You will be amazed at the feeling of well-being, the new vigour and energy you will gain. Life really becomes worth living again with the new combined Menthoide treatment.

Menthoide Creme—compounded by the makers of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoide, the famous treatment for the blood—is odorless, does not stain and will not harm even sensitive skins.

If you suffer joint or muscle misery, get a tube of NEW Menthoide Creme from your chemist TO-DAY.



Some of the "control" spots at which massage with the amazing New Menthoide Creme brings quick relief from pain are shown above. Menthoide Creme instruction leaflet shows many more, one of which may be applicable to your condition.



# MENTHOID CREME

(Containing Epinephrine)



# How to pick a **DEPENDABLE** Winter Medicine!



Choosing a dependable winter medicine becomes a very simple matter if you remember one thing. Look for the name of the manufacturer.

When a medicine bears the name of a trusted maker like NYAL, you can be sure that the product you are buying is the best that long pharmaceutical experience, pure ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce. Because the formula of every NYAL Medicine is plainly printed on the package, your chemist can recommend any NYAL Medicine with complete confidence. He knows precisely what each product contains — and what it is intended to do.



## Positive relief from Coughing

NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR is a proven, effective, **dependable** medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis, especially when accompanied by heavy chest congestion. Cuts phlegm; eases coughing; soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest. **5/6, 9/6.**

**NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR**

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To get positive, soothing relief — quickly — from cold sores and cracked lips, use NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Lotion. The **Cream** keeps lips soft and supple while it treats the cold sore. The **Lotion** dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion — **2/3.**

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**NYAL FIGSEN**



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Designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds, NYAL DECONGESTANT BABY COUGH ELIXIR is pleasant-tasting, effective, acts quickly, clears away congestion; can safely be given to infants from 6 months old. **3/6, 5/6.**

**NYAL  
DECONGESTANT BABY COUGH ELIXIR**



## Specially formulated for Children

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**NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE**

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# Nyal

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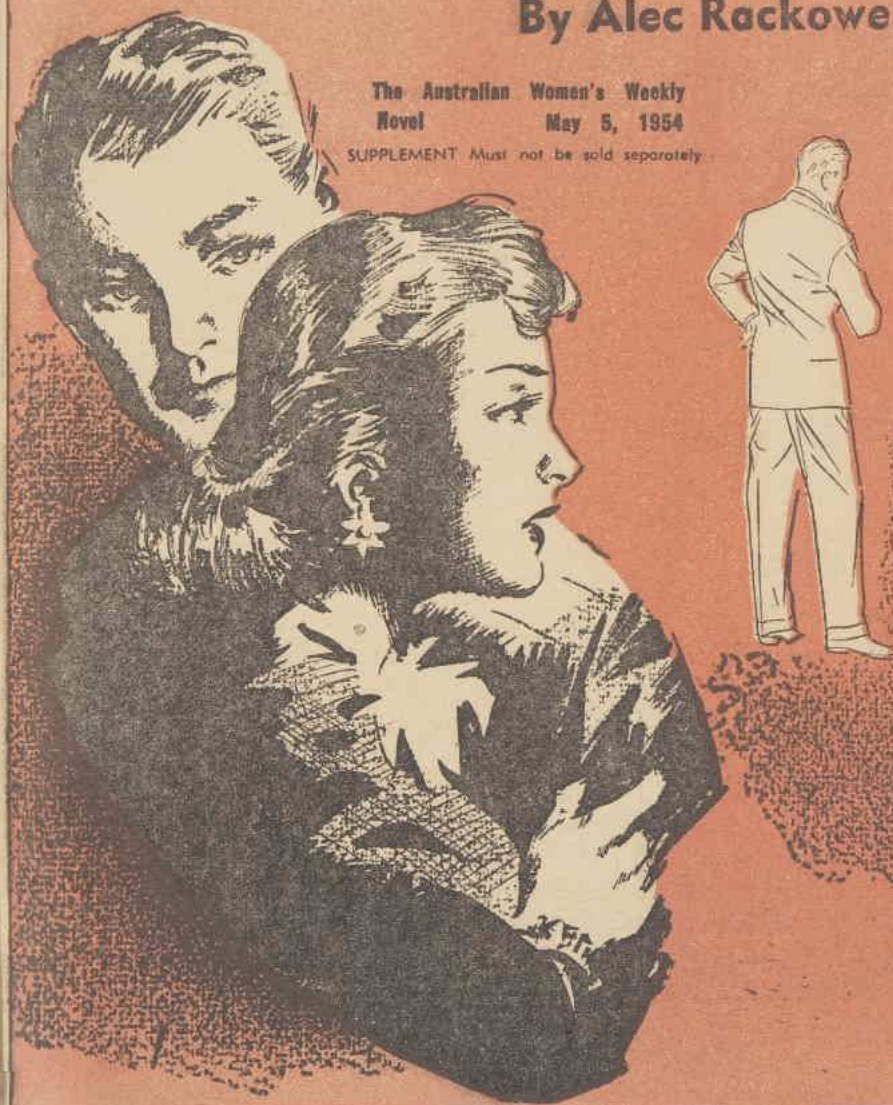


# Pattern of *Marriage*

By Alec Rackowe

The Australian Women's Weekly  
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SUPPLEMENT Must not be sold separately





## PATTERN OF MARRIAGE

It was such a day as only Indian summer gives, warm and hazy, its beauty intensified by the rich colors of the trees clothed in reds and yellows. A few leaves were already beginning to fall.

As soon as there was rain and a real frost the trees would emerge, naked and still, and all their variegated foliage would be a lifeless carpet, wet and shining or dry and rustling underfoot. But now there was a softness of warm sun on the distant hills, and the hush, grass emphasized the poignant loneliness to the point of melancholy.

Linda Vailson felt all of this rather than thought of it. She sat in the deep basket chair on the green lawn beside the tennis court, but she was not aware of the flight of the ball or the shouts of her brother Dave and the other three engaged in the set of doubles. She was thinking that somehow all this autumn beauty and the faint nostalgia it evoked was bound to with Bill Scarlett.

If she turned her head she could see the house, low and white, rambling. The rose garden, where there were still a few late-blooming flowers, and the garden beyond, were a riot of color. It was a part of her; of her twenty-two years. She had been born in this house that her grandfather had built right after the first World War. She had come back to it happily for weekends and vacations when she was at Smith.

She still came back to it from New York for weekends, but since she had come to know and care for Bill, the home had begun to assume a secondary importance. Even now, sitting relaxed in brown skirt and yellow sweater, her ash-blond hair framing her oval face and full red lips, her wide half-maxed brown eyes, she had a sense of worry—a desire to be gone. As if Bill were already at Grand Central, waiting for the Chinaman to come in.

Linda knew it was silly. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was not yet noon. Bill was probably still pounding his ear after a night of bridge or poker and lashings of beer with some of the fellows he knew. The train would not come sliding in on the upper level until six. Bill would be there, standing tall and dark, handsome; but not for a long time, yet would he be at Grand Central. Linda knew it, and yet she felt an impatience to be gone.

There was a great shout. Dave threw up his bat and turned to give Betsy Broker a bone-crushing hug. "Wiped their eye, hey?" he crowed. Dan Broker and Arlis Ames, on the other side of the net, made rude noises. Linda smiled tolerantly at them. Dave was eighteen, and the others weren't much younger, but they seemed such kids to Linda. Maybe, she thought, her breath catching deliciously—maybe it's because I'm in love. Because Bill is going to ask me to marry him soon.

The faint sound of Sunday bells came on the still air as Dave flung himself down on the grass beside Linda and wiped his streaming face. He was as fair as she was, but chubby, with cheeks that still held a boyish pink.

Dan Broker came to say, "We've got to scam, Dave. How about a return match after dinner? We'll scuff quick as we can and pick up Arly. Oke?"

"Sure," Dave said negligently, with

the condescension of a college man toward a mere high-school boy. "Don't leave your game at the dinner table, Beta."

He got up to walk with the three of them to the car parked in the wide gravel entrance. The car roared off and Dave came back, wiping his face with the towel that lay about his shoulders.

Linda said: "Will you drive me down to the station, Dave?"

"Hey!" Dave's fair brows started up toward his flushed forehead. "What gives? Aren't you staying for dinner?"

"I can't. I'll have a sandwich and some milk."

"For Pete's sake," Dave said. "You could at least stay for dinner."

Linda got up in one lithe motion and stood, slim and graceful, shaking her head, smiling. Dave turned. He said: "Hey, Dad, Linda's running off."

Linda swung around, her smile deepening. Her father was coming toward them. He had on a pair of doekskin slacks and a tweed jacket over his blue cashmere sweater. She felt her heart lift proudly as she looked at him. He was so young-looking and so handsome. She thought, He'll like Bill, and Bill will be crazy about Dad. He can't help but be.

**R**OGER VAILSON was tall and blond, blue eyed. At forty-eight there wasn't a grey hair to be seen, and his face was smooth and unlined. He was quiet and assured, kindly and gentle, and Linda was sure she had ever been that there wasn't a grander father anywhere in the world.

He put his arm about her shoulders, smiling down at her. "Must you go, Linda?"

"Yes." She reached up to button the collar of his shirt. Her pansy-brown eyes met his quizzical gaze. "I've a date, Dad."

"Someone special?"

"Quite special."

"When are we going to see him?"

"Soon," Linda said. "I've been waiting until Mother gets back to have him come up. Perhaps the weekend after next." She let her breath go with a little sighing rush. "I hope the weather holds. We'll have a grand time with Mother back. And Bill."

"Yes," her father said.

Dave said, "She wants me to drive her down to the I. I. O. and I've got some tennis on tap."

"Dave feels more adult when he's lordling it over the high school kids," Linda told her father. "Will you drive me, darling?"

"With pleasure," Roger Vailson touched Linda's cheek. "Lucky you. A Sunday night date in New York with someone special."

Linda crinkled her nose at her father, her heart warming at his words. He had always been like that. So understanding; so—so different.

She thought of it as the train pulled out, and she settled herself in the comfortable seat, and leaned her head against the rest. The trip was an old story to Linda. Utica was too far from the metropolis for people to travel daily to their work, but close enough to go in to shop and have dinner and go to the theatre, stay overnight at

some hotel if they wished, and then come back the next day in good time for dinner, or take the sleeper and be home for breakfast.

Linda's father was often in New York on law business, and her mother and her friends went in a couple of times a month, at least.

Linda thought of her family and of Bill; of how happy she had been all the years of her life, and how much more happy she was going to be when Bill and she were married—starting a life of their own. "I only hope," she told herself as she sat, her eyes closed, "that we'll be as happy as Mother and Dad . . . and our children as happy as Dave and I."

The hours passed quickly as Linda sat dreaming, her heart full.

Even before she reached the top of the long ramp with the slow-moving, luggage-laden passengers, Linda's brown eyes eagerly sought Bill. He came toward her, towering over the other people waiting to greet their friends and relatives, and Linda felt a desire to raise her face to his, to feel his kiss on her lips again there in front of all those people.

Bill was almost as dark as Linda was fair. His black hair was close against his well-shaped head. His brows were jet, and they emphasized his deep-set grey eyes. He wore a grey suit and a waterproof topcoat, and his satin tie was set with a careless elegance that made Linda's heart rise as he took the bag from her and tucked his hand under her arm.

The touch of his hand made Linda tremble. Her lips parted but she couldn't speak. She could only say inwardly, "Oh darling, darling!"

It was in her eyes, though, and Bill Scarlett felt a tremor of fear, born of his greater years and knowledge as he looked down at her, drawing her from the antlike scurry of the crowd.

With her face turned up like that, framed in the bright hair and the grey hat, she looked young and innocent and very vulnerable. At 25, with a war behind him, with the soberness of his generation, Bill thought it wasn't safe. The days of fairy tales and knights in shining armor are gone forever. Even love has a sober coat to wear nowadays.

It made him feel humble and troubled as well. He was in love with Linda Vailson. He wanted to marry her, but he was trying to keep his feet firmly on the ground, for he knew that the higher you soared in the first transports of love the harder the reality would be when you came down to earth again.

He was certain of himself; it was Linda he feared for. He wanted it to be a good marriage; a successful one—not like that of his own father and mother. But what he could do to protect Linda from her own natural delusions he did not know.

His voice was deep and quiet as he said, "Hello, Linda."

"Hello, Bill," Linda said breathlessly. She stood looking up into his face, and her expression was like a caress.

Bill said, "It's raining."

"I know. Have you been waiting long?"

"I wouldn't know," Bill said, his slow smile spreading. "Anyhow waiting for you is nice waiting."

Her hand touched his coat sleeve.



It was almost pathetically obvious that she had a need to touch him, to reassure herself of his realness. She asked, "Was it a big night?"

Bill's brows lifted. "What?"  
"Last night. Poker, bridge, beer?"  
Bill shook his head, grinning down at her. "Not a bit. I've apparently lost my taste for slight dissipation. Believe it or not, but I was in bed by eleven." His smile deepened. "You've certainly changed me, Linda."

Linda said quickly, "I don't want to change you, Bill. I want you over the way you are."

The smile was faint on Bill's lips, but he did not speak. He let his breath go slowly and after a moment he said, "I'm hungry. How is it with you, Linda?"

"I'm starved. I had a sandwich and milk at twelve. Not a morsel since."

"Good. Let's go and get something to eat then, Salvatore's? If we can get a car, that is—do you want to go home and freshen up first?"

Linda hesitated, her eyes widening. Her silky lashes shimmered. "Let's just get some cold things and have supper at my place. I—oh golly, Bill, I don't feel like having other people around tonight."

Bill looked down at her. There was a tendril of hair escaping from under her hat brushing her cheek. He wanted to lift his hand and tuck it back in place. He knew it was the same emotion that had made Linda reach to touch his sleeve. He said, roughly, "Do you trust me?"

Her brown eyes held his. She said simply, "All the way, darling."

Bill nodded. He lifted Linda's bag and they turned toward the bright shops of the concourse.

They did their shopping there. Linda carried the two paper bags, while Bill carried her bag. There was a great horde of people waiting to get taxis and they knew it would be a long wait before their turn. They went out instead into Lexington Avenue and crossing over with the change of lights hurried through the softly falling rain to Third Avenue.

Linda's apartment was in a huge new block of buildings in the Upper Forties. Linda opened her purse and gave Bill the key and he unlocked the door and opened it for her to enter.

It was the barest minimum of an apartment—one quite decent-sized room with a kitchenette and a tiny bath. When Linda switched on the lights the color of the room flowed about them and there was even more a sense of intimacy. All the rest of the world was shut out by the walls and the closed door.

Bill set down the bag, and Linda took off her hat and coat and shook it of misty droplets. She said, "Make yourself comfortable, darling. You can set up the table while I get the coffee going and the salad made."

She hung away her coat and hat and put Bill's coat on a hanger and placed his coat next to hers in the cupboard. She tied an apron about her dim waist and slid back the doors of the recessed kitchenette. She looked around and saw Bill seriously engaged in setting up the leaves of the gate-leg table. Like many of the furnishings it had come from home in Utica.

The coffee began to perk, and its fragrance was maddening. Bill hovered as Linda made the salad and set the rolls to crisp in the oven. Outside the rain was coming down more heavily, pattering against the windows. "Going to turn soon," Bill said as he held Linda's chair and Linda turned her head up to smile at him.

"Who cares?" she asked.

They sat at the print-clothed table eating hungrily, smiling at each other. Bill asked, "What are you thinking about, Linda?" and she quirked her

mouth and shook her head. She thought, I love him and he loves me. How wonderful it is, and how amazing.

She'd known Bill a bare six months. She had met him right after she had got her job with Kalman-Kaye Advertising. She'd gone to a dance at the club, and Bill had been there. He'd come with someone—Linda couldn't remember whom—but that hadn't mattered. He was 24, Princeton, a little older than most of the other fellows some of whom Linda had known when she was an undergraduate.

It had been just another dance, and Linda had had her usual whirl. It was odd how she could barely remember the men who had been her masculine interests before Bill. She danced with him without registering more than that he was six foot, broad of shoulder, and a smooth dancer.

Later, some of them had gone for a snack at a nearby cafe, and that was when Linda had become truly aware of Bill, of the big nose and quietness of him. He reminded her somehow of her father. And when Bill spoke, the things he said had been interesting. He'd asked her if he could see her, and she'd said she would be glad to see him again. They'd settled on a film that was heralded as something out of this world.

The picture had turned out to be less than earth-shaking, but the evening had been fun. It was April then, and they'd walked from the theatre to the Park. The magic of spring was all about them—in the burgeoning trees and the couples walking as they were walking.

They'd talked without realising how the time was passing. Sitting on a bench without thought of the traffic flowing before them, Bill had told her something of himself. He was a graduate engineer. He was with a firm of industrial engineers, and he liked his work. He had no family other than his mother, and she lived in California. His father had been an engineer, as well. He'd died in a plane crash in India during the war, while Bill was in England preparing to go over on D-Day.

Bill had been a first lieutenant. He'd come back to finish his engineering, then got his job with Ruffield-Drake immediately.

Linda had liked the way he spoke. Had liked every thing about him. She'd readily agreed to see him a couple of days later. When he had left her at the door of her apartment house, she'd thanked him for a very nice evening. It was just the conventional speech you made to every date, but she really meant it.

She hadn't thought at first that he was anything but a new man and a most attractive one. She didn't talk much about her dates when she was at home, and so she said nothing about Bill. But she got into the habit of seeing him much more often than the other men who kept her phone busy.

Within a couple of months Linda discovered that in the quietest way she had dropped the other men she knew and was going steadily with Bill. It seemed she had always known him, and after a while, just after her mother sailed for Europe, Linda had realised that she was falling in love with Bill.

It had startled her at first, but then she had felt a glow of warmth. She had thought, Golly, I'm almost twenty-two. I've voted already. Mother was younger than I am when she married.

She had been shy then. She couldn't help it. She had begun to wonder if Bill felt as she did. He'd kissed her, but that didn't mean anything. Lots of boys had kissed Linda goodnight. It

was a gesture that meant very little, but after Linda discovered how she felt about Bill, she was afraid to let him kiss her. She was afraid of herself.

She wished awfully that her mother was at home. The Vailas were that sort of family. Linda wouldn't have thought twice about telling her mother about Bill—asking her mother about what Linda herself felt. But after a time—a very short time—that shyness had worn off. She did not know how, but she found that Bill felt about her as she did about him.

Perhaps it was the way they gradually stopped going around with the gang. Oh, there were parties. Bill and his friends gave Sunday breakfast parties, and there were gatherings at least once a week at some of the girls' apartments, but mostly Bill seemed happiest when he and Linda were alone. Going to Salvatore's, which was their restaurant, for dinner. Going to the theatre, for rides on the ferry. Just being together. She had known then that he felt as she did.

In so many little ways they had begun to take up the new relationship between them and almost without words to consider things as settled. Linda was Bill's girl and he was her man. The gang knew it was so. They knew it was so themselves. Linda had begun to think. When Mother gets home we'll announce the engagement.

Always she had thought that. When Mother gets home. . . . It was why she hadn't asked Bill up. She wanted all her family there when Bill came. Her father and her mother and Dave. Then she would have all the people she loved best in the world together, close about her.

She let her breath go sighingly and found Bill's eyes on her, deep and somehow grave. She felt her cheeks grow pink even as she said, "More coffee?"

"Not a thing. I'm full up and quite content." He got up as Linda rose. "I'll help you with the dishes."

"You sit," Linda said.  
"A bad precedent," Bill told her. "You'd better start me off on the right foot."

"Oh, all right," Linda laughed. The cups looked tiny in Bill's big hands. He said, "This is a treat for me. I've never had much of a home, what with me at school most of the time and Dad anywhere in the world."

Linda brushed the hair from her cheek. "Didn't your mother go with him?"

Bill's eyes were on the dish in his towelled hands. His hesitation was imperceptible. "Most of the jobs Dad worked on were in pretty primitive countries. No place for a woman."

"I wish I could have known him," Linda said, and Bill nodded.

"Yes, I wish you could have, Linda. He was one grand guy."

Linda turned her head to look sideways up at him. "What is your mother like? Will—do you think she'd like me, Bill?"

"She'll like you," Bill said. His shoulders lifted. "Mother's a bit arty. She paints. San Francisco is where she was born. She likes California, and with Aunt Katherine to run the house she's perfectly contented. She hates being domestic. She . . . He broke off. "Any more dishes?"

"None." Linda took the towel from him. "You go and sit. I won't be a minute."

She closed the kitchenette door. She could smell the fragrance of Bill's pipe, and as she turned to go to the bathroom she saw him in her one big chair, his feet out, pipe in mouth.

When she came back, the radio was playing softly. Bill got to his feet and Linda went to him. He looked down at her. He said, "This is the first time I've been here alone with you."



"Yes," Linda breathed. There was an electric moment, and then she was in his arms, her lips giving back his kiss, her body straining to his. Bill's hands were firm on her shoulders. He held her from him. He said shakily, "Hey . . ."

Linda looked at him with straight brown eyes. "It's how I feel. Bill, I'm glad I do."

He caught her to him, pressing her head against his shoulder. He said, "Oh, Lord, I love you so, Linda."

"And I love you," Linda said.

They moved to the couch beside the little fireplace that was just a decoration. Linda tucked her feet up under her and nestled against Bill, his arm strong about her.

He said, "You're going to marry me, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," Linda said.

"We can make a go of it. I've a bit of money, and I earn a pretty good salary. I wouldn't want to ask my mother for help, but we wouldn't need that."

"I could keep on working," Linda said. "For a while anyhow, and the family gives me an allowance just as if I weren't working."

"You wouldn't want to, would you?"

Bill asked and Linda lifted her face.

"Work?" She considered that. She shook her head. "Not particularly. I'm glad I got a job, to know what the business world is like; but I've no desire to be a career woman. I—I just want to be a good wife. Your wife, Bill."

"Yes," Bill said. "Yes."

They were silent. The rain beat a faint tattoo on the window behind the china curtains; the radio played on with soft insistence.

Bill said at last, "You have a good time over the weekend?"

"I always do," Linda said.

Bill said, abruptly, "When do I get to see that home of yours and meet your family?"

Linda sat up. She said quickly, "Oh, darling, there's a reason. I haven't asked you. As silly a reason as could be—but it's very real to me." She looked at him. "I love them all so. Dad is the grandest person ever, and so is Mother. I want them both there when I bring you."

Bill's slow smile appeared. "Not such a silly reason. I can see it. Your mother's coming this week, isn't she?"

"Yes. She's sailed already from Cherbourg. She'll be here on Thursday, and you'll come up with me the weekend after next." She felt a little shiver of happiness go over her. "On the Friday. We can get a train around six, have dinner on the train and be home before eleven. That'll be best, because it will be dark and I want you to see the house and the grounds and the hills in the morning light."

She fairly wrung her hands. "Oh, I do hope the weather will be fine!"

"It wouldn't dare to be otherwise."

"Golly," Linda said. "Mum home—and you there."

Bill's arm accentuated his agreement. "How is it your father didn't go with her?"

"He couldn't very well," Linda told him. "He's an awfully popular lawyer with a big practice, but I'll bet you in on a secret that you mustn't breathe to a soul."

"I promise," Bill said.

"It's pretty well whispered about that Dad's in line for the State Supreme Court. Then he'll have lots of time to gad with Mother when the court term is closed."

"I bet he'll be glad," Bill said. "He must miss your mother."

"We all do. But Dad and Mother are the grandest, most sensible people. I want us to be like them—our married life the same. They don't try to domi-

nate one another, any more than they dictate to Dave and me. Mother's always had her outside interests—her civic clubs and other interests—and since the war's been over she's travelled a lot. She's terribly interested in cultural things; she comes back and gives the most wonderful talks. This makes the fourth time she's been to Europe since '46. Italy and France

Bill stared at his pipe. "And your father?"

"Dad's wonderful. He—he's very popular. With everyone." He said.

Bill nodded, and Linda said, "I think they're the most modern, proper outlook on married life; don't you Bill?"

Bill frowned. He raised his head and looked at Linda, at the wide eyes and parted lips. "Modern?" he said.

"Yes. No interference. No trying to change one another. Neither one to dominate the other. Each to express himself and herself to the best of their potentialities. That's the way to make a truly happy life, isn't it?"

SHE looked at him earnestly, and Bill said slowly, "It's something you can't generalise about, Linda. It seems to be that every two people must work out their own marriage. You can't pattern any marriage on another. People differ, their problems are different. But not to try to dominate, not to dictate—well, I can go for that, Linda, I see it like that, too."

"Yes," Linda said. "And we'll be as happy as Dad and Mother. We'll be as safe and content and up-to-date."

She put her arms about him, and Bill held her close. He said soberly, "We'll have to work at it, Linda. When two people love one another, as we do, it's a good start, but there's more to marriage than just being in love."

"I know," Linda said softly.

Bill looked down into her face. He wanted to ask, tenderly, "Do you?" but he didn't. He looked at his watch. He held it for Linda to see. She said, "It can't be."

"It is," Bill got up, and Linda rose with him. "Work tomorrow." He drew her to him and kissed her gently.

"Thanks, Linda. Thanks for a grand evening, and even more for being you and for loving me."

"As if I could help it," Linda said. She held to him tightly. "Oh, darling, we're going to be so happy. As happy as Mum and Dad."

Kalman-Kaye, Advertising, occupied three floors high up in a huge building in Rockwell City. Linda worked on the twenty-fourth floor, and from her desk, when she was at it, she had a fine view of the Avenue and the spires of St. Patrick's.

She liked her job. It was quite interesting. She lived close enough so that she could walk to and from work and not have to get up at an unreasonably hour to travel in close-packed buses or the dank and dirty subways. She made a good wage and there was her allowance from home, so that she had no money worries. She knew a lot of people and she had a grand time, but it was even grander to know that soon she would be leaving it all for something a million times better—for marriage and Bill.

When she got to the office on the next Tuesday, she was a bit early and the usual morning visiting was going on. As Bill had predicted, the weather had turned quite cool, and last night when they had gone to the pictures they had worn their topcoats and it had been lovely walking afterward. The Avenue had been dark and clear-etched in the still air and

they had window-shopped and looked in at jewellers' windows.

Bill had said, "After I've met your family we'll get the ring. That is, if they don't turn thumbs down."

Linda had laughed, hugging his arm to her side. "Darling, they'll love you. And they're not like that. They don't think of themselves. Only of me. What I want is what they want and I want you."

Bill had looked down at her, half-smiling. She was a different Linda than he had known at first. That had been a girl strikingly attractive, but poised and self-contained—a girl who talked sensibly and objectively of the things people talked about. She was friendly, but reserved.

This Linda beside him, her arm in his, was an entirely different person. Younger, wholly unreserved, unstrained. Her heart was quite apparent upon her sleeve. Absorbed in him, oblivious to all else.

Bill had said, "Linda, look—there are some things we've got to think about."

"Such as?"

"Where we'll live after we're married. I'll have to be in town for a while. You won't mind that?"

"I'll love it. In a cellar in the Village or a penthouse on Park Avenue. What does it matter?"

"It does," Bill had said. "Where you live makes a lot of difference. It's just as soon live in the suburbs, but I don't like travelling to and fro. Living in town will give us more time."

"To be together," Linda said. "Oh, grand, Bill. And you won't have to worry about me, because even if I stop work I won't be idle. I'll find interesting things to do. I'll be like Mum."

"You'll be like you," Bill had said. "That's the way I want you to be."

While she went through the papers on her desk, Linda thought of the night before and all the nights that stretched mistily into the future. She was going to see Bill again tonight.

There was nothing else she wanted—just to see each other, to be with each other as much as possible, even if they did nothing but go for a walk.

She had looked at the sailing news in the morning paper. Her mother's ship was still listed as being due on Thursday. The exact time wasn't stated yet, but her mother would be back on Thursday. There would be a week for her to get over the homecoming, and then on the following Friday Linda and Bill would go home.

Dad and Mum would be there, and Dave, too, and they would meet Bill and like him.

The rosy clouds lifted to wreath Linda.

Her phone rang. Linda lifted the handset. "Linda Vailson."

A rather husky yet faintly rushed voice said, "Linda? This is Edna Purley."

"Oh, hello, Edna," Linda said, smiling. "How are you?"

"Fine," Edna answered. "Look, little one, have you got a big lunch date?"

"Haven't any," Linda laughed. "You want to buy my lunch?"

"I'm a woman, honey. Like you, even if older and wiser. It's Dutch."

"What's the occasion?" Linda asked. "Or is it just a longing for my company?"

"Something," Edna said. "It will keep. I've got to scam into a gown. This early, too. When do you go to lunch?"

"Twelve-thirty."

"Okay. Meet you at twelve-thirty-five. The Quick and Out. All right?"

"All right," Linda said, and Edna said, "See you," and the phone clicked.

Linda put back the phone and took some papers the young girl clerk brought to her. The smile was still on her lips. She liked Edna Purley.

Edna was somewhat older than the



other girls Linda knew. She wasn't a college graduate and she made no pretence of culture, but she was real and she was very attractive. She was twenty-five or six, tithian-haired and green-eyed, and she had been married and divorced. She'd been a cover girl in her teens and got an awful rush, and now she was a dress model at a very smart shop.

They'd met at a Sunday cocktail party in Tudor City. They'd liked one another, and they got together occasionally when neither of them had a date, or didn't feel like dating. Or else they'd lunch at the restaurant near the Avenue in the Fifties that they called the Quick and Out because there were always people waiting for you to finish to grab your table. Not that it ever bothered Edna. She had a way about her.

The morning went quickly and when her lunchtime came Linda attended to her make-up and came out at last into the sunlight and shadow and scurrying people of Fifth Avenue.

The Quick and Out was jammed as usual, but as Linda came in she saw Edna lift her hand at the rear. Linda made her way between the tables and the hurried waitresses. Edna was composedly sitting at a table for two, a cigarette in her fingers, a Martini before her. She looked devastating in her heather-mixture suit, with her bright hair and clear, pale skin.

Linda sat down, refused a drink, and ordered as Edna got the waitress' attention.

Edna said, "You look nice enough to eat, and there's something extra special in your face. What is it? Love?"

"Love," Linda said simply.

Edna finished her cocktail, her eyes on Linda. Her red lips released the cigarette to her long fingers. "Who is it? Someone I know?"

"Bill Scarret. I think you met him."

Edna nodded. "Yes, I know a few of that Princeton crowd." Her smooth-etched brows lifted. "It is serious?"

"Awfully," Linda said. "We're going to be married."

The green eyes held Linda's. Then Edna's smile appeared. "I'm glad, Linda. A pretty nice guy, that Scarret, and you're tops. I hope you'll be happy as bugs in a rug." Her lips twisted. "You'll notice I said 'hope'."

"We shall be," Linda said confidently. "And you will some day, too, Edna."

"Me?" Edna said with a faint shrug. "The trouble with me is the old saying, 'Once bitten twice shy.'"

"But you were so young..."

"Oh, sure. I was so young, and it was a case of 'There's a war on; don't you know?' Howie was a whiz with the line, smooth in a uniform, with wings up and smoother in a padded Fifth Avenue suit when he got back. But a house is a louse is a louse, as somebody used to say."

She crushed her cigarette. "Stop me if I'm quoting too much, but 'handsome is as handsome does.' I'm still a sucker for the good-looking, but I'm wary. Maybe too wary. That's the reason for the get-together."

"A man?"

"Yep." The waitress brought their salads. When the girl was gone, Edna said, "He's someone I met at a cocktail party uptown last week. A pretty happy party, and I gave him my phone number."

She put down her fork. "A nice guy, I think. Handsome and blond. In his late thirties or so, and with a way to him. You know—you can't put your finger on it, but some have it and others just haven't."

He has. The kind of a man a soon like me would go for if I wasn't so wary."

"And?" Linda asked, interested.

"And so he called me last night and

said he'd be in town today and would I have dinner with him. And being weak-minded I said, 'Yes.'"

"But why not?" Linda asked smilingly.

Edna shrugged. "Are you afraid he's a wolf?" Linda asked.

"I don't know exactly, but I'd rather it was a double date this first time. So how about coming along?"

"I've a date with Bill."

"All the better. We're eating at the Maison d'Argent, and with you two along it'll give me a chance to figure him out. Besides, maybe you know him."

Linda's brown eyes widened. "What makes you think that?"

Edna put down her coffee cup. "He's from your neck of the woods—Utica. He didn't tell me. In fact, I know very little about him, but when the call came through, person-to-person, Long Distance said she had a call for me from Utica, New York."

"What's his name?"

"Brown." Edna smiled. "I told you I don't know much about him except that he's really something. Just Mr. Brown."

Linda laughed. "Golly, Edna, that's not much to go on. Utica is a pretty big city, even if you may not think so. There are quite a few Browns as well as Smiths, but I can't place any I know. Not handsome ones in their thirties."

"Well, come anyhow," Edna said. "I'd like him to see that I know nice people. If he has any rugged ideas it may tone them down."

Linda looked at Edna across the table. "You're funny."

"Sure," Edna said. "The trouble with me is that I look like an exciting floozy—but I'm not. I'm a nice girl who took it on the chin once, and it's only made me wary. I still want to be a nice girl when Mr. Right comes along. Maybe this Brown is the one. I don't know. You will come?"

"All right," Linda said. "What time are you what? Formal? Bill will hate that."

Edna replied, "Oh, no. I'm sure my date isn't going to dress. No one does, anyhow. But you and I can wear something dinnerish. I'll wear my green." She glanced at her wristwatch. "Got to leap." She picked up the check. "You owe sixty-five cents. See you at eight at the Maison d'Argent."

She left the amount of the check and the exact tip and gathered her bag. Two women slid into their chairs before Linda and Edna were two paces away. Linda said, "I hope he won't mind—your Mr. Brown."

"Oh, he won't," Edna said. "He's not the type. Money isn't one of his troubles, I'm sure."

They parted at the corner. Linda smiled ruefully as she walked back to Rockefeller City. She would much have preferred going out with Bill alone. She was pretty sure Bill would feel the same way.

But Bill only shrugged when he came for her that night and Linda told him. He said, "I thought we'd have dinner at Salvatore's and just talk, but—"

"I know," Linda said quickly, "but I couldn't say 'no' to Edna. She's really ever so nice and I am sorry for her, Bill. We won't have to stay long. Just have dinner with them and then we'll make an excuse. They'll probably be glad to see us go."

"Sure," he said. He looked at her, his grey eyes appreciative. "You look so lovely in that white dress I'd do anything you want. Anyhow, I'm not going to start telling you what to do."

Linda came to him quickly and

cupped his cheeks with her soft hands and kissed him. "You won't ever have to. We'll always want to do the same things. I'd much rather it was just us two, but this is a sort of good deed for someone not as fortunate as we are. We've got much, Bill."

"Yes," Bill said. "We have, Linda."

Bill insisted on buying Linda an orchid. When she objected because of the cost, Bill said, "This guy will probably have Edna dripping with them. Anyhow, if he's going to stand the dinner we can afford one little orchid for you."

It was just eight when they got to the Maison. It was one of those inconspicuously-fronted places whose very lack of outward show made you certain that what you found on the inside would be good.

Inside, the restaurant was dimly lighted with a rich decor of red and silver. A crystal-and-red bar was at one side, and there was a red plush rope before the stairs that led down into the oval restaurant proper, with its white-clothed tables and softly moving waiters in gold-buttoned black jackets.

Beyond the rope the headwaiter lifted a brow. Bill said, "Mr. Brown's table."

"Ah, yes." A page held back the rope. Linda followed the headwaiter down the room, between the tables peopled with well-dressed diners.

She saw Edna sitting at a table for four. There was a mass of gardenias pinned to the single shoulder strap of Edna's emerald green dress. Mr. Brown, his back to them as Linda and Bill approached, was in half-shadow. Edna held out her hand. "There you are."

Her escort rose, tall and straight. He turned to them, smiling, and Linda felt a numbness go through her. Edna was saying, "Linda Vailson and Bill Scarret. Roger Brown."

Linda could not move. The headwaiter was holding back her chair, and she almost collapsed into it. Her jaws felt stiff, her heart was pounding, and yet she could not think. She could only look with stricken eyes at the face of this man at her left, seating himself again. The face of her father.

The headwaiter moved away. Edna said, "You do know one another?"

Linda gasped. It was her father who said, the faint smile a little rueful about his lips. "We've met." His eyes went to Edna. "You didn't say you knew I was from Utica."

"The long-distance operator told me," Edna said. "And I'm devoted." She spoke lightly, but Linda was aware of the green eyes upon her, and aware, too, that Bill was frowning.

She couldn't help it. She just couldn't pull herself together immediately. The shock had been too great. Even now the numbness held her. She couldn't believe it was so. It was so utterly impossible that even the presence of her father made it no more believable.

She was glad when the captain of waiters brought the big menus. Linda raised hers so that she was hidden. Her lips were trembling. She heard her father say, "Shall I order?" and the sound of his voice made her gasp again.

Edna said throatily. "You do that, I've got a conscience."

Linda let her breath go and laid down the menu. Her father was giving the order to the attentive captain. Linda met Edna's green gaze. She couldn't think, but she knew she had to say something. She looked around and said, "It's quite—quite a place. I've never been here before. Have you, Bill?"

She forced herself to look at Bill. As she spoke to him, she saw a faint relief come into his dark eyes. "Once



or twice," he said, but the puzzlement was still there.

Edna said, "The food's good." Her voice sounded a little odd.

Roger Vailson said, "We'll order the dessert later," and the captain said, "Bon m'even," tore off the sheet from his pad and gave it to a waiter.

The orchestra at the far end, a four-piece ensemble, began to play. A few people got up and went out on to the small dance floor.

Edna spoke to Roger Vailson: "So you and Linda know each other. Utica can't be much of a big town after all."

"About a hundred thousand," Linda's father said quietly. He turned his fair head to Linda, and for a moment his eyes seemed to be trying to convey some message. Then he said, "I know Linda's family. I'm a lawyer, like Mr. Vailson."

Edna said, her slim hands gesturing. "One of the Browns you thought you might know, Linda."

Linda couldn't help herself. She just couldn't say empty things, make a play of words.

Her father said, "The music is good. Shall we, Edna?"

"Oh, let's," Edna said brightly with mock enthusiasm.

They got up, and Bill rose, as well. Linda didn't watch them go. She couldn't. Bill sat down again, leaned to her. His voice was anxious. "What's wrong, Linda?"

Linda raised her stricken eyes to his. She was glad of the dimness. She said, "Nothing. It—I—"

"You didn't expect to see this Roger Brown?"

"No," Linda said. "No, I didn't, Bill."

Bill looked at the floor where the couples were dancing. "He seems to be a pretty nice guy. A little odd even for Edna, but regular."

Linda's fingers intertwined in her lap, below the level of the table. Her head was still spinning.

Bill said, "Why should it shock you so?"

Linda raised her eyes again and Bill asked, "Is he married?"

Linda could only nod.

Bill said, "I see." He shrugged. "Don't take it so, Linda. It probably doesn't mean a thing. Edna's no tramp, and lots of married men in town on business like to take a pretty woman to dinner without expecting to make an affair of it." He smiled at her. "Dancer?"

Linda felt her heart yearn to him. She got up and put her hand in his. What he had said didn't change a thing, didn't take away any of the horror and shock that possessed her, but it was good to hear Bill speaking so.

She clung to him when they got on to the dance floor. Bill said, "Forget it. Edna can take care of herself." He looked down at her. "If you're thinking of his family—don't. Just forget that you saw him. Don't speak of it or think of it—it's best that way."

Linda closed her eyes, letting Bill lead her. She thought, her throat tight, if that were only all it was. Someone else—but my father—my father.

She dreaded to go back to the table, but the music ceased after a few minutes of respite, and when they got to the table the waiter came with the soup and Linda could devote herself to it, though she had no appetite at all and she did not even know what she was eating.

There was an air of constraint upon the table, though her father was talking as he ever did, interestingly and clearly, and Bill was helping out with the questions he asked. Linda knew that she was responsible for most of

the awkwardness, but she couldn't snap herself out of it. Her head was beginning to throb, and she wished she could turn to Bill and say "I don't feel at all well. Take me home, please," but she knew she couldn't. Not just yet.

It was after they had ordered dessert that there was an awkward pause. Linda was thinking how often she had dined out with her father, had heard him order so quietly and assuredly. But then there had been Mum and Dave. On the Cape of motoring through Pennsylvania or having a holiday here in New York. Many times over all the years. But this time—

She let her breath go, and suddenly aware of the strained quiet, she looked up. The orchestra had begun to play and her father was bending to her. "Shall we dance?"

Linda rose as if galvanised. She didn't look at the others. She moved to the floor and turned. She put up her arms, and then she was moving out into the shelter of the crowd of dancers and her father was looking down at her. She couldn't help it. She said, "Oh, Dad—Dad."

She looked up at him with wide, appealing eyes. His face was still, but when he spoke the regret in his voice was real. "I'm sorry, Linda."

"But you, I—I can't believe it."

HE said with the faintest shrug, "The facts speak for themselves." His voice was no different than it ever was, but there were little lines about his mouth. He shook his head, and Linda was aware that Bill said Edna was dancing as well—that Edna had manoeuvred near them. She said, "Let's go back to the table."

There was no time for her to say more, for Edna and Bill came almost on their heels. Linda's headache was getting worse. She felt actually ill. Bill was looking at her, worried, and she turned her face to him. "I've got an awful headache," she said shakily. She looked at Edna. "I'm sorry. I—thank you for having us, Edna, but I'm just spoiling everything."

Edna said, "I've some aspirin. Want to go to the powder room?"

"No," Linda said. "I—I just want to go home and—"

She didn't have to finish. Bill was on his feet. He thanked Roger Vailson and said, "Let's go, Linda."

The cool night air made Linda feel a little better, though it couldn't stop the throbbing of her head, the lurching at the pit of her stomach. Bill said, "Taxi" abruptly to the commissionaire, but Linda put her hand on his arm. "No—let's walk, Bill. It may do me good."

They weren't too far from Linda's apartment. She was aware of Bill looking down at her as they walked. He said at last, "You're making too much of this, Linda. You know that sort of thing happens. Maybe there's a reason for it. Maybe this Brown and his wife aren't like your father and mother."

His innocent words were like another load laid upon an already overweight load. Linda could only close her eyes and walk blindly.

At the apartment Bill said anxiously, "Want me to come up?"

Linda shook her head. "No. I'll be all right. I'm sorry, Bill."

"Don't be," Bill said. He lifted his shoulders. "I know it's been a shock to you, but that's because you've been so protected, Linda. Those things happen all the time. Sure you're all right?"

"I'm all right," Linda said. "Good night, Bill."

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"Yes, do," Linda hardly knew what she was saying. For the first time since she had known him, she wanted to be away from Bill. She almost ran to the elevator and after she had set herself into her apartment she closed the door, and in the silence of the room she put her hands to her face and began to cry.

It made her feel better, but she went to the bathroom and got an aspirin. She undressed with trembling fingers and got into her pyjamas. The throbbing in her head was subsiding. She swung back the doors and lowered the bed from its recess, but she didn't get into the bed. She got her quilted robe and put it on and went to sit in the dark in the big chair.

Her headache was easier; she could even think. But thinking only made it worse. Her father had said, "The facts speak for themselves." And the facts pointed to only one thing: that her father was a cheating husband.

She said, "Oh, no, no. Not Dad..."

Vainly her mind groped for some other explanation, but there was none. It wasn't even necessary for him to have admitted the fact; the spurious name he had given Edna was proof enough: Mr. Brown. It made Linda shiver with revulsion.

She was dreading tired, and yet she didn't want to get into bed. Her mind focused on the fact, and she realised that somewhere in her was the hope that Dad would call. That he would speak to her and explain, and it would all be clear. He couldn't do anything like this. Not to Mum. Not to her or Dave. Not—oh, most of all—to himself.

Linda's father had ever been to her the "patriotic, gentle knight." It wasn't simply that she loved him; she admired him. She had judged every man she had ever known by the way he measured up to her father. And now to find, shockingly, that her father was nothing of what she had thought him all these years. That he was as cheap as those people one read about in the tabloids with their pictures and their women's pictures and their sideways glances in the revealing glare of flash-bulbs.

The phone on the little table at her elbow rang softly. Linda's heart leaped within her, choking her. She reached for the handset. She said breathlessly, "Yes."

It was Bill's voice that said, solicitously, "Linda, are you all right?"

Linda felt her throat tighten. "Yes. I'm all right, Bill."

"I had to know. Look—is there anything I can do? Come over and talk to me."

"No," Linda said. "I'm all right, darling. I took something and my headache is much better. I'm going to bed now."

"Oh, Lord," Bill said, "I feel so helpless. It seems such a small thing to me, but I know—"

"Yes," Linda said. "Yes."

There was a moment's silence and Bill said at last, "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Yes. Good night, darling. And thank you for calling."

She set down the phone. She knew somehow that her father was not going to call her. She crossed to the bed and took off her robe and laid it over the quilted cover, set her mules aside by the door with a wriggle of her toes, unthinkingly, and got into bed.

She did not close her eyes. She knew sleep would not come to her for a long time. Her lips twisted as she thought of what Bill had said. "I guess such a small thing to me..." Yes, the peccadilloes of someone unrelated, even of someone you barely knew, were a small thing, no matter how gross. Something to shrug aside.



But this was her father. Her own father whom she had loved so, whom even now Linda could not conceive of as being as she knew he was. As he had admitted he was.

Her head thrashed against the pillow. She wondered what he was doing now. What he had said to Edna, what explanation he had given. For Edna had known something was wrong, Edna was too sharp not to, and Edna hadn't liked it. Linda knew that.

It wasn't Edna whom Linda thought about, though. Edna looked like what she had called herself, "an exciting doozy." She wasn't, but Linda's father had met her only fleetingly before this night. He must have seen only the Edna that showed on the surface. And if so, it meant that there had been other women. Women as exciting-looking as Edna—but women who were what they looked.

Linda thought, tortured: How long has this been going on? For there had long been the opportunity. Her father was often in New York conferring with other lawyers. She shuddered as she thought that many of those times when he had come home and she had run to his arms, overjoyed at having him home again, those same arms had but recently held some "exciting" woman.

She thought, And Mum? Does she know? Her head shook as she rejected the idea. No Mum couldn't know.

Linda's head was throbbing again. Mum could never have gone off to Europe so lightly, so excitedly, if she had known. She would never have kissed them all with that air of reluctance to part from them and joy at going to far places if she had known.

The thought of her mother made Linda moan. In a little more than twenty-four hours Mum's ship would dock and she would come down the gangplank, her eyes shining, her arms wide. The thought of her father kissing her made Linda feel ill. And the next week-end at home, with all of them there. With Bill there.

It was as if a light had suddenly flashed, blinding her. Linda set up, her mouth dry. Bill? She couldn't let Bill go with her to Utica. Her father would be there and Bill would know.

She couldn't tell Bill either. After all she had told Bill of her family and of her father, she couldn't let him know what sort of man her father really was.

Linda let her breath go in a shuddering sob. She felt her eyes smart and she buried her head against the pillow and wept, sobbing. She said aloud, stricken, "Oh, Dad, how could you? How could you?"

When Linda woke the next morning, her eyes felt like lead. She sat in bed remembering, and it seemed like a bad dream. But it wasn't. It was true. It couldn't be forgotten, dismissed into the background.

She got up and started the coffee, went to shower. She came back and saw the orchid lying wilted on the table where she had forgotten it. As if orchids were something so common as to be neglected. And an orchid from Bill. Ordinarily she would have put it in water and set it in the refrigerator, and she would have worn it again, maybe even to the ship when Mum came.

The thought made her eyes darken, her heart sink. She took up the limp dark flower, its color almost entirely lost, and dropped it into the disposal can. She remembered how happy she had been when Bill had bought it; how the man in the flower shop had smiled, giving Bill the long, bead-headed pin so that Bill might pin it on for Linda.

It seemed ages ago, in quite another world—a world where everything had been bright and certain and happy. And now everything was changed. She had lied to Bill. Perhaps not actually, but by implication, and she knew she would have to lie again. For she would have to let Bill know that he was not coming to Utica, and she could not tell him the reason why. She would have to lie to him.

It made her moan again. The thought of her mother, too, was with her. Tomorrow at about this time her mother's ship would dock. Linda closed her eyes. She thought, Dad will be there. He'll take Mum in his arms. She made a sound of disgust and anger. She felt her lips harden. She had never felt anger against her father before, but now it flooded over her. She said, "I hate him. How could he? How dared he?"

She poured her coffee and sipped at it while she dressed. Her mind was clearer now. She still could not think clearly about her father and what he had done, but there were several things that she knew she must accept and things that she must do.

There was Mum. Her mother had to be protected at all costs. She couldn't know; she mustn't know. Linda was certain her father would not tell her mother. It wasn't the sort of thing a man told his wife unless he had to. He would say nothing, and Linda was aware that he was certain she would not reveal what she knew.

And there was Bill. Always there was Bill. She loved him. He mustn't know, either. Not now. Not until Linda knew how things actually were; and now she could not think beyond the present.

She finished her coffee. The throbbing was coming back into her head. The truth was so utterly unbelievable. There had never been a family happier than hers. She thought, It's up to me. I've got to straighten it out with Dad.

Her thoughts ran on, going in circles, and each thought was more heart-stabbing than the last. She did not know what she could do. What if Dad was no longer in love with Mum? He couldn't be, if he went philandering. Maybe he wanted to be free of Mum now that Linda and Dave were grown up. It made Linda put her fists to her head. Made her say, shaken, "No. Don't think of that. It's got to be straightened out. You've got to see Dad and talk to him. That comes first."

It made her feel a little better to have some plan, to know the first step she must take. When the phone rang, she knew it was Bill and she crossed and took up the telephone.

Bill said, deeply, "How are you, Linda?"

The warmth and love in his voice made Linda's eyes smart. She thought, If I could tell him... But then she rejected the idea. I couldn't. I can't put it into words. Not even to Bill. I can't tell him I was wrong—that the father I loved and admired is cheap and rotten. I can't admit it even to myself. I won't.

She said, "I'm all right, darling."

"Did you sleep well?"

"Yes."

She could detect the relief in his voice. "Will I see you tonight?"

Linda's lips trembled. More than anything else, she wanted Bill at that moment. She wanted his hug and his comforting presence close beside her. To feel his arms about her and to cling to him. But she knew it could not be. She said, "I've got to be up early to get

down to the pier. The office is arranging the pay for me. I'll go to bed early and get a good night's sleep."

"Sure," Bill said. "Perhaps I can see you sometime tomorrow."

Linda found herself saying, "I don't know. I'll know better after I've seen Mum."

"Maybe she'll want you to go up with her."

"No. I can't get off. I—I'll call you after Mum's all taken care of. After I leave the office. You'll be in?"

"Any time after five-thirty. Maybe we can have dinner together."

"Yes," Linda said. "I'll call you. Bye, darling."

She set down the phone and her lips were bitter. She said, "Oh, darling, forgive me. But it isn't my fault. Bill, dearest. It isn't."

The clear, sunny weather held, but Linda was not aware of it as she walked to the office. The anger against her father had become a solid, cankering thing deep within her. The least he could have done was to call her, to give her some explanation. But he had done nothing. It seemed utterly heartless, and yet Linda was glad it was so. The father she had loved and adored would never have acted thus.

It made it more simple to know that that man had been but a fragment of her own imagining. This other man she had met face to face with Edna was someone else, someone against whom she must protect those she loved.

When Edna called soon after Linda got to the office, Linda was not surprised. She was somehow glad.

Edna said, abruptly, "I want to see you, little one."

"All right," Linda answered. "At lunch?"

"No. Somewhere we can talk or I can maybe bat you proper. You busy tonight?"

"No," Linda said soberly. "Do you want to come up to my place? My mother's coming in from Europe tomorrow and I've got to be up early to meet her. We could have something to eat."

Edna sounded a little bit mollified. "All right. Want me to bring anything?"

"No. I've most everything. What time do you finish?"

"Tonight's my early night. I'm through at five-thirty."

"At six then?"

"Okay," Edna said.

Linda was glad of the work that kept her occupied all day. When she got home she changed into slacks and a light wool shirt. She'd shopped on the corner, and she set about preparing things for the evening meal. When Edna rang, Linda had the table set, the chicken ready in the casserole and the other things warming.

Linda took off her apron and opened the door. Edna came in like a tiger, bright and feline. She looked at the table, set invitingly near the windows. She turned and looked at Linda with sea-green eyes. "What's the tag I want?" she asked. "Something about Greeks and gifts?"

"Times Dakos et dona ferentes."

Edna said her eyes widening, "That can't be it. What does it mean?"

"I fear the Greeks even though they bear gifts."

"Yes, that's it. Lindapapoulos," Edna took off her brown lightweight coat and flung it on the couch. She kicked off her shoes and sank down. She said, "Oh, I can't keep up a mad. My feet hurt and I'm hungry and I like you better than any lousy of a man."

Her red lips twisted. "Wish I had a drink."

"I've some sherry," Linda said.

"You'll make a lady of me yet, Linda. Bring it on."



The sherry made Linda feel better, and she could see that it was acting like a tonic for Edna.

Edna crinkled her nose. "Dinner smells good."

"It's all ready. Let's eat first."

"Okay."

They said little white things. Linda had hardly eaten a thing since lunch the day before. It was odd to think that lunch had been with Edna. Salad and coffee. She'd barely touched a thing at dinner last night, nor could she eat this morning or at lunch. They finished the chicken and the crisp apple turnovers.

Edna said, "Let the dishes wait. Time to talk now. We can do them later." She carried her second cup of coffee to the couch and sat down, set the cup and saucer on the coffee table, and lit a cigarette. "Before the battle commences, let me say that was a swell dinner, baby, and you have my deep thanks."

Linda sat down in the big chair. She couldn't smile. She fixed her brown eyes on Edna, and Edna shrugged. "Okay. It doesn't seem to matter quite so much now, but what was it all about, Linda?"

Linda didn't answer.

Edna said, "You didn't know any Browns like the one I described, but you certainly knew the one I had with me at the Maison d'Argent. How come?"

Linda said steadily, "I don't know any Browns."

Edna's eyes narrowed. She nodded, smoke rising. "Yes, I figured that. The Brown was strictly from alias. What is his real name?"

Before Linda could answer, Edna said, "No, don't tell me, even if you were going to, which I don't think. And he's married, hey?"

"Yes."

Edna nodded again. "That puts you on one swell spot, doesn't it? I suppose you know his family and you've always thought him a real, regular home-loving guy, and suddenly I smack you in the face with him." Her whistle was low. "I can see how it would give you a sick headache."

She lifted her shoulders. "What do you know?"

Linda had to ask. Her voice trembled the least bit. "Didn't he tell you anything? Make any explanation?"

Edna's bright hair shimmered with the movement of her head. "A gentleman in a situation still acts like a gentleman, and that Roger is class all the way."

Linda's voice steadied. "What happened after we left?"

"I should have gone with you. The night was spoiled. I didn't quite know what to figure. But I couldn't get in the mood to throw in all the questions. He just didn't let me." Her lashes blinked. "There was I, out with a date who'd suddenly been shown up, even without words, as someone a little different than he'd pretended to be. I should have laid him out like a cheap carpet, only I just didn't hold the whip hand, if you can follow my metaphors. He took the play right away from me."

Her smile was reflective of admiration and pique. "It was as if nothing had happened. He went right on talking, interesting as ever. He suggested we go on from the Maison to the Pelican."

"Did you?"

"When all the time I knew he wanted nothing more than to see the last of me? We did not. I told him I had a date to inspect a gangster's etchings. He just smiled and said, 'I'm sorry, Edna.' He took me back to the seat where I live in, thanked me for having

dinner with him, saw me into the foyer, and then he was gone."

"He—he didn't say anything about seeing you again, or calling?"

Edna crushed her cigarette. "Are you kidding? That's the last I'll ever see of Roger Brown. Oh, maybe there'll be some flowers come or even something from Cartier's but I'll never see Roger again."

She rose gracefully. "Let's get at those dishes and I'll scam."

Linda did not move. "I'm sorry."

She said without thinking.

Edna turned. "So am I, but I shouldn't be. I should be plain happy. Because he's the sort of solid, worthwhile egg I could fall for if I saw a bit of him. Oh, I'd have found out he was married. He'd have told me. I'm sure. But by then it might have been too late. Maybe I wouldn't want to lose him, no matter what. I should be grateful to you. I guess I am, so don't feel bad about it, Linda. Not on my account, anyhow."

Edna put her hand on Linda's shoulder. "I don't know what's in your head, baby, but if it's what I'm thinking, just make believe it never happened. And what his family don't know will hurt a lot less than knowing. So just forget it."

It was what Bill had said, but Bill hadn't known, nor did Edna. If only it were as easy as that!

Edna left early, and Linda rinsed out some stockings and underthings and laid out the clothes she would wear to greet her mother. She bathed and got into pyjamas. She turned out the lights and went to bed. She thought of Bill, her heart sore, and she thought of her mother. Pity welled up in her, and anger against her father.

**I**t was then only a little after nine, and some two hundred miles to the east the Baroness throbbed through a sea as placid as a millpond. There was no moon, but the sky was star-studded and the lights of the great ship made a stain of color on the black water.

Strains of music floated from the main salon as Marian Valson came from the elevator after going below to her de luxe cabin to powder after dinner. A few couples danced, and in the cardroom the devotees of bridge and canasta were at their games, as they had been since the Baroness had left Cherbourg.

Marian did not linger in the salon. She crossed the bright polished floor to the entrance to the green-and-gold bar. She was small and dainty. Her hair was a soft brown with an eccentric streak of white in the very centre that only made her heart-shaped face the more piquant. Her eyes were the same pansy-brown as Linda's, and in the green dinner dress and green faille sandals she looked many years less than her forty-two. She wore her diamond-and-emerald bracelet and her emerald pendant earrings. She knew she looked well, and she was proud of it. It was good to know that though you were the mother of a grown son and daughter, you yet looked young.

The bar was quite full. White-coated stewards carried coffee and liquors and highballs to the tables. The sound of voices was high, and there was that added note of gaiety that a last night at sea always brings with it.

The little cliques that had formed almost as soon as they had sailed were clustered at their pre-empted tables. When Marian looked across the room, she saw that the table sacred to her own group was full save for the seat that was hers. Dr. and Mrs. Edmund-

sen, the Carleys, David Levy, the financier with his shock of white hair and florid face, and his young and terribly chic Austrian wife, and Major Palleran.

The men rose as Marian came to the table, and Bruce Palleran held back her chair. He was very tall and very English, with that particular kind of ugliness that is often much more fascinating than good looks. He had a craggy face with a wide mouth and a large Roman nose, pale china-blue eyes and a cropped, greying moustache. A man of about fifty, imposing, contained. A bachelor and the sort of man, travelled, well-informed, and well-spoken, who is ever sought after.

Marian had been flattered that he seemed to prefer her company when there were many others who openly courted his attention. It had pleased her more because Bruce Palleran was an artist and an entertaining conversationalist than for any other reason, though she would have been less than a woman if she had not enjoyed having shared the most notable unattached man in the ship's passenger list.

When she was seated, the men sat down again. Elissa Levy smiled, wrinkling her nose. Karen Carley, very Long-Islandish with her close-cut fair hair, looked at her husband, Stephen, who had always been only a polo-playing name to Marian but who had proved to be Oxford as well as Harvard, and most interesting. Dr. Edmundsen, portly and balding, set down his tiny coffee cup. He was president of a Midwestern university, and Mrs. Edmundsen, sixty and most motherly, had a Ph.D. of her own. A collection of people most stimulating to know.

A steward poured wine into Marian's glass. David Levy said, "We have been talking, Marian, like old and seasoned voyagers. In other words, most cynically. We cannot help but be touched by the melancholy of a voyage coming to its end. We have agreed, though the Major merely grunted, that we love one another. That we are the most clumpatico of people. But being seasoned and cynical we have agreed also that, as the wise man said, 'this too shall pass.'"

Elissa Levy laughed. Dr. Edmundsen looked up at the gold-leafed ceiling. David Levy shrugged. "I quote always to my own advantage and my own point, no matter how far-fetched it may be. Nevertheless, that is what we have agreed. We shall not, like the neophytes, swear undying friendship and to see each other again and again. But we shall remember this voyage most pleasantly, and if we never see each other we shall still think warmly and kindly of the good days and nights we have spent together. Hence the champagne for you ladies, and you will excuse us men if we raise our brandy glasses."

Marian smiled, knowing that what David Levy had said was so. And that it was better so, because life was like that. It swept you apart once you were again in the world outside this tiny, intimate world of a ship's company.

David Levy set down his empty Napoleon glass. "Since it is our last night, it is also the last chance Elissa and I shall have to take over Stephen and Karen. I know from experience that you others will not join our bridge game."

Dr. Edmundsen said, "Mary and I must get to our packing and our customs declarations, but frankly, I have often wondered why people well endowed with worldly goods play at cards."

Stephen Carley grinned. David Levy said, "I have played gin for dollar points, but this bridge contest between these young Carleys and us Levys is



for the thundering sum of a tenth of a cent a point. In other words, Doctor, the game is the thin."

"Then why not play chess?" Dr. Edmundsen murmured with a shy smile, and everyone laughed as Mrs. Edmundsen stood up and the little group broke.

Bruce Falleran held back. Marian's chair. He lowered over her lean and angular and somehow elegant in his shabby dinner jacket. "Not going down yet, are you?"

"I'm practically all packed," Marian said.

Major Falleran looked around. "Get cornered if we stay here. Something of a nice night outside."

Marian nodded. She moved with him to the deck door. They walked aft to where they could see the phosphorescent glow of the creamy wake. The deck chairs were set out side by side, empty.

Bruce Falleran said, "Too cool?"

"Oh, no," Marian said. "It's delightful."

She sat down in the deck chair, and Falleran lowered his long frame into the chair beside hers. He took out his cigarette case. The spurring flame momentarily lighted his craggy face. Then the darkness was about them once more. The cigarette tip glowed.

Falleran said, "Fellow was right. Been a fine voyage."

"Yes," she said; "but we shall meet again, Major."

"Mean it?"

"Of course," Marian said. "I'm looking forward to seeing you again. I really do want you to come to Utica and spend some weekends with us. You'll find that New York is impossible over the weekend. At least until winter. Everyone deserts it as if there was a pestilence about."

"Kind of you," Falleran murmured. "It isn't. It's really very selfish of me. Stimulating and informed people are far from common, not only in Utica, but everywhere. That is why I have enjoyed this voyage so much. The others of our little group have their own interests. They will be swallowed up by them almost as soon as they land, but you have no family in America and but I've understood you rightly, no friends."

"Got a few letters," Falleran said rather blankly.

"Yes. But it will take you time too—to orient yourself. You've been ever so kind to me on this voyage. There really was no reason why you should have devoted so much of your time to me, but I do appreciate it and I'd like to repay you a little."

"Not," Falleran said. "Enjoyed every moment of it."

"Thank you," Marian said. "I think you'll like it as a change in Utica. We're quite in the country. There's golf, and we've a tennis court. And you will meet other people who, like yourself, have a yearning for the cultural things."

"Kind of you," Falleran said again. His voice was hesitant. There was a sort of vague boyishness, almost helplessness, to the man that had already appealed to Marian. She felt that left to himself he wouldn't get properly on with the right people. She said, "You're sure about this studio in New York?"

"Quite," Falleran said as vaguely as ever. "Told you. Johnny Makin took over my diggings in London and I get his studio on—what is it—Fifty-ninth Street."

"And you've a commission to do a portrait?"

"Yes. Though don't know just when Mrs. What's-her-name—Arling—will be ready to sit, and then..." The cigarette tip moved. "Won't have any rent to pay, though."

Marian shook her head, sighing. "But you've got to live in the meantime and they don't let you take much money out of England."

"Work itself out—I think," Falleran said.

"But you're not sure."

Falleran said a little hollowly. "Wouldn't be the first time I've been on short rations."

Marian nodded. "Perhaps not, but there's no reason why you should risk being penniless simply because you can't draw on your bank in England. You—must let me help you."

Falleran said, "Oh, I say. Very decent, but I can't give you a cheque you know. You couldn't collect. Bank of England won't let any money go out at all."

"You don't have to give me a cheque," Marian said patiently. "I'll lend you the money and you can pay me back when you can. Or it can wait until I go abroad again. I'm going to tour England next year. I hope, and you can pay me then." She added quickly, "It's settled. There is to be no argument about it. Now—how much?"

Falleran said slowly. "A couple of hundred I'd say. Should last me until Mrs. Arling gives me an advance. What's that in American money? Around five hundred, isn't it, of your dollars?"

"Something more," Marian said. A little taken aback.

"Five hundred will more than do."

Falleran said. "Hate to let you do it, Marian, but you—well—can't say it right?"

"Don't," Marian said. She got up. "I'll get the money from the purser and send it to your cabin."

Falleran rose as well. In the dark he bent his angular head. His voice was gruff. "Known a lot of women in my time, but you..." He shook his head moving beside her. "When I get that studio set you'll come and see it?"

"Yes," Marian said. "But you're to come to Utica first. Perhaps the weekend after this coming one. It will be a lovely time. While the autumn weather is at its best. You will?"

"Want to," Falleran said.

HE left her at the elevator, standing tall and appealingly ugly. Marian went down to her cabin, wrote the cheque, and rang for a page. When he returned with the money she put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed the envelope and gave it to the boy. With the door closed she sighed and looked at her half-packed luggage. The little thought still lurked in her mind that it was quite a lot of money, but then, remembering Bruce Falleran and his helplessness, she smiled. He would pay her back. Englishmen were the most honest in the world. And perhaps she could persuade Roger to let her have her portrait done. Then poor Bruce wouldn't have to pay her back.

Her smile spread. She felt a sense of excitement at getting home. And when Bruce came, he would be quite a feather in her cap. There would be quite a few of her friends who would be pink with envy at her having such a distinguished house guest.

The morning came greyly, heavy with clouds. When Linda got to West Street, with its solid front of pier-faces, the great trucks and tractor-trucks were rumbling over the cobbles.

There was a nervousness churning her stomach as she entered the pier and went up the stairs to the upper deck of the pier and the waiting-rooms.

Linda gave up her pass at the ticket. There were fewer people beyond. The

customs men stood smoking their cigarettes. The alphabetical letters hung high overhead, like banners. Linda looked around almost fearfully but she did not see her father. She breathed a little easier as she walked down the pier and went out on to the balcony that looked out at the heavy river traffic.

Linda watched, turning her head now and then to the doors, hoping she would not see her father. She didn't want to see him. She didn't want to have to speak to him, for she did not know what she would say. If she could keep out of his sight until Mum came, it would be best. She had to talk to Dad, yes, but this was not the time. She wasn't ready yet. She wasn't up to it.

Her father did not appear. The ship seemed to grow in size until it was abreast of the pier, enormous, breath-taking. Linda could even see the people at the rails and at the portholes of her several decks. They were indistinguishable, but they were waving handkerchiefs, and here on the balcony other people were waving in return.

Linda waited, her heart heavy. She should have been feeling like the others, excited, happy, but she could only think of what Dad had done. Of what lay ahead.

She turned and went inside. There was great activity there. The gang-planks were in position, the conveyors set up, and the men with the hand-trucks stood about, waiting. There was much shouting and the sound of the puffing tugs. The wall of the pier hid the ship, but after a time Linda saw the black sides of the ship and the white portholes pass by the openings. Then the conveyors started to clank, and baggage began to slide down on to the pier.

She saw the first stragglers come down the gangplank, give up their landing passes, and then rush away to their baggage stations. There were sudden cries from the people on the pier as the passengers began to come down more thickly. Linda looked around. There was no sight of her father, and suddenly it dawned upon her that he was not coming. It made her lips twist and her eyes darken.

Flashlights flared, and Linda, her eyes intent on the steady stream of people coming down the first-class gangplank, suddenly saw her mother and felt the tears start to her eyes and her breath catch.

Mum was coming. She had her coat over one arm, and she was hatless. She looked so young and so pretty, so excited and expectant, that it made Linda's anger against her father a deep and awful thing.

Linda moved forward. Mum caught sight of her. She waved, and then Mum was through the crowd and her coat was tangled in their embrace and Mum was crying. "Oh, it's good to be home! Linda, darling, how good it is! And all Linda could think, stricken, was what Mum had come home to.

Mum laughed, her eyes wet. Linda said, shakily, "Dad's not here."

Mum tucked her arm in Linda's, started toward the mound of luggage under the high-hanging V. "No, darling, he's in court!" Her eyes danced. "He called me last night. All the way from Utica to the ship. Was I surprised! I'd just gone to bed. Anyhow, I'll see him in a few hours. How's Dave doing at Ithaca?"

"All right."

"He wrote to me so often I thought he dreaded going. But you were like that when you first went to Hamp."

They had come to the pile of luggage. Other passengers whose surnames began with V were also there, picking out their bags from the pile that was still growing as the men



came with their trucks. Mum said, "Four bags and the two trunks. Here's one of my bags . . ."

They found three of the bags. The other bag and the trunks hadn't come off yet. Mum sat down on one of the bags and smiled up at Linda. "No use chasing for a customs inspector until everything is here." Her eyes roved Linda's face. "You look almost haggard, Linda."

"I've been warm," Linda said swiftly, and she thought with dismay, Mum, too. Now I'm lying to her. "How—how was the voyage?"

"We had perfect weather all the way across," her mother said. Then with one of her quick transitions, "Haven't you had enough of being the career girl, darling? You're really not crazy about working. I know that."

"It's fun," Linda said. She was aware of her mother's bright eyes on her. "It isn't that there's someone special in New York?"

Linda tried to smile. She remembered how she had looked forward to Mum's coming so that she could tell her of Bill. Tell her how much she loved Bill and how much Bill loved her, and that they were going to be married. But this wasn't the time.

Her mother said, "I'm surprised if there isn't. When I was your age you were already trying to toddle, and your grandfather Valison was doing his best to spoil you, the old darling."

Some luggage, stumped, was already being trundled by a dark, handsome woman and a man with startling white hair and a florid face, a uniformed chauffeur behind them, stopped. The man said, "Marian, are you all right?"

"Fine," Mum said. She gestured. "This is my daughter, Linda. Mr. and Mrs. Levy, darling."

Linda's lips moved. Some other people came up. There was a deal of talk. There were goodbyes and kisses. They moved away, and a tall, ugly man came up and said, "Can I help you, Marian?"

Mum laughed. She said, "Are you sure you don't need help? Are your bags down yet, Bruce?"

"Quite, haven't much." His English was clipped—like his moustache. Linda looked at him in curiosity. Mum said, "Linda, this is Major Bruce Falloran. He's been very kind to me. I've asked him up for a weekend soon. Bruce, my daughter, Linda."

"Daughter?" Major Falloran said. He shook his head and bowed. "How-de-do Miss Valison."

Mum said, still half laughing, "You'd better get back to your station, Bruce. And take a cab."

"Right," Major Falloran said. "I—er—He bowed again to Linda. "Soon, I hope, Marian."

He moved away through the freeze of people. Mum said, "He's really a darling. You'll like him. An artist. But so helpless."

Linda didn't think about it. She could only think of her mother and father.

As if the thought had touched her, Mum said, "Dad's all right, isn't he? He said he was, on the phone, but he sounded a bit odd. Perhaps it was the wireless telephone."

"He's all right," Linda found herself saying. She looked at her mother. She said, "Anna and John took care of everything."

"Well, I should think so," Mum said, with the pride of a woman who possesses old and loyal servants. She jumped up to stop a truckman. "That's my bag. The canvas-covered one. Set it here. Oh, and there are my trunks."

She got them set with the bags, waved her customs declaration at Linda. "You stay here, darling, while I get an inspector."

Her small, curved figure moved away, quick, vital. Linda closed her eyes for the merest moment. There was noise all about her. The clank of trunks, the high rise of voices, the squeal of wheels and the softened river sounds.

When she looked around her mother was coming with the inspector. He was a tall, four-looking man, but already his lips were curving reluctantly as Mum spoke gaily to him.

He had her mother's declaration in his hand. She said, "Linda, open the bags. They're not locked." She had her keys in hand and was already at the trunks. She said, "Don't you look, Linda." She smiled at the inspector. "I'm an impartial mother. Linda can wait until we get home to rummage."

The inspector barely glanced at the bags and trunks. He asked a couple of questions, and then the stamps were being affixed and Mum was expertly getting a porter. She sighed and gestured, and then Linda was walking with her mother to the stairs, and on the escalator beside the stairs bags were rumbling down in a steady stream.

MUM was expert in the way she marshalled things. In the fewest possible minutes they were in a cab, headed north and east. Her mother peered from the taxi window. Her eyes snapped. "Darling, how incredibly dirty and noisy and wonderful!" She hugged Linda. "Oh, it is good to be home. There's nothing like America, really, though." She smiled. "I shan't say another word. You'll hear it all when we get home. You're coming up with me?"

Linda was conscious of a flinching. "I can't. It was nice of Mr. Sproul to let me have the morning off. I can't get away until tomorrow."

"It'll keep," Mum said. "Dave will be down Saturday morning and we'll have a real get-together. I've books of notes. I really saw an awful lot this time. Europe has done wonders in coming back. Particularly France."

The cab swept across Fifth Avenue. Mum was like a child, and Linda felt for once that she was older. She had never been like this, never felt this way before, but it was upon her. A feeling of responsibility and deep gravity, and a shaking, quivering sadness.

At Grand Central Linda waited with the bags while her mother got her ticket and checked the trunks through to Ulica. They waited for the gates of the North Shore Limited to be opened, and Linda was glad that her mother did all the talking.

The gates opened. The porter lifted Mrs. Valison's bags, and Linda said, "I'll run along and get a bite before I go back to the office."

Mrs. Valison accepted Linda's kiss. There was inquiry in her eyes, but Linda knew her mother would not say anything.

"You'll be up tomorrow night?" her mother asked.

"I don't know just when," Linda said. "I'll be up. Don't worry about me."

She had a sandwich in a milk bar and hurried back to the office. She was aware of the looks that were often sent her way, but they didn't please her as they once had. They didn't give her any lift by reason of their reassurance of her youth and attractiveness.

At the office she immersed herself in her work, but she was aware that what she had done and was doing was cowardly. She could have managed to go home with her mother. Mr. Sproul would have given her permis-

son. She knew that. She could have gone, or, failing that, she could go up on the earliest train tomorrow but she knew she would not. She knew she would not go until the last moment. Because she was afraid. Because she did not want to be there when Mum and Dad met face to face or during those first hours when they looked at one another after the long separation.

She looked within herself and saw what was in her heart, and she promised she would not be that way again. She felt suddenly alone, and she had never felt that way. Always there had been Dad and Mum, the protection of the family, but now, of a sudden, the sense of security was stripped from her. All the values she had accepted as unchangeable no longer had any standing. The responsibility that had never touched her was now fully on her shoulders. "It's got to be done," she told herself. "I've got to talk to Dad. I'll go up as soon as I leave the office tomorrow."

But there was Bill. Her heart sank. And even worse, there was a tremor of doubt in her. She fought it, hating it. She loved Bill. She felt her bitter resentment against her father rise within herself. Surely this was no time for gravity, for doubt and searchings. This was the time when, having found her love, she should have nothing to think of but that love. To revel in it and dream in it, to walk on rosy clouds. It was her right as it was every girl's right. And her own father had spoiled all that for her. . . .

Linda called Bill as soon as she got home. She had a desperate need for him; as if by seeing him and being near him she could stave off the sense of desolation and fear that hovered like a dark cloud.

Bill's voice was deep and certain. "Did your mother get in all right?"

"Yes. She took the noon train. She must be just coming into Ulica now."

"I'm looking forward to meeting her. All your family?"

"Yes," Linda said, her lips trembling, and then, "Bill, could we have dinner together?"

"You bet," Bill said warmly. "Sal's?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll meet you there. Soon as I clean up and change, Linda."

It was a little after six when Linda got to Salvatore's. With the early dark it had got quite cold, and the low-ceilinged restaurant was warm and inviting. It was their restaurant, and Guido, who was their waiter, held back the chair at their table. "I bring the sherry," he said in his solid, eager way.

Linda said, "Thank you, Guido." Guido didn't ask if Bill were coming. He seemed to know. He beamed, ducked his head, and hurried away.

She relaxed slightly and in a few moments saw Bill coming down the low-ceilinged room.

He was wearing his grey suit, a white shirt and dark blue tie. He said, "Hullo," as he took off his topcoat and hung it with his hat on the hooks on the wall beside the table. Guido came with the sherry as Bill sat down. He ducked his head again, murmured, "Buona sera, Signor Bee. I bring antipasto quick," and scurried away.

Bill raised his glass. His grey eyes met Linda's. "Seems a very long time since I last saw you."

"Ages," Linda said. "Oh, Bill . . ."

His lean face stilled. "What is it? Is there something wrong?"

Linda could only look at him. Bill said, setting down his sherry glass, "Is it still that Brown man?"

Linda could not lie. "Yes."

Bill stared at her. "But why? What is Brown to you, Linda?"

Linda gasped. "He's—he's the father of—of—yes, well, I know very well."

Bill frowned. Guido came with the



antipasto. When he was gone Bill said quietly, "Look—I want to talk to you about this Brown matter, Linda. But not here and not now. I haven't seen you since Tuesday and I've been looking forward to this dinner. Let's leave it until later."

Linda did not answer. Bill said, "You know what I like. Fill my plate, will you, Linda?"

The dinner was as leisurely and good as it had ever been. Bill talked of the job he was working on and Linda told him about her mother's arrival, but they were both conscious of the shadow that lay upon them. Linda looked at Bill with shadowed eyes, aware of his perturbation. She wished she could tell him; but she couldn't, not until she had spoken to her father. There had to be some explanation.

It was still early when they walked back to Linda's apartment. Bill said gently, "I'm coming up."

"All right," Linda answered.

In the stillness of the apartment, she went to wash. When she came back into the amber-lighted room, Bill was standing near the decorative fireplace. His pipe was clamped between his teeth and he had both hands in his trouser pockets. He looked thoughtful and withdrawn and Linda sat down on the couch, her eyes wide and regretful.

Bill took the pipe from his mouth. He said, "Linda, it's about time you looked at some hard and brutal facts. This Brown business has upset you—and upset you more than it should."

Linda's lips parted, but Bill said, "No, let me go on." He shoved the pipe into his pocket. "Let's look at it intelligently. You suddenly find out that a man whom you believed to be most respectable, most faithful to his wife and family, is not exactly that, but a man who runs around on the sly with other women. All right, it shocks you. I suppose that is only natural, but it isn't natural that it should shock you that it's put you into a state. Got you utterly down?"

"You—yes, don't understand," Linda gasped.

"I do. I understand the picture exactly as you've put it. What I don't understand is your attitude, and the only explanation for that is that you've been too protected. You've grown up in a sort of Victorian atmosphere of fairy tales and romantic rosy spectacles. You haven't stopped to look at life as it really is, and it's high time you did."

Linda could only stare at him, swallowing.

Bill said, "Linda, there's no reason for you to be so excited over what you've discovered. Men are like that. Do you understand? I don't know whether you've read the Kinsey report."

"I don't believe it," Linda said, her face flaming.

"Or you refuse to. But the fact remains that they are carefully compiled statistics, taken over a wide cross section, and if we are to go by anything, we have to realise that what Kinsey and some others tell us is a condition to be faced."

Linda sat up, one hand going to her bosom. "You—think it's right?"

"Right" has two meanings, as you well know," Bill said patiently. "It means in accordance with truth or fact, and it also means in accordance with moral law. They are two very different meanings, and you could hardly express the trouble more clearly than through those two meanings of the same word—when what's in accordance with fact is not in accordance with our moral ideas."

He bent to her. "Linda, darling, it would be wonderful if we could live in

the world of the old romantic novels that ended with a marriage and with the couple living happily ever after. But we don't live in such a world, and we know that though many do live happily afterwards, many others don't; and there are reasons for it. To me it seems a gain that we are finding out some of the reasons."

"You—you take it very casually," Linda said through stiff lips. Her heart was pounding, her mouth dry. The shock of discovering that her father, in whom she had had such complete trust, was of the common clay still held her, and now it seemed that Bill was condoning what Dad had done. If so, it meant that Bill must be fundamentally the same, or he would not have accepted it so easily.

Bill shook his head. "I'm not. I wish very much that men and women and married and indeed lived happily ever after, but I know it frequently isn't so. Very frequently."

Linda could hardly bring herself to say the words, but she was so stirred they came out. "Then why—why marry at all?"

"Because marriage, with all its troubles and all its failures, is the most satisfactory form of relationship between a man and a woman in love with each other; it's the fundamental relationship. As they say in the marriage service, it's an ancient and honorable state, instituted by God. It is no less than the basis of Society and its means of perpetuation."

"But what if the man—or the woman is unfaithful?"

"I've been thinking about that; fidelity," Bill gestured. "What is fidelity? It's just a special sort of loyalty. I remember a great play I saw as a kid. It was called 'Loyalties,' and it was written by John Galsworthy. It was about a man who came up against two loyalties. One was to his class and friends, and one to his sense of right. The play was about the choice being thrust upon him of supporting one or the other loyalty. He couldn't support both. Something of the sort comes up in some marriages."

HE ran his fingers through his hair with an abrupt, impatient gesture. "A man promises to love, honor, and cherish the woman he takes to wife, and she promises the same. They even allow for the conditions under which they'll be true to each other—in sickness and in health; for richer, for poorer. A husband who's any sort of a man keeps his word under those conditions. It takes a pretty poor sort of specimen to run out on a wife who's sick or when there's no money. The worst cause for trouble that I've seen is the lack of something never specified in the marriage vows—something so taken for granted that it shouldn't have to be specified or sworn to."

"What?"

"Fair play; fairness. I can't name it exactly, and I don't have to. You know what it is. When two have it between them, nothing can pull them apart; but when one of them ceases to play fair—the trouble comes. And by ceasing to play fair, I don't necessarily mean infidelity. That's seldom the start of the trouble; it's usually only an end result."

"Of what, Bill?"

"Of the lack of fairness that the man's encountered. Like in the play, the man has two loyalties—a loyalty to his wife and a loyalty to his sense of fairness. He tries for a while to support both loyalties—but then finds it impossible."

Linda's knuckles were white as her fingers twined in her lap. She looked

at Bill with shocked, revolted eyes. "You're excusing him—you're almost justifying him."

"I'm not. I'm only trying to work out with you some explanation of what's happened in some marriages so nothing like it will ever happen or have cause to happen in our own. Oh, Linda, can't you see it?"

"No," Linda said, "No."

Bill didn't answer. He took out his pipe. His broad shoulders were bowed. He said, "I'm not going to say any more now—but I'm glad I said what I did. You'll understand it better, Linda, when you think it over. There are things we've both got to realise if we're going to make a good marriage; and we're going to."

Linda's eyes were closed, her head bent.

Bill said, "I'll go now. I'll see you tomorrow?"

"I'm going home."

"When?"

"I'm taking the five-past-five train." "I won't be able to make that. But I'll meet you when you come back Sunday. The same train?"

"I don't know."

"I'll be there," Bill said. He waited, but Linda did not move, did not open her eyes. She heard him say, "Good night, Linda," heard the door close gently. She felt sick. She felt the tears warm and wet on her cheeks. She said again, "No, No, it isn't so. It can't be so."

But there was no answer to her cry.

It was shortly after ten o'clock the next night when the taxi swung about in the driveway and came to a halt. A still, dark, damp-warm night. There were cars parked in the drive and the lights were on in the house. Linda paid off the taxi man and carried her bag up the steps. The door was open, but as she came in John, the houseman and gardener and his wife, Anna, the staff of the Vaillson household, came from the big living room, whence came the sound of voices. John had on his white jacket; he was a stocky, bald man with a fringe of grey hair about his shiny temples.

He came quickly to take the bag, relieve Linda of the coat she carried over her arm. He said, "I'm serving coffee and tidbits, but if you're hungry you go and let Anna fix you some supper, Miss Linda."

Linda said, "I'm not hungry, John. Don't bother with my bag. I'll take it when I go up."

"No bother," John said mildly.

Linda was aware of her reflection in the oval hall mirror on the panelled wall. Her eyes wide and dark in her pallid face. The sense of lying was upon her as she asked "Dave isn't home, is he?"

"No, Alas. Don't expect him till tomorrow."

"Mother and Dad are there?"

"Mr. Roger's upstairs in his study." It was a holdover from the days when Grandfather Vaillson had been alive. He had always been "Mr. Vaillson" to John and Anna, and Linda's father was still "Mr. Roger."

Linda felt a sense of relief and hated herself for it. She said, "I'll go in then, John."

There was a dozen or more people in the beam-ceilinged, brightly furnished room when Linda came in. Middle-aged people all—her mother's and her father's friends, as familiar to Linda as this house.

Mum was the centre of interest, as she always was. She wore a brown dress trimmed with blue, and she was talking animatedly about Paris. Linda stood for a moment, listen-



ing. She was barely aware of the neighbors and friends coffee cups in hand, attentive upon Mum's word. She thought. She's so happy. But if she knew.

She moved forward and Mrs. Elling spoke to her and Mum broke off and got up to come and kiss her. "There you are, darling. I'm so glad you got here tonight."

The words of greeting flowed about Linda. She answered the kindly questions out to her by the group. Mum said, "Your father is going over some papers. Do go up and send him down, Linda. We'll be breaking up soon."

Mr. Tomlinson said comfortably, "Just how would France do do you think, Marian? If the Marshall aid were stopped right now?"

Mr. Cathcart said something and then Mum lifted her clear voice and all attention was upon her. Linda let her breath go. Her purpose was renewed in her. Mum couldn't be broken by this. It wasn't touch her.

She went out of the living-room and slowly up the stairs in the wide, clean-smelling hall above, she paused. At the far end of the door of her father's study was closed. Linda moved to it and then stopped. It came to her how often in the years gone by she had come thus to her father's study. But never before had she been so reluctant to knock as she was now. She had always come eagerly, even when she knew she had done something wrong and was going to be taken to account because of it. She had never worried, never questioned, for her father had been great in her eyes, just and kind and good. But now—

When she knocked her father's deep voice said, "Come."

Linda opened the door and closed it behind her before she raised her eyes.

Her father was behind his desk, with the green student lamp casting its pool of light, making shadows on the book-lined walls. The old enchantment of the place, the remembrance of what a treat it had ever been to be permitted in here, was an intolerable pain in Linda's heart. She said, "You're leaving soon. Mother wants you to come down."

"Yes."

He said nothing else. He just sat there, looking at her, and Linda was not aware of her hands going out of the break in her voice. "Oh, Dad, how could you?"

He did not answer, and Linda moved toward the desk. He sat quite straight, his eyes on her, like a judge on the bench, attentive, grave. Linda said, "It's like a nightmare. I've tried to tell myself it couldn't have happened. It didn't happen."

"But it did. And you have condemned me."

There was utter gravity in his voice. Linda said, anger rising in her, "Why shouldn't I? I have tried to find excuses for you, but what excuses can there be? A false name—other women." Her lashes flickered. "It—it can't be that Edna was the first."

"No."

Linda's throat hurt so that she put her hand to it. "I—I hoped you would call me. That you would give me some explanation. But you didn't. And you must. You owe me an explanation."

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He shook his head. "But not now." His hand lifted. "It has always been a sort of maxim in law not to bring any culprit to trial while sentiment

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Linda shook her head, blinking. "What facts can there be that could possibly justify what you have done?"

"I don't know," her father said honestly. "That is something that you must judge when you are calm enough to sit as judge."

"I see. And in the meantime what about—about Mother? Shouldn't she know?"

Her father rose. He said quietly, "That is something that you must also judge. I hope you will wait until you know all there is to be known before you make your decisions." He hesitated. "You will have to judge then whether you should tell your mother or not."

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known that a change was coming over her. That her love for Bill was changing her. She was taking her away from the tight hold that her love for her family had so long had upon her. That was only natural. It would have been normally like floating down the bosom of a river. The transition would have been made without shock.

She loved Bill, she would marry him and in the course of events she would find that he had supplanted her family—that he had taken first place in her heart and her life. But though he would come first, her love for her family would not have changed.

But now before she was ready, the foundations of the family had been shaken. The man she had looked up to, adored, had shattered like a play idol before her very eyes. And in shattering he had shaken not only the firm foundations of the family but the full joy of her new-found love for Bill. And the things Bill had said last night had shaken even her faith in him.

She finished her milk, carried the glass to the sink. She found an apron and began to wash the cups and saucers, the dishes. Dave said as Mum got from her perch, "I'll wipe."

"That's a chance too. Without even being asked. You are getting to be the man Davey," Mum said.

She stood, small and smiling. "Here I come all the way from Europe and nobody asks what I brought there."

"Hey," Dave said. "For Pete's sake." His fair face was alight. "What did you get me?"

"Oh, scads of things." Mum turned to the door. "When you're finished, come on up to Linda's room. I'll bring your presents there. I think your father is plain tired. We'll let him get to sleep and then we'll have an old-fashioned gossip in Linda's room."

She went out, and Linda kept on with the dishes, her head bent. She was aware of Dave's kissing his breath. She heard him say "Boy, we're sure got a swell family, haven't we, Linnee? We're lucky all right."

Linda did not answer; she could not.

The next morning she was up early; she got out of bed and saw the presents her mother had brought her lying on her table. The crystal bottle of perfume, the wispy French underclothes with their delicacy of handwork. She thought, Part of my trousseau, and the bitterness deepened within her.

She had a desire to pack her bag and leave. To go anywhere. Only away from everything she knew. Even Bill. To be away from all this heart-break and need for decision. To put it from her mind—to leave it as it lay. But she couldn't. She knew she would not. Mum had to be protected, and Dave, it was up to her.

The house was still as she went downstairs. In the kitchen Anna and John were having breakfast, and the blue-and-white clock with the Dutch skating scene on its face said it was just seven.

They greeted Linda. Anna hurried to set a place for her. Linda sat down and put her elbows on the table and rested her chin in her cupped hands.

Anna said, "Will you have one egg or two, Miss Linda?"

"Just coffee and toast," Linda answered as she poured orange juice into her glass from the pitcher on the table.

"You'll have an egg and some bacon, too," Anna said. "The way people eat in that New York is enough to make a body blanch. No wonder you're beginning to look like my Aunt Dora's

cousin that went into a decline in May-month of '15."

"Nineteen fourteen," John said mildly.

Anna turned, skillet in hand. Her Irish blue eyes snapped "Are you telling me about my own Aunt Dora's cousin?"

"I am," John said quite as mildly. "For you got the letter the month we were married and I remember well remarking to you that it was odd indeed that you should weep, seeing that you never in your life knew the lass, since she'd lived and died in Ireland and you'd never been out of New York State."

Anna merely pursed her lips. The egg sputtered delicately in the pan, and Linda blinked and stared at her orange juice. The sound of their voices, their very bickering was so familiar and beloved. She had come here to the kitchen, since she was old enough to remember for she had always enjoyed breakfasting with Anna and John much more than with the family at their later hour.

Anna brought the plate with its delectable-looking egg and the strips of crisp bacon and the nicely browned hashed potatoes. She said, "Do you eat now, darlin'?" The anxiety in her voice made Linda look up and smile.

John leaned back and lit his pipe. Anna said, "John," but Linda said quickly, "Oh, Anna, there's no odor so nice as John's old pipe."

"Old it is," Anna grumbled, and John said, "Tis what makes a pipe—age."

Anna poured Linda's coffee, sat down to her own. Linda ate. She thought, And there's John and Anna, too. What would they do if—the family broke up?

The thought of that made her breath come faster. There was that chance. If she told her mother, it might come to that. And then what would Anna and John do? What would Dave do? All of them?

She wasn't aware of shaking her head but she heard Anna say, "What is it then, darlin'? Is it some gossip in that awful New York is makin' you unhappy?"

Linda smiled. "No, Anna. It's nothing."

But the weight of responsibility was heavy upon her. The need to know what she must do.

John rose heavily. Anna said, "It's about time you were at your work."

**J**OHNN said placidly, "Aye." He looked through the wide, low windows. Linda's eyes followed his. She could see the sparkle of the sun on the dew-wet grass. She said, "It's going to be a lovely day."

"Aye," John said again. "But I smell frost coming. An' not too far away, neither. I'll be getting up the dahlias and glads."

"Can I help you?" Linda asked and John nodded while Anna said, "You be sure Miss Linda puts on gloves. She's not got nids on her hands like you, John Fairlee."

The sun was warm on Linda's back as she helped John dig up the rhizomes and bulbs, spread them to dry on the burlap sackings before they went to lie in the cellar until spring.

She thought of Bill, alone in New York, and there was a twisting at her heart. If it weren't for Dad, Bill would never have said the things he had. He might not even have thought of them. They two could have been as they had been, so happy and untroubled.

John said, "You've done enough, Miss

Linda. Go you now before Anna comes flyin' at me."

Linda nodded. She moved toward the house, pulling off the gloves. As she went past the tennis court she saw Dave raking up the leaves. He said, "Court's in swell condition. The kids are coming over. Want to play?"

Linda shook her head.

Dave said, "Got to get it while we can. There won't be much more tennis."

Linda went in through the side door and up to her room. She could hear her mother on the telephone in the little room that was her own particular study.

Linda washed and came down again in her yellow skirt and cotton woodsmen's shirt. Her father was in the glassed verandah with its old but comfortable wicker furniture. When he saw her, he rose and followed her outside.

Linda did not look at him. He walked beside her toward the grove of sugar maples whose leaves were making a colorful carpet. He said at last, "That young man who was with you—Bill?"

Linda stopped and looked up at him. Her voice shook despite her effort to keep it steady. "Bill Scarret."

Her father's blue eyes were almost black. "Was he your special date?"

"Yes," Linda said, her eyes accusing. "I was waiting until Mum got home so that he could meet you all. So that you could meet him and like him and know him. And he was going to speak to you, because he loves me and wants to marry me—but now I—I don't know."

Her father kicked at the leaves, and then he asked, "What did you tell him?"

"What could I tell him? I lied to him. I couldn't tell him the truth, could I? Or let him come up with me next weekend and find out for himself what I couldn't possibly tell anyone?"

She heard the whistling exhalation of her father's breath. She felt a desire to hurt him as he had hurt her, she said. "He knew something was wrong that night, just as Edna did. I didn't tell Bill anything. He thinks you are someone whose family I know and that—that it is because of them that I was upset." Her voice caught. "He couldn't possibly imagine the truth, for Bill knows all about my father. How decent he is—how—"

She couldn't go on.

Her father said, "Linda..." His hand went out to touch her, but Linda flinched away. He walked beside her, his head bent.

Linda said, "These other women..."

His eyes met hers. "I know what is in your mind. You are wondering, have I been unfaithful to your mother." His head moved. "No, I don't think I ever could. I—" He stopped. He said, "Linda, look—you have got to decide whether you are speaking to me and I to you as daughter and father or as two adults."

"I'm afraid I don't feel very much like a daughter and altogether too much an adult," Linda said stiffly.

"That's probably best," Roger Vailson gestured to the log lying in the dappled sunlight and shadow. "Let's sit down, Linda."

Wordlessly Linda complied. Her father sat down beside her. He lit a cigarette. "At the moment you are too upset to consider this objectively." He ignored Linda's little gasp. "But if you are to judge me and what I have done fairly and intelligently, then you must divorce yourself of all anger."

"You mean," Linda said hotly, "that I must look within myself and find reasons for excusing you?"



"No, I do not. There is no excuse, though there may be a reason for what I have done."

"What reason?" She faced him, sitting tensely.

Her father shook his head. Linda said, "I can't imagine any." She looked at him, her eyes pleading.

He said, "All this is beside the point. I have done something that is, I can well see, shocking and distressing to you. What you must consider is what you are going to do about it. You can't ignore it. The question is what you should do about it, and if you do anything, what the consequences may be."

His quiet, thoughtful words shook Linda. "You mean, should I tell Mum?"

"Yes."

"You think I shouldn't?" She saw his faint gesture. "It is not a question of that, but of what the consequences will be if you do tell her I want you to think of that."

"As if I haven't," Linda said sadly. "Of Mum and Dave and Anna and John—and Bill."

She turned to him, her lips quivering. "Oh, Dad, if there is any reason, tell me, please, please. Don't you think I want to go on believing in you, loving you and looking up to you as I have always done?"

His eyes were on the scattered leaves at his feet. "There is nothing I can tell you that will change the fact of what I have done."

"But the reason? You said there was a reason."

"There are always reasons for everything. But I cannot tell you anything more right now."

Linda said, "You ask me to judge, fairly and intelligently, and yet you hold back what may help me to do so."

His blue eyes met hers. "I know. But I can say nothing more. Linda, I only ask you to wait until you are calmer, before you decide what you are going to do about it."

Linda bit her lip. Her father said, "I liked Bill. Tell me about him, Linda. What does he do? Where does he live?"

Linda told him, but her mind was scarcely upon what she was saying. She broke off, and her father rose. He said, "Thank you, Linda. I'm playing golf this morning. I've got to go now." He turned and walked away.

When Linda got back to the house, Dave and Dan Broker were going out and heavy at a singles match with four or five of the other kids sitting along the baselines clapping their raucous, intent on the game. Linda went inside. There were three women with her mother on the porch. Mum just lifted her hand and smiled at Linda, and Linda went on up to her room.

She lay down on her bed, tired from the work she had done in John's garden. She thought over everything Dad had said and the things he hadn't said. She was aware that her anger, that had been an insatiable emotion, was quieting. She thought, He counts on that. But then, they all did, didn't they? Bill had said, "Men are like that"—but they counted too, on being forgiven.

Linda sat up, one hand on a shin leg. She said, "But I won't forget and I can't forgive." She didn't know yet whether she would tell her mother or not. She didn't know what she was going to do about her father, but for herself, it wasn't good enough. "If that's what marriage is, if that's all it means to men, to—Bill even then I don't want it."

She swallowed fiercely, determined not to cry again.

Some three days later, shortly after five o'clock, Bill Scarret came into the lobby of his hotel, Pryn House, somewhat out of place in a commercial district in the Thirties, was an oddity among residential hotels in that it had more men as tenants than women. It was quiet and well-run; it had a good and inexpensive grill, and it was close to the office. Most of the men who lived there were career men in their twenties and early thirties, university graduates, earnest guys with sober plans for the future.

Bill came in just as the homeward rush was starting. It was cold and grey outside; the sky promised rain. It was the sort of weather that pre-empted winter, even in the midst of Indian summer. Everything spoke of autumn.

Bill crossed the lobby to the desk. Like the other residents, he carried his room key on his key chain. Hippy, the clerk on duty, glanced at him and turned to the boxes. He handed Bill a couple of letters. "No messages?" Bill asked.

"None," Hippy said. Bill shoved the letters in his pocket. He moved toward the elevators, nodding to a fellow he knew.

THERE were, as usual, a few people sitting in the lobby chairs. As Bill slowed, coming to the bank of elevators, a tall, fair-haired man rose from a deep leather chair.

He said quietly, "Mr. Scarret."

Bill turned. He recognised the man immediately, and perhaps because he had been thinking of Linda, disturbed that there had been no message from her, he was the more taken aback. He said, "You—you're Roger Brown."

The quiet blue eyes met Bill's grey ones. "I'm Roger Vailson. I'm Linda's father."

For a moment Bill could not speak. Comprehension flooded over him—the sudden realisation of why Linda had been so disturbed and an appreciation of the shock she had received. So many things sprang to his lips that he could say none of them. The elevator door clanged open, and Bill said, "Will you come up?"

"Thank you," Roger Vailson said.

Neither of them said anything in the elevator. Bill was still stunned, yet he knew that somehow he should have suspected. Glancing at Mr. Vailson, he saw how much of a resemblance there was: The coloring, the faint prominence of the cheekbones.

When they left the elevator, Bill led the way down the corridor. He opened the door of his room and stood aside for Mr. Vailson to enter, then followed him in.

The room wasn't very large, and it was impersonal in its furnishings. It was taken all in all, just a hotel room just a room to dress and sleep in.

Bill said, still disturbed, "Take the big chair. It's the only comfortable one."

Mr. Vailson sat down. Bill moved to the table and took a pipe from the rack. He turned. "Will you have a drink, sir? I've some Scotch."

"Yes, I'd like that."

Bill found the bottle and the glasses.

"Soda or water?"

"Water," Mr. Vailson said, and Bill felt an almost ridiculous sense of relief.

"Good. There's ice water in the thermos. We won't have to ring for soda."

He poured the drinks, the ice water, gave Mr. Vailson his glass. Mr. Vailson lifted his drink, drank a mouthful, and set the glass down. His eyes met Bill's. "Have you seen Linda?"

"No, sir. Not since Thursday. I waited for her at the station on Sunday, but I didn't see her. She did come back to town?"

"Yes." There was a shadow on Mr. Vailson's face, and Bill said, "I guess she didn't feel like seeing me. She must have got off earlier, and taken a cab." He shook his head. "I didn't know and she didn't tell me, but I said some pretty brutal things to her about the way she had been taking our—our meeting with you at that restaurant. Under the circumstances it must have made her pretty sore. She didn't say anything?"

"She didn't. But she was as you say, pretty sore. That she should feel strongly toward me is perhaps only right. But I don't want anything I have done to harm the relationship between you and Linda." He took out his case and chose a cigarette. Bill struck a light and Mr. Vailson nodded and leaned forward to accept it. His eyes met Bill's. "You care for Linda?"

Bill broke the match between his strong fingers. "I love her. I want to marry her."

"And she loves you." Mr. Vailson sighed. "I'm not going to talk about our meeting that night. It was one of those coincidences that life is forever throwing at us. It happened, and the harm it has done is something that must work itself out. But I do not want this action of mine to affect you and Linda."

He stared at his glass. "I don't want to break up your—your love. I know Linda, as well as a father can know his daughter. I know she cares deeply for you, and I know she wouldn't if you were not worthy of her caring. She has, perhaps, too high ideals."

He broke off, his lips tightening.

Bill said, "She hasn't learned to deal with life as it is. That was what I threw at her, sir."

"Have you learned that?"

"We all have," Bill said soberly. "You can't take boys and girls out of school, throw them into war, into death and disease and all the foulness that man can bring to bear on his fellow men—you can't bring them back into what they can see is a disintegrating world without forcing them to face life as it is."

Bill paused, then went on. "We've had to do that—and it's not been easy to cling to the old ideals in the face of the new realities around us." He bit at his pipestem. "Linda didn't have to meet them. Linda was too protected, but now she's got to face realities, like the rest of us."

Mr. Vailson said, "I suppose so, and yet I regret that it must be so." He smiled faintly. "It's odd to think that I was too young for the first World War. I was only sixteen when it ended and my father was too old to have been called. It didn't touch me as war has touched you. Oh, I looked down on the older generation like the rest of my college mates in the mad Twenties, but the things I had absorbed from my parents—the ideals and standards of Victoria's days—were too deeply set in me to be shaken by other people's experiences or memories. Chivalry, the idea that women have to be protected and shielded—"

Bill said brusquely, "We know better—and those of us who don't will have to be made to know. What's happening in the world today—and what may happen—shows no respect for sex. Ideologies prey on women as well as men. And atom bombs and saturation bombings don't wait to notice any differences. If our generation is going to contribute to a sadder world, all of us—women as well as men—have to face what is and deal with it to make life better."



Mr. Vallson stared at him. The older man said, "It makes me shudder to hear a young man in his twenties speak like that, and yet I know you're right. But from my point of view, for Linda to be hit in the face with certain apparent facts of life is far from pleasant."

"Will you let me say, sir, that even before I knew who you were, I had a feeling that things looked worse than they actually were?"

Mr. Vallson finished his drink. "I'm glad you thought it. I put Edna in a very false position. She's far from a tramp. She's a swell girl, judging by everything I hear. Linda wouldn't be her friend if she weren't. You'll believe me, then, that I haven't been technically unfaithful—though I've wondered if I wouldn't have been as time went on and opportunities offered with someone else."

"Your wife was so much away," Bill commented.

"You know about that?"

Bill nodded. "I don't suppose you know anything about my family, sir. I haven't said much about them to Linda. I told her Mother lives in California and that she's pretty well off. That my father was an engineer who worked on jobs in a dozen different parts of the world before he was killed in an aeroplane crash during the war when I was in England."

He sat down, turning his pipe in his fingers. "The situation in my home was very different—on the surface, it was exactly the opposite of the situation in Linda's home; but I imagine, sir, there was one important similarity." He bit at the cold pipe. "Some great writer—Tolstoy, I think—made the remark that all happy families resemble each other; it is the unhappy ones that are unlike. But I'll bet there's one common resemblance in a lot of the unhappy ones."

He raised his eyes to Mr. Vallson's attentive face. "It's difficult for me to talk of it even now, but my father and somehow you, sir, have shown me what I've instinctively felt all along, and that is that, in spite of the facts that Kinsey reports, men are essentially faithful. At least they want to be."

He said, "About my father and mother. I guess he married her because he loved her. About my mother, I don't know. Maybe she was mostly interested in the idea of marriage. Girls of her generation grew up with the thought of marriage as a goal. It was a sort of social failure with them not to get a man. And it was the same way about having a child. I was born, and Mother didn't have any more children. She didn't want any more. She had married and had a child; she had her home, and she felt satisfied and secure in that accomplishment."

Bill turned his pipe in his fingers. "I told you my father worked in all sorts of distant places. Linda asked me once if my mother hadn't gone with Dad on his jobs. I told Linda the places he worked weren't for women. That wasn't so. Dad would have taken her with him and she could have gone with him—if she cared to. But she didn't."

"My father was a fine man. He'd also been brought up by the old chivalric ideas of protecting and sparing the woman. When I was a little boy, I realised that my home wasn't like most others where the father and mother were together constantly. I knew something was different, but it was only as I grew older that I began to appreciate the strain my mother put on my father by what she did—or rather by what she didn't do. It was unfair to him—outrageously unfair."

"Of course I don't know what my father did when he was away, but I'm sure that if he ever did what we call 'wrong' it was only after a long continuance of neglect—for that's what it was. I say I don't know. He was an extraordinarily kind and considerate man—but it would be strange if he didn't seek some sort of companionship with women. It was my memory of him—and of my mother—that made me speak to Linda as I did when I was discussing you with her. Of course, then I didn't know it was her father we were discussing."

"She hasn't told me what you said."

"Naturally it was rather general. She seemed to me extraordinarily disturbed by having discovered a friend's father—as I thought at the time—in an apparent 'affair.' I suggested to her not to blame the man too much until she knew more about the whole situation, but I only succeeded in upsetting her more. She thought I was condoning infidelity."

Mr. Vallson stood up. He said, "I can see that, and I appreciate your telling me about your father." He gestured. "But it isn't like that with me. The fault is only mine. Mrs. Vallson—"

He stopped. "Linda said, days ago, that she had asked you up next weekend."

"That was days ago," Bill said wryly.

Mr. Vallson nodded. "I want you to come, no matter how Linda may act. I want you to meet her mother. You will come?"

"It will be awkward if Linda—"

"I want you to."

"All right," Bill said. "I'll be glad to come, sir."

Mr. Vallson picked up his briefcase and hat. "I've got to get over to Grand Central."

"I'll go with you," Bill said, but Mr. Vallson shook his head. "No, don't, Bill." He tucked the briefcase under his arm and held out his free hand. "You don't know how glad I am that I came. Don't worry about Linda. She does care for you, and it will work itself out. She'll see that her feelings for you have no connection with the way she may feel toward me."

Bill returned the firm clasp. "I'm going over to see her after I've had dinner. You—you don't mind if I tell her I've seen you?"

**M**RS. VALLSON smiled faintly. "I've made a fine mess of things. I hardly think I can give you any worthwhile advice. Just think of yourself and Linda, Bill—not of me." He moved to the door. "I'll see you this weekend."

Some four hours later Bill was still waiting for Linda in the lobby of her building in the block of apartments on Third Avenue.

It had turned cold, so that the heat had been turned on, and now the lobby was too warm; and yet Bill was afraid that if he left he would miss Linda. He had called her before he ate in the grill at his hotel, but there had been no answer. He'd eaten quickly and walked over. Linda had not returned.

It was almost 10 o'clock when she came in. She didn't see him. She crossed the lobby to the elevator and waited, her head bent. She wore her tweed suit, and there was a blue scarf about her neck. She was hairless, and the cold had put a touch of color into her cheeks, but even at that distance Bill could see the shadows under her eyes, and he felt a wave of love and sympathy, a desire to protect her as much as he could from the buffetings of life, as he stood up and went toward her.

Bill said, "Linda," and she started and turned to him, her face stilling.

Bill said, "I've been waiting for you a long time."

Her eyes were barred. "I went to dinner with Dede and Marjorie. Then I walked. I . . ." Her little gesture was pathetic. "I've had a lot of things to—think about."

"I know." His eyes held hers. "Your father came to see me this afternoon, Linda."

Her face whitened. "Then—then you know."

"Yes."

The elevator door slid back with a soft clang. Bill said, "May I come up?"

Linda did not answer. She stepped into the elevator, and Bill followed. In the quietness of the apartment he waited while Linda turned on the lights. She unwound the scarf from her neck and folded it, though it was obvious she was not aware of the gesture. Her eyes raised to Bill's. Her lips twisted.

"My father . . . Remember all the things I said to you about him?"

Bill said, "I do. I think he's one pretty grand guy."

"Do you?" She nodded. "But then, you expect all men to be that way, don't you, Bill? You said so."

"No, look," Bill said. "I don't think you're being fair to your father."

"Fair?" Linda's head came up, her brown eyes wide, color flaming into her cheeks. "You know that this man under an assumed name who was out with Edna, this—this married man who goes around with other women, is my father, and you say I'm not being fair to him when I'm shamed and—and—"

She shook her head angrily, and Bill said, "I can understand now just how you feel, Linda, but I still say you're not being fair to your father. You're letting the shock distort everything. All right, your father's been taking women out, but he hasn't been unfaithful. . . ." He raised his hand as Linda's red lips parted. "I know, that's beside the point, but maybe there's been a reason why he's done all that."

"Reason?" Linda looked at Bill. "He wouldn't give me any reason. Has he told you why?"

"No," Bill admitted, "but I think I know the reason. Your father's not a decrepit, worn-out hulk. He's a damned good-looking, attractive man. He's something the way my father was, and men like that need feminine companionship—and if they can't get it from their wives, what are they going to do?"

Linda's eyes flashed. "You—you're suggesting that my mother is to blame for what my father does?"

"Perhaps I am," Bill said stubbornly. "And then again maybe I'm all cock-eyed. But it seems to me if your mother wasn't gadding around all the time in Europe your father wouldn't want to look anywhere else for companionship."

Linda threw back her head, her hair gleaming in the lamplight. "You'd take his side anyway, wouldn't you? Men are like that, too, aren't they? You don't even know my mother—you've never seen her and yet you can make such a statement."

"I may be wrong," Bill said, "but I don't think so. I've met your father twice. I'm pretty sure he's a lot more the way you first pictured him to me than the way you're thinking of him now. And I'm going to meet your mother. I'm going up with you this weekend."

"No," Linda said. "I'd rather you didn't, Bill. I . . ."

"Your father asked me to come and I promised I would—whether you reneged on your invitation or not."

"I see," Linda said slowly. "Well, I can't stop you from coming. But—but you're not to say anything about—about us. I'm not sure now that I want to marry you—or anyone."

Bill smiled. "Isn't that being a bit childish, Linda?"



She didn't say a word. Her eyes were sad as she looked at him. "No, I've always thought of marriage as something sacred and holy. As being sweet and merry and frank. This experience—the things you've said. . . . She shook her head. "I don't think I want any part of it."

Bill said, "It can be all those things. Linda and yet be realistic and down to earth. And you're forgetting the most important thing: that I love you and you love me."

"Am I?" Linda asked. "Maybe it's just biological. Maybe it's just pure animal attraction. That isn't enough for me."

"Or for me either," Bill said. "I love you. I want to marry you."

Linda didn't speak. She stood twisting the folded scarf in her slim fingers. Bill said, "Linda. . . . But she merely shook her head."

"I'll see you on Friday," Bill told her. "I'll wait for you at the station. The Wolverine. And I'll be at the hotel after work between now and then."

He didn't say goodnight. The door closed, and Linda threw down the scarf. Her eyes were dark. She was glad Bill knew, but her anger at her father had not diminished, and her hurt, her disappointment in Bill, had deepened. That he would condone what her father had done was all she could expect—for obviously men always supported each other, but that he should seek to excuse her father's conduct by blaming it on her mother was absurd and infuriating.

She slept badly that night, heavily, for she could not banish the suggestion. Always there came back to her the way her father had been—the way she had thought of him, and that very picture made her mind and heart seek for some excuse for him, some reason for his actions. Now that Bill had put it into words, she could not escape the reason he had posed, and the immediate rejection it roused in her disturbed sleep.

The next morning Edna telephoned Linda at the office. She said, "Lunch with me, will you? Same place?"

"All right," Linda said. The skies were grey and heavy, and there was a hint of real autumn in the air and in the garb of the smart women Linda passed on the Avenue.

Edna was waiting. As soon as they had ordered, Edna opened her bag. She took out a letter and passed it to Linda. "I told you," she said with a twist of her too-red mouth.

Linda opened the sheet of paper. Her father's firm writing met her eyes. The note was unsigned. It said:

"I'm sorry, Edna. It was not fair to you. I want to give you some little gift, but I don't know what you would like. Will you buy yourself something?"

Linda looked up. Edna was holding two bills in her red-tipped fingers. Two one-hundred-dollar bills.

Edna said slowly, "It's what he would do, knowing a girl like me needs money more than a prince. Her green eyes raised to Linda's still face. "If I gave you these you could give them back to him, couldn't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"But I'm not going to. It's a gesture I'd be a fool to make, and I'm not that much hurt." She took the letter, put it and the money back in her bag. The waitress brought the orders, and Edna looked up from her plate. "There isn't anything between you two, is there?"

Startled, Linda asked, "What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean? Somehow it all isn't exactly kosher, if you understand me. He's an awfully attractive guy. And the way you've taken it. It's made me wonder just where you fit in. Though he's pretty old for

you. Old enough to be your father, but so what?"

She shrugged. "Men. Didn't someone say we can't get along with them or without them? Or was that about us women?" She blinked her long, blackened lashes. "How can you ever know about them? Howie was the smoothest thing ever until after we were married. Maybe they're all cut out of the same cloth. Your Bill Scarvet . . ."

"Bill," Linda said. "He—he's too honest, I guess."

"And Roger Brown? Or whatever his name. I still think there's something between you two."

Linda raised her brown eyes. For a moment she hesitated and then she said, "There is, Edna. His name isn't Roger Brown. It's Roger Valson. He's my father."

**E**DNA sat up so sharply that her elbow knocked her spoon from the table. It fell with a tiny clatter, but Edna only stared at Linda, her pretty mouth open. She got red and then white. She said, "For Pete's sake. Me and my big mouth. . . . and then was silent, staring at Linda with a sort of stricken guilt."

Linda said, "It's all right, Edna."

"All right," Edna murmured hollowly. "I ask you to double-date with me because I think the guy is maybe a wolf, and I hit you in the teeth with your own father. May the Lord forgive me. Oh, Linda, honey . . ."

"It's all right," Linda said again. "It wasn't your fault." She looked earnestly at Edna. "But my father. I'd always thought him above reproach. Are all men like that? Bill seems to think they are."

Edna shook her head, still tremulous. "I wouldn't know Linda. My old man is the jolly sort. Back in Scranton when he and Mum have a Saturday night party he's always playing up to the neighbors' wives. You know—he gives them a hug, but it's right in the open, and Mum just laughs and he doesn't mean anything by it. The only man I really know is Howie, and he put up a swell front until he got me."

But Roger Brown—I mean your father. He . . . Her lashes flickered. "Your mother doesn't know anything about it, does she?"

"No," Linda said. "Perhaps she should. I—I've got to think of that."

Edna pursed her lips. "She was away this summer, wasn't she?"

"In Europe."

Edna said, "Creepers if I was married to a man like Roger I wouldn't go three thousand miles from him! He's got too much of what every woman wants. And a lot of women don't care if there's a 'Taken' tag on a guy like that. They move right in and go after him."

Linda drew her breath sharply. There it was again. The suggestion that Bill had made the night before. She shook it away. It wasn't so.

Edna was fumbling in her bag. "You—you give this back to Roger."

"No," Linda said. "He can afford it and he wants you to have the money. Edna. After all, he does owe you some little gesture for deceiving you."

Edna sighed. She closed the bag. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Linda said, and Edna murmured, "I can't help thinking you shouldn't be too hard on him, honey. He's—uh—in lots of ways he's one swell guy."

Indian summer had come, quietly and completely. New York was almost as hot as it had been in July.

With daylight-saving time over, it was a little disconcerting to note how

quickly it got dark. Linda had brought her bag to the office so that she wouldn't need to go home before going to Grand Central. She got a taxi outside her building, and when she got to the upper level, Bill was waiting for her at the gates to the train.

She hadn't seen him since the night he'd waited for her in the lobby of her apartment house. She still felt hurt and uncertain and the sight of his tall figure only deepened the unhappiness in her.

Bill said, "I got the tickets. Coach is right, isn't it?"

The sound of his voice made Linda's eyes smart. "Yes. There's no use paying Pullman prices for such a short trip."

"But we can still eat in the diner?" He hadn't forgotten.

Linda said, "Yes."

"Good. I'm hungry."

The gates opened, and Bill took her bag and they went down the platform to the long train. As soon as he'd stowed the bags, Bill said, "Could we eat now, Linda?"

She got up from the seat she'd just taken and went ahead of him to the diner. The seats were already filling up at the candle-light tables. The train began to move.

The waiter brought the menus, and Bill said, "It's a nice feeling. Leaving New York for the weekend."

"It was," Linda said. Bill looked at her with his deep-set grey eyes. "You haven't forgiven your father yet, have you? Or me?"

Linda didn't answer, and Bill said, "I promised your father I'd come. I'd like to very much, but if you want me to I can get off at the next station. There's a couple of minutes yet."

"No," Linda said, and Bill nodded. "Then look, Linda, can't you leave it—for the weekend anyhow?"

Linda raised her eyes. She wanted to ask, "Like that? Just turn off what I feel like water from the tap? How can I, Bill, or the things you've said to me? There's my mother, there's my father as I must get used to thinking of him, if I can. There's you—oh, most of all there's you, for you say that all men are alike and you can prove to be like my father. . . ."

But she didn't say that. She didn't say anything, and the water came once more and Bill asked her what she was going to have.

They spoke hardly at all as the train moved northward to Albany. Now and then Bill would ask her what a town was as the lights flashed by. The Hudson gleamed on their left, and Linda wished things were as they had been only a couple of weeks ago. As they had been when she had told Bill that he was coming up with her when her mother got home.

The time passed quickly enough, and when the train slowed for Utica, Linda said, "We're coming in," and Bill rose and reached up for the bags.

The air was soft and warm when they got to the station. Linda looked at the cars in the parking area. She didn't see the family sedan, but suddenly a car tore up, stopping with a squeal of brakes, and Dave yelled, "Hay, Sis!"

Bill laughed, and Linda couldn't help smiling. It was her coupe, the top down and quite full. Dave and Betty Broker were in front and Dan Broker and Arlis Ames in the back.

Dave jumped out and came running to them. His grin was broad. "Timed it just right. Figured we could get in the movies and still make your train."

He looked so proud of himself, so young and happy, that Linda's heart quailed at the thought of his ever knowing about Dad. She said, "This



to my brother Dave. Dave, this is Bill Scarret."

Bill held out his hand, and Dave shook it, looking at Bill almost anxiously. Linda said, "Where are we supposed to sit?"

"In front," Dave said. "Lots of room. We can sit in back. Mum couldn't come. She's over at the club with some guy who came up for the weekend. An Englishman, and he's English!"

"Major Palloran," Linda said, and Dave nodded. "Yeah. He's an artist, but he didn't bring any painting things."

He took the bags from Bill, insisting, "I'll stow them. You and Linda hop in front." He yelled, "Bets, scram in the back, will you?"

"They crossed to the car. Linda introduced Bill and the girls said, 'Hello,' and Dan stammered, 'How do you do, sir?'"

Bill didn't say anything. It was only as Dave stowed the bags and clambered into the back shouting, "Let's go," and Linda said, "The car rolling out to the street that he murmured, 'Sir. Be said 'sir' to me!'"

The bright streets flowed about them, and then they were climbing up into the hills and the darkness was fragrant on all sides and above. In the back there was whispering and giggles.

Bill asked, "How old are they?"

"Dave's eighteen and the others are a year or so younger. Anyhow, Dan is Betsy's sixteen, I think."

Bill said, "They make me feel so old. So—so shapeworn."

Linda turned her face momentarily to him. She couldn't help it. He'd gone through a lot. All the men his age had. She said, "They make me feel old, too."

When she turned in at the gates, the house loomed, nebulous in the dark. Bill said, "It looks nice, Linda."

"It is," Linda said.

She drew the car to a halt in the gravelled drive. Dave said, "Leave it here, Sis. I've got to take the kids home later. I'll take the bags up. Meet you in the kitchen, gang."

The house was quiet and sweet-smelling. Linda took Bill's coat and hat and hung them away in the hall cupboard. He was looking about as the turned. He didn't speak; he just nodded.

In Anna's spick-and-span kitchen the kids were waiting. Dan Broker said, "The cake's in that cupboard?"

"It always has been," Linda said. Dave came running in, and the milk appeared and the huge chocolate layer cake. Bill said, "I haven't seen anything like that in years. You don't suppose that's not meant to be attacked this way, do you?"

"It's special, for anybody who wants a hunk," Dave said.

"Then count me in—definitely," Bill declared.

He sat on the table, swinging his foot while Linda drank her milk slowly. He said, almost with reverence, "What ambrosia!"

"No one can touch Anna for layer cake," Dave said, his mouth full, and there was muffled agreement from the others. Linda saw Bill's glance go around the kitchen, come back to rest on Dave and the kids. He met her glance, and she saw the almost imperceptible shake of his head. "Yes," she thought, "All this in peril . . . because of Dad."

Dan said, "No, you ask him," and Dave said, "Aw" and then as Bill looked up, cake suspended, Dave said, "Dan here says there was a Bill Scarret played tennis for Princeton. Won some tournaments."

"Doubles," Bill said as Linda stared at him. "With a good partner. The Coast boys were too good for me in singles."

Dan said, "There—I told you, Dave," and Dave said, excitedly, "Look, Mr. Scarret, we've got a good court. We raked the leaves off when I got in this afternoon. It'll be in shape by midmorning. Would you—would you play with us tomorrow?"

"I'm pretty rusty," Bill said, "but if you can find me some shoes and a racquet I'll be glad to."

Dave yelped. He said, "Come on, girls—get those glasses washed up. Got to get you all home if we're to be any good tomorrow."

When they were gone the kitchen seemed very quiet. Bill said, "I wish they'd stop mistaking and stirring me, but that's a fine kid brother you've got, Linda. And this house . . ."

He broke off. He said, "Forgive him, Linda. It won't happen again. He said so, and I know it's so. Something like that to jeopardise all this . . ."

"Don't you think I've thought of that?" Linda asked, her voice trembling. "And of you."

"Me?"

"Yes. How can I be sure of you, after what you've said? That you, too, won't go wandering."

Bill said soberly, "No one can be sure of anything in the future. But I love you and you love me. If we hold to that, caring for each other, never letting one another down, how can it ever be anything but right and good?"

"My father . . ." Linda said, and stopped. She shook her head. "We'd better go up. It's late."

When they got upstairs, Linda saw the crack of light under the door of her father's study. She thought, he didn't come down. Purposely. And then she thought of her mother at the club with Major Palloran while Dad was home, alone. It brought the suggestion, insistent, again to her mind, and it would not leave.

**B**ILL SCARRET woke clear-eyed the next morning after a sound, refreshing sleep. The sunlight was streaming through the Swiss curtains of the early-American-furnished room. He glanced at his watch on the night table and saw that it was just past seven. But something had waked him, and he got from bed and went to the open window. The odor of coffee came to his nostrils, and he sniffed hungrily. The sound of voices floated up, and leaning from the window Bill looked past the half-dressed maple and saw Dave and Dan Broker and the two girls, one fair, the other so brunette, busily lining the court.

Bill grinned and went into the bathroom, showered and shaved, came out and got into flannel slacks and a T-shirt. He pulled a sweater over the shirt and went out into the hall. As he passed the room next to his, he saw the brightly polished shoes outside the door. He thought, his grin deepening, "Eight, all right!"

There was no one in the hall below and no one in the bright living room with its deep fireplace. Bill followed the fragrance of the coffee and came into the kitchen.

Linda was seated at the long table, and a little, grey-haired woman with Irish blue eyes was busy at the big stove. It was she who saw Bill. She bobbed a curtsy at him. "Good morning, sir."

Bill said, "Good morning."

Linda turned. She wore a blue cotton dress. Her hair was piled on her head and tied with a blue ribbon. She looked as young as Arla or Betsy, Bill thought, and she smiled at her. "Good morning, Linda."

Her brown eyes were dark. "Good morning. Did you sleep well?"

"Like a top."

Linda said, "Mha, this is Mr. Scarret."

Anna bobbed again, and Bill said, "I enjoyed your cake last night Anna. The best I've ever had."

Anna beamed. "Thank you, sir. Then you'll be ready for your breakfast. Bacon and eggs?"

"Bacon and eggs."

"How many eggs will it be, sir?"

Bill fought with his appetite and lost. "Three?"

Anna smiled delightedly. Bill sat down and Linda poured his orange juice, and as he drank it she rose and went to the stove and poured his coffee.

Anna asked, "Country-style, sir?"

Bill blinked. Linda explained, "The eggs broken over the bacon."

"Country-style," Bill said, reaching for his coffee cup.

A few minutes later, having carefully disposed of the last piece of toast, liberally larded with marmalade, Bill reached into his hip pocket for his pipe and pouch, happily surveyed the fresh cup of coffee before him and turned to find Linda looking at him, her shadowed eyes bemused. He said, "Lord, Linda, if you only knew how wonderful this is."

"I do," Linda said gently. Her eyes turned to the window. "The kids have been out there since seven."

"I know. I saw them from my window."

There was the sound of fresh young voices and all four of them trooped in, dishevelled, flushed, shouting their greetings. Dave said, "We got it lined, but it won't dry until the sun hits it. Be fine by ten."

Bill drew contentedly at his pipe. "I'll have digested the best breakfast in the world by then." He glanced at Linda. "Show me around, will you?"

Linda rose and they went out into the growing warmth of the still day. They walked through the gardens and up the hill behind the house. From the green turf of its treeless crest the city lay below them, and all about the fields and woodland. Bill puffed at his pipe, standing beside Linda. He said quietly, "This is what a man thinks of when he's far away from America. Not the cities, but the green country. The bigness of it and the beauty of it and all the generations of men and women who helped make it what it is. This is what we fought for and will fight for again. This is what we hold on to—because it's something worth holding on to."

Linda looked down at the soft red roof of the house, nestling in its grove of tall trees. "This is where I was born," she said. "The only home I've ever known. Where everything I believed in was—"

Bill turned to her almost fiercely. "It hasn't changed. Don't you see that? It's you. You're growing up, and it's high time. You've been in a child's protected world too long. Nothing's changed but you. No one is perfect—but your father's a fine man."

"You're trying to justify him because he's a man."

"No. And I'm not trying to put the blame on your mother. I believe that is the reason for your father's actions, but I don't say your mother is to blame. It just happened that way."

He turned as a faint halloo came to them. Dave came running up the gentle slope. "The court's dry," he panted. "We've got three hours for play before lunch."

Linda was sitting in the deep chair beside the court, the sun warm on her face, when her father came. He said "Good morning," and sat down beside her. Bill was playing a set against



Dave, and after a moment Mr Vallson said, "Bill's very good, isn't he?"

Linda couldn't quite keep the pride from her voice. "He won some tournaments when he was in college."

She stole a look at her father's face. His eyes were on the play, but Linda could see that he looked tired and drawn. She felt her heart stir, but then she thought of her mother. Doubt struggled within her. But she could not believe it was so. It couldn't be Mum's fault!

The set ended, and Bill smashed a lob deep from the baseline for a placement. He came toward them, shaking his head. He said "Good morning, sir," to Dad and then grinned at Linda. "If there's any luncheon in the house I'll need all of it. Tomorrow I'll be one ache."

He turned as Dave came up, wiping his face. "You've got a good game, Dave. There's a couple of things you need to watch though. Don't wait for the ball to come to you. Go in at it. Take the ball on the rise. And your returns aren't long enough. Shoot for the corners and the baseline. But your service and your volleys are fine."

Dave listened, an acolyte at the master's feet.

Dad said, "How about it, Dave?"

"Go ahead," Bill said. "I'll keep tabs on you."

He stood up, and Linda turned her head and saw her mother coming up the path with Major Falleran beside her. The angular man's head was bent as he spoke, and Mum was smiling.

Linda's eyes darkened. Mum looked up. She said, "Oh, there you are, and came to take Linda's kiss that was for once, a little hesitant."

Linda said, "Mother, this is Bill Scurrett."

Mum smiled prettily. "How do you do, Mr. Scurrett? And this is Major Falleran."

The Major said, "How d'do." He didn't offer to shake hands, but Bill didn't seem to notice. His eyes, Linda saw, were on Mum. He said, "It's very kind of you to have me here, Mrs. Vallson."

"Not at all," Mum said.

Linda looked at her father. He was standing quietly, his face still and courteous.

Mum said, "What a lovely day." She turned to Dad. "Bruce and I are going over to the Kaylers'. Anytime we have lunch with them. You don't want to come, do you, Roger?"

"No," Mr. Vallson said, and Mum added, "We'll be back early. We're all going to the country club for dinner."

She smiled at Bill.

Bill said, "I'm afraid I didn't bring any appropriate clothes, Mrs. Vallson."

"Oh, that's all right," Mum said.

"People dress or not. It's nothing to worry about."

She said, "Come alone then, Bruce."

The Major grunted. They walked away, and Bill went out on to the court to talk to Dan and Dave.

Linda looked up at her father. He sat down again and smiled at her. She said, impulsively, "Dad, Bill said you—that there was a reason."

Her father shook his head. "There was no reason."

"But—but Mum being away and you all alone."

Her father looked out at the bright court. "That would be an excuse, not a reason." His blue eyes met her anxious brown ones. "It won't happen again, Linda, but what I did was of my own doing. If you can forgive me and perhaps forget, that is all I could ask, but I don't want you to seek excuses for me. And I don't want you to let it come between you and Bill. He's a fine lad. I—that would

hurt me more than anything else; make it impossible for me ever to forget."

Bill came back before Linda could say anything more. "I'd better get a hot shower before I stiffen. And what time is it? It's either the air or the exercise, but I'm hollow."

Mr. Vallson said, "It's not quite eleven-thirty. Anna will give you something to stay the course if you'll invade her domain, or if you'd like a drink, I don't mix a bad cocktail, I hear, and that would while away the time until lunch."

"Fine," Bill said. He looked at the court, where Dan and Dave were in the midst of a furious rally. Bill shook his head and moved away with a faint grin.

The kids stayed for lunch, because they wanted all the tennis they could get. It was a merry meal. Linda saw how her father's face grew less tired with all the laughter and the talk about him.

Bill seemed content to grin and listen and devote himself to his food, though when he did speak the kids were worshipfully silent. John waited upon them in his white jacket, and Anna came to the door of the dining-room to be sure that John was serving her food properly. It was the way it had ever been, and yet Linda was conscious of the absence of her mother.

SHE never had been before. Even when she wasn't abroad or visiting out of town, Mum was often away at lunch. She was always going to meetings of cultural groups or little artistic get-togethers. Linda had never thought anything of it, but now she was conscious that Mum was not here. And that Mum was at the Kaylers' with that Major Falleran seemed wrong.

She looked at her father, and then her eyes found Bill's upon her and she looked down at her plate again. But she was beginning to think that perhaps Bill was right; perhaps Edna had been right. And even worse perhaps Mum didn't care any longer for Dad. The thought that the family, so dear to her, was in danger almost made her choke upon her food.

She thought of it while she was dressing, and the more she thought of it the more afraid she became that it was so. When she shook out the folds of her blue dinner dress, and went down to the living-room, Bill was there in his grey suit, his face touched by the sun so that he seemed to shine a little more than usual. Dad was there, wearing a darker grey suit, and Major Falleran was in a deep chair, his hand holding a Scotch and water. He was elegant in his dinner jacket—a little too elegant, in the role of shabby gentility, Linda thought, and then she decided, as the men rose, I'm not being fair to him. I shouldn't dislike anyone for what Mum does or doesn't do—or do.

Bill came up to say, "I'm not sure whether I like you better this way, all grown up, or the way you were today with your hair up and a ribbon in it. But I like you, Linda, and I'm having a grand time."

Linda turned her brown eyes to him, but Bill only smiled at her. He showed her his glass. "Your Dad has some very fine bourbon."

"It's Grandpa Vallson's," Linda said.

"Dad doesn't give it to anyone."

"How about you?" Bill asked, lifting the glass, and Linda said, "I'll have sherry, as usual."

Major Falleran was saying something in his too haw-haw voice when Mum came. She was in white, her bracelets glittering and her eyes as bright. She looked young and lovely, and Linda

couldn't help looking at Dad and seeing the deepness of his gaze as his eyes rested on Mum. It was Major Falleran who said, "Utterly charmin'."

Mum laughed prettily. Dave came in, fresh-scrubbed, to say, "Okay, Dad, on this tie of yours?"

"A little late to ask, isn't it?" Dad said dryly, and Dave grinned.

"You've got good taste, Dad. Can I drive us over?"

Linda sat in front in the family sedan between Dave and Bill. She could see a faint corner of Mum's white in the rear-view mirror. She could hear Falleran's slow drawl and her mother's breathless answers, but her father said nothing all the way to the club.

All during dinner in the well-filled dining-room Linda was too aware of both of her parents. There was a constant stream of people hopping up between courses to come over and talk, but they were definitely in two groups, if one excluded Dave and the much younger crowd. There were the men who stopped to talk quietly to Dad, and there were the women and a few men who bent over her mother and Major Falleran.

Linda looked at Bill, but he did not seem to be aware.

It was later when they were dancing upstairs to the music of the four-piece orchestra, that Bill said, "Your mother is nothing the way I imagined her, and yet somehow she fits the picture."

Linda raised her brown eyes to his. Dave came dancing by with Betsy, very self-conscious in a new red dress, and said, "How's it going? Sweet, hey?"

Linda said, as the music stopped, "Let's go out on to the balcony, Bill."

"Sure," Bill said.

They had hardly stepped out into the cool night before the music started again and Bill said, "You can tell who these dances are run for—the kids. That's the way it should be."

He leaned on the white-painted railings that looked over the small lake before the eighteenth green. Linda said, "Bill," and he turned his head and smiled down at her, once already in hand. "All right, Linda, get it off your chest. You've been glooming all day. Is it still your father?"

Linda said stubbornly, "It may seem childish to you, but I can't help it. You—you suggested that what Dad did might be Mother's fault. You put the idea in my head. I've never thought of it before, but today—her being away all day with Major Falleran and Dad not going—and tonight—the way it is."

"So what?" Bill asked quietly.

"Perhaps it is so. Perhaps she—she drove Dad to it. Perhaps she isn't in love with Dad any more. This Major Falleran."

"Falleran," Bill said. "He's a lion and your mother is delighted with the sensation he's causing. That's all."

"I don't like him."

"You don't have to," Bill said, smoking comfortably. "I don't particularly care for him myself. I've known lots of Englishmen, and this chap isn't representative. I think he's a semi-pro ladies' man who makes a good thing of his Englishness. Maybe it's silly of your mother to be taken in, but she's getting a kick out of it. And anyhow."

He put his arm lightly about her shoulder. "Anyhow even if there is something in it, it's not for you to go bumping in."

"But if Dad and Mother . . ."

"No." His voice was deep and earnest. "Linda, darling, you can't live other people's lives for them—not even your parents'. If—if your father and mother are drifting apart you can be sure your father at least is conscious of it—has been for a long time. You



can't help by making a great to-do because you've lately become aware of it. You won't do any good, and you may do harm."

Linda looked up at him, and Bill bent and kissed her gently. He drew her to him. "Things work themselves out—usually for the best. I know you're upset and worried, but don't go anticipating things. Learn to face facts, but only when they've become facts. The only fact you have is that your Dad did something he is sorry for and won't do again. The rest is mere speculation. Leave it to time and your Dad. And think of yourself and me and of our life in this very unexciting world. Think that I love you very much. That I need you, Linda."

Linda's cheeks were wet as she held up her lips. "Oh, Bill, I can't help it. I don't want anything to happen to them."

"It's not in your hands or mine," Bill said. "It's their life. We can only build our own life."

Linda saw Bill again the following Thursday. He had been out of town on a job, and he called her at the office when he got back.

They met at Salvatore's, with Guido quite speechless with delight at seeing them again. Bill was waiting when Linda got there, and his grey eyes were deep as he looked at her. "Still worrying," he said gravely, and Linda said, "I can't help it, Bill."

Guido brought the cherry and the antipasto, Linda said, "Mother's coming down to shop tomorrow. She's going to be in Poughkeepsie today with Mrs. Sherrill on some sort of meeting, and she'll get an early train to New York. I'm having lunch with her and we're going to take the Wolverine to Utica tomorrow night. Can you come?"

Bill shook his head, regretfully. "I wish I could. You've no idea how much it meant to me to be at that lovely place. But we've got a conference set for Saturday, and that means if we break at one we'll be lucky. I could come up after, but—"

"No," Linda said. "It's too much of a trip for just the one night." She took a sip of wine. "Dave won't be down. There's a game at three; he's asked Betty up for it. I thought, with just us two there and Mum and Dad—"

"It would be grand," Bill said. "Just us two. But the other part should be out, Linda. Leave it alone."

"I can't," Linda said. "I worry so. Something must be done."

"You can't help worrying," Bill admitted. "But, first of all, you can do that's a problem for your dad and mother to work out. It's their problem, just as you and I are our problem." He laid down his fork. "Linda, when are you going to marry me?"

Linda couldn't help it. She felt a shinking within herself. She raised stricken eyes to Bill's face. "I—oh, Bill—I don't want to think about that now."

She saw the way his lips set, and she said quickly, "I'm so upset."

"I know," Bill said. "But it's not your father and mother, is it?"

"It's so many things. Dad and Mum and—the idea of marriage itself. I don't want what I thought it was—not after what has happened and what you've said about it. I can't be sure."

Bill said slowly, "No one can be sure. If I haven't made that clear to you then I've talked a lot to no avail. It's the most important step two people take in all their lives, but you've got to face the fact that there is no guarantee of success. The proof of that is that there are an awful lot of divorces as well as cases of infidelity."

"It's horrible!"

"Yes. But it's better to be aware

that such things exist. When you face up to the realization of such things you're forewarned and forearmed. You don't go into marriage lightly, and when you go into it you determine to work at it and make it succeed."

Linda didn't speak, and Bill leaned across the table. "Don't dwell on the factors against happiness, Linda. Think of the ones in favor." He nodded. "Unless I'm greatly deceived, we're starting off right. I love you and you love me. At least I'm sure of my love for you. I'm sure it is deep enough and strong enough to make our marriage work."

Linda let her breath go. She said, "I love you too, Bill. I'm sure of that, but—"

She put out her hand. "Bill, wait a little while, please."

"I can wait," Bill said quietly, and his hand touched hers lightly as Guido came with the soup.

They went to the movies, walked back to Linda's apartment in the still warmth of the night. In the lobby Linda turned impulsively to Bill. "I had a grand time, darling. If—if there were only we two—nobody else to think of!"

"But there is," Bill said. "We're part of the world as it is. What happens in the world and to the people who make up the world can't help but touch us and affect us. This is the world we were born into; we have to live in it. It's not the happiest possible world, but we can find happiness in it, Linda, if we work at it."

Linda raised her face for his kiss. She said softly, "I do love you, Bill. Be patient with me, please."

Her mother called her the next morning from Grand Central. Linda held the phone in the busy office and heard her mother's youthfully excited voice: "I just got in and I've simply loads of shopping to do. You've no idea how much my wardrobe needs in the way of replacements. Is there anything you want me to get for you, dear?"

"Not a thing," Linda said. "How—how's Dad?"

"Ever so busy. As busy as I am, but I simply had to get into town to shop. I'll meet you for lunch, though. I'll need my lunch, where?"

"Wherever you say," Linda said. "But remember I can't stretch it more than an hour."

"All right. Somewhere near you, then. The St. Regis?"

"That's not very near."

"But it's nice and restful, and I do like to be sure I get a good lunch."

"All right," Linda said. "Twelve-thirty is my lunch-time."

"That will be fine. I'll meet you in the lobby then. Bye, dear."

LINDA set down the phone, sighing. Surely there couldn't be anything between Mum and that Major Fullerton. Mum couldn't be the way she was if there were. But then Linda remembered how deceived she had been about her father.

Mrs. Vailson looked very attractive in her brown velvet, mink scarf, and tiny velvet hat when she came into the lobby of the St. Regis. As Linda rose she felt again—perhaps for the last time—that sense of being very young.

Mum's brown eyes were bright as she kissed Linda and swept her toward the dining-room. The headwaiter ushered them to a table; a captain came with the big menus. Mum stripped her gloves, said, "Order me a salad, dear. Strangely enough, I did put on two pounds this summer. Fruit, I think."

Linda ordered. Her mother signed happily, smiling. "I think it's shopping that makes one realise the difference between America and the rest of the

world. Oh, you can get luxury things abroad, but they certainly are luxuries. The prices are frightful." She took a sip of water, her eyes dancing. "It's a good thing I've my own bank account. When the charges come in for what I've already bought this morning they'll be frightful, and there's still most of the afternoon to go."

Linda couldn't help smiling, herself. She looked at her mother with older, more objective eyes. She never had considered her mother as a woman, but she did now. She thought Mum's really a good deal of an innocent. She's terribly attractive and somewhat vain—but innocent.

Mrs. Vailson perked her head to one side. "What are you thinking in that deep mind of yours, Linda?"

"That you're a very attractive woman."

Mrs. Vailson actually blushed and looked pleased. "Linda, what a nice thing for you to say! You're much prettier than I ever was at your age, but you know that. And more clever, truly."

The captain served the salad. Mum said as they ate, "I didn't get a chance to tell you last weekend, but I think your Bill is ever so nice. Quite the impressive young man. A little frightening, but then, you get used to seeing very intense young men these days. As if they had all the weight of the world on their shoulders."

"They have," Linda said.

Mum looked at Linda. "Are you serious about Bill?"

"Yes."

"Well, he does seem to be quite eligible. Are you engaged?"

"Not yet."

"Plans?"

"Not yet," Linda said again, and her mother exclaimed, "Well, darling, if you're serious about Bill and he about you, why on earth not? Surely you've talked about marriage?"

"We've talked about a lot of things."

"Including marriage?"

"Including marriage. But we—we haven't set upon any definite time. It depends upon a lot of things."

"What is there to think about? If you and Bill are in love, the only thing you should be thinking about is marriage."

"Mum, what is marriage?" Linda asked.

Her mother's eyes widened. "What an odd question!"

"Perhaps. But what does marriage mean—to you, for instance?"

A little pucker appeared in Mum's smooth forehead. "Why, Linda, it—why, when a man and a girl fall in love and know they really care for each other, it's natural for them to want to be married. When they've a lot in common and agree on most things, they should marry. It means instead of living each their separate lives they join in one life. They work together for their common good, and they have children, because Society is based upon the family. They bring their children up to be decent citizens and see them successfully launched upon lives of their own."

Linda sighed. "Like you and Dad?"

"Yes, of course." Mrs. Vailson's red lips made a soft O. "Linda, what on earth is bothering you? You—you're so odd."

"Lots of things," Linda said.

Her mother said seriously: "Darling, you know your father and I have never interfered in your life or Dave's. We've brought you up to think and act for yourselves. We've tried to show you right and wrong, but we haven't dictated to you any more than we have to one another."



Linda felt a sense of helplessness. She said softly: "Yes, I know, Mum."

The waiter whisked away the salad plates. The captain came with the menus. Mrs. Vallson said: "I'm not having dessert. You, Linda?"

Linda shook her head and lifted her coffee cup. The captain said: "Bon, madame," and went away. Mrs. Vallson gathered her gloves, still looking perturbed. "Darling, if it's Bill . . . if you're not sure you love him."

"I'm sure about that," Linda said. Mrs. Vallson smiled. "Then stop worrying. That's all that matters, truly." She lifted her hand to the captain. "L'addition, please." She looked at her diamond wrist watch. "There—it's barely a quarter past one. I'll have a good two hours' more shopping. Then I'm dropping up to see Bruce Falleran's studio."

Linda said quickly: "Alone?"

Marian Vallson laughed. "Linda, you sound just like a Victorian mother. Bruce makes friends easily, and artists always have people dropping into their studios in the afternoon. Would you like to come?"

"I can't," Linda said. "I leave the office with only time enough to get to Grand Central." Her lashes flickered as she studied her mother's amused face. "Mum, what do you know about Major Falleran?"

A dimple appeared in her mother's smooth cheek. "A lot, surprisingly. He's an artist and an Englishman. He served with distinction in the war, and he's having a difficult time because of the restrictions the English Government places on taking funds out of England. But he came over with a commission to paint at least one portrait, and he'll get others. In fact, I—I'm thinking of having my portrait done. I really should, don't you think?"

"Yes. But Major Falleran—You met him on the Baronsia, didn't you?"

"Yes. He was kind to me, and there wasn't any reason why he should be. He's very nice and rather helpless, the way a lot of creative people are."

She took out her billfold and laid down some bills, closed her bag, and rose. "You won't come?"

"I can't."

Her mother nodded. "Then I'll see you at the station. I'll buy the tickets."

In the lobby she kissed Linda. "It was nice, but I'll be glad when you're no longer a working girl. Then we can have all the time we want to lunch and shop together." She said: "I've got to rush if I'm to get to Best's and McCutcheon's." She smiled. "Such lovely liners. I'll be buying some for you soon. I hope. Bye, dear."

She went blithely through the revolving doors, leaving a faint scent of perfume behind her. Linda went out into the street and turned toward the Avenue. She couldn't help it. She didn't like the idea of her mother going to Bruce Falleran's studio. . . .

Marian Vallson shopped happily. She was in McCutcheon's, looking interestedly at pastel-colored linens, when she glanced at her watch and found it was almost four.

She finished up quickly and went out into the fall sunshine. She found a cab and gave the driver the address. She sat back thinking about the things she had bought with pleasure, of seeing Bruce Falleran, and thinking, a little worriedly, but not too much so, about Linda.

It must be Bill Scarlett, Marian was certain. She would have to talk to Roger about Bill, but he seemed a very nice young man and probably it was only the usual just-in-love adjustments that were bothering Linda.

When the cab stopped Marian paid

the driver and got out. A shop window bore the number of Bruce's address; an entry was beside it, small and dark. Marian went in somewhat doubtfully. She looked at the names in the unpainted brass letterboxes. She saw Bruce's name, taken from one of his cards, and she pressed the button.

Almost immediately the door clicked. Marian pushed it open and went in. A flight of dusty stairs led upwards, the only light coming from a skylight two floors above. Marian went up the stairs, thinking sympathetically that it wasn't much of a place for poor Bruce to have to live and work in.

She was breathing a little rapidly from the unaccustomed climbing when she reached the second floor. As she looked around a door opened, and Bruce Falleran said: "Marian, you did come."

He threw the door wide and took her hand in both of his. He was freshly barbered, and he wore a flamboyant velvet jacket and a white shirt with a black artist's tie. It somehow didn't quite fit in. He drew Marian inside and closed the door.

MARIAN looked around. It was a big room, but what struck her was that it was more than dusty—it was dirty. One side of the room, where there was a couch and a curtained alcove, was almost in darkness, unlighted. The northern half of the room was lighted by a roof of opaque glass, and there was a platform with a stool and some draperies, and on the floor beneath was an easel, quite empty.

Bruce Falleran said: "Let me take your gloves and purse. Take off your hat, do, Marian."

Marian let him take her gloves and bag. She said: "I can't stay very long. I'm meeting Linda at Grand Central."

Falleran came to her. "You're not staying in town? I thought we could have dinner together."

"I'm sorry," Marian said, "but I'm only up for some shopping."

Falleran waved a long-fingered hand. "There will be other times." His pale blue eyes, which Marian could see in the unobscured light of the skylight, were veiled in tiny red lines. "You look lovely, as you always do."

"Thank you," Marian said.

She sat down on a round, Thirteenth Century chair. It had a brocaded covering on the seat, but it wasn't comfortable. She said: "I—I'm the first?"

He looked at her. Marian said: "You're other people coming, haven't you?"

His fascinating ugly head moved. Not today. I didn't want anyone else here when I knew you were coming." He drew a stool and sat down before her. "It seems a awfully long time since last I saw you."

Marian swallowed. She had never heard Bruce Falleran talk like this. She was aware of the faint odor of whisky that emanated from him, mixed with the reek of tobacco, but she knew he wasn't intoxicated.

She said, looking about: "What are you working on now?"

"Nothing. It takes time. I've three commissions already, but I have to wait upon the convenience of the sitters." His shoulders lifted. "One of the penalties of being a portrait painter."

"But this Mrs.—what was her name? The one whose portrait you came to paint?"

"Devena," Falleran said. "Still at her country home in Massachusetts. There's some people I met the other night. The woman is hopeless, but I've agreed to do her." He bent closer.

"I'd much rather paint you, Marian. A man must have some inspiration."

Marian was thinking that the name Devena didn't sound like the name of the woman Bruce Falleran had mentioned on board ship.

Falleran said, "An artist must be inspired. To paint a really great portrait there should be a spark between artist and subject—as there is between you and me, Marian."

Marian stared. "A—a spark?"

He smiled at her, his mouth grotesque. "A spark. Ever since I first saw you on the Baronsia, I knew you were destined to be the woman whose beauty I would make immortal."

Marian could only gasp as he reached to take her limp hand. "Posterity will couple our names like those of Goya and his Duchess. Our love will cast its light on every stroke of my brush."

Stunned, Marian could only gasp. "Love?"

"Love," Falleran said. "You know it is so, Marian."

Marian was aware that she had made the oddest of sounds, but Bruce Falleran did not seem to notice. He jumped up, the tie flaring. He said: "It will be something perfect; something that belongs only to us. No one shall know." He clutched the lapels of the velvet jacket between thumbs and fingers. "We shall meet here, like this, and when you are gone from me I shall paint these foolish women whose portraits mean nothing to me but what they pay. But you and I—I shall give you everything, Marian."

Marian couldn't get up. Her knees felt weak. She said "I think you're mad."

Bruce Falleran stooped to peer at her. "Mad? Oh, no, Marian, they will pay me—a lot. You won't have to give me scarcely a penny more."

"You are mad," Marian said, and got up quivering with anger and humiliation.

Falleran came to her, his angular head to one side. "Marian . . ." He put out his hands.

Marian said tensely, "If you touch me I'll scream this place down."

"But you love me," his bewilderment was sincere. "Why else should you be here? Why else should you have given me money?"

"I lent it to you," Marian said. "It was a loan. Because I was sorry for you. Because I thought you were a poor, helpless innocent and I wanted to help you. And I thought you accepted the money in the same spirit it was given—as a loan, from—from a friend."

"A friend?" She could see his narrowed eyes, the slit of his mouth. "A man and a woman—a woman on the loose—don't come together through altruistic sentiment." He shook his head. "Oh, no, you knew very well that it was adventure you were seeking, and I as well. Why else would you be alone, travelling like that? And you've no use for your husband. Remember I've been at your home. I've eyes."

Marian could only gasp. "You're crazy! I—I've never been unfaithful to my husband."

Falleran stared at her blankly. "You've travelled abroad, again and again by yourself. You've made yourself pleasant to men, given them money as you did to me, and you tell me you—you're chaste as Caesar's wife?"

Marian turned and caught up her gloves and bag. As she straightened, she saw that Falleran was barring the door. She felt a tremor of fear as he glared at her.



She didn't move. Falleran said, "I can't believe it, but it may be as you say. I've heard of your kind of woman, but I've never met one before, and I've met many women."

"What—what kind of women?" Marian stammered.

Falleran's lip curled. "A kind of woman almost unique to America. A European woman would no more think of arousing interest in a man with no intention of carrying on than she would of appearing in public without completing her toilette."

Marian stepped back as he nodded, gesturing. His voice was sharp with contempt. "Yes, I can see it now. The sort of American wife who is looked upon by all as admirable. Who chases culture and cheats on her husband."

He said loudly as Marian's cheeks flamed, "I don't mean cheating in the sexual sense, but in the worse form. You pride yourself on not having ever taken up with another man; you consider yourself as a faithful wife and a good mother, but you're nothing of the sort. You're a deluded, culture-crazy creature with not enough emotion in you to warrant calling you a woman. You can't be normal if you can leave your husband for months at a time and not wonder or care if he's being faithful to you."

His teeth showed in a grin that had no mirth in it. "If the man isn't a damn fool he's found warmer arms than yours to comfort him which shouldn't be hard at all."

He reached back and thrust open the door. "I seldom misjudge my women but I have this time. I consider your 'loan,' small repayment for wasting my moments upon you."

The sound of his voice followed Marian as she stumbled down the stairs. She was almost blind with anger and shame. She couldn't think straight — she could only think that this man—this adventurer—had dared to talk to her in such a manner.

She was standing beside her bag near the open gates of the train when Linda came running across the marble floor. Linda panted, "I'm sorry, Mum. I got held up."

Marian didn't answer. The man at the gates called "All aboard."

Linda picked up her mother's bag, tucking her purse under her arm. "You got the tickets?"

Mrs. Vallson turned glazed eyes on her daughter. "I — yes."

"Come on then—we'll just make it."

The train began to move as soon as the porter had finished stowing their bags. Linda relaxed in her chair and turned to her mother. "I didn't think I was going to make it. The taxi got stuck in traffic and I got out and ran the last block."

She took it her mirror and looked at herself. She turned her eyes to her mother. Mrs. Vallson was looking blankly before her as the train bumped over the frogs in the tunnel. Linda said, "Mum, what's wrong?"

"I—I've a splitting headache."

"Shopping," Linda said. She opened her bag, found what she sought, and reached to press the button to summon the porter. "Here's a headache tablet." She said to the porter as he came up, "A cup of water, please."

When the porter had brought the water, Linda said, "Close your eyes and try to relax. You shouldn't try to do too much—not in New York. It can't be done."

Mrs. Vallson's head moved. Linda's eyes widened, her silky lashes lifting. "You didn't get to Major Falleran's studio?"

She saw her mother's lips tremble. Mrs. Vallson's voice was a mere reed. "Yes, for—for just a moment."

Her eyes opened, and Linda saw the disturbance in them. She felt her breath catch. Mrs. Vallson said, "He — he is a horrible person, Linda. I'm so ashamed and shocked I thought — an Englishman."

She didn't go on. Linda said, "Bill said Major Falleran wasn't at all representative of the Englishmen he's known." She leaned forward. "Do you want to tell me about it?"

Her mother's head shook, and Linda said, "Just rest, then. It's — it's not your fault if the man turned out to be a rotter. It's lucky you found out."

Linda got up and went back into the dining car.

As she ate her dinner with the October dusk flushed by suburban lights outside she thought, I wonder what did happen Mum's had an awful shock.

John met them at the station. He took the bags from the porter as Linda and her mother came down the steps. Linda said, "You shouldn't have waited up, John. We could have got a taxi."

"No trouble," John said equably, following them to the sedan. He held the door, then put the bags up front and got behind the wheel. As he drove through the city he said, "Mr. Roger had to go to a meeting tonight. Political. Said to tell you he was sorry he couldn't meet the train, and he'd be in late. Big things, I guess."

Linda did not speak. It was her mother who said, surprisingly, "Did he have his dinner, do you know?"

**J**OHNSON looked into the rear-view mirror, his eyes started. "Why, sure he did, Miss Vallson. He come home for dinner. Didn't eat much, though. Anna made him a chop."

Linda heard her mother's sigh.

At the house, Linda saw how white and tired her mother looked. She said, "Mum, go on up and take your bath. I'll get you something to eat."

"I don't want anything," Mrs. Vallson said as she moved to the stairs.

"You're going to have soup and toast and tea," Linda said firmly. "You know what you've always told me about not eating for hours. You've had nothing since lunch, and then only a salad. You go on up."

She hung away her coat and hat, went to wash. Anna's kitchen was bright and deserted. John came in to look at her questioningly. Linda shook her head. "Go along to bed, John."

John said, "Good night, Miss Linda."

Alone in the kitchen, Linda moved about, assembling the tray, the napery and cutlery. She found the pot of soup in the pantry and ladled some into a saucepan. Anna always had soup on hand. She waited for it to heat, set some water on for the tea. When she had poured the soup into the cup and made the tea in the small pot, she set about making the toast.

Her mother was in bed in her room when Linda pushed open the door with her shoulder and carried in the tray. She dropped the legs of the bedtray and set it before her mother. "Now you eat your soup before it gets cold," she ordered.

She drew up a chair and sat down beside the bed. Mrs. Vallson looked at her with uncertain eyes, and then picked up the spoon. Linda got up to pour the tea, nodding as she saw that her mother was really eating, not just pretending. "That's better."

She sat down again. Her mother finished the soup, ate some buttered toast, and lifted her teacup. Over the rim her eyes met Linda's. She said,

in that reed of a voice, "Linda, I have been a good mother, haven't I?"

Linda didn't smile. She considered the question soberly. "Yes, I think you have, Mum. I've no remembrance of being slighted or neglected. You—you were always there when I needed you."

"Thank you." Her mother's lips moved. "That man said the most awful things to me." Her lashes swept up. "I—I've been a good wife to your father."

Linda clasped her hands in her lap. "I'm not capable of judging, Mum. You've left him alone quite a bit these past years. Maybe he's been lonely."

She saw the worry that filled her mother's eyes. "But there isn't I mean, he—he hasn't become interested in anyone else."

Linda's throat was tight, but all she could say was, "I guess he's taken other women to dinner."

Her mother looked at her. "Why shouldn't he? I've had dinner with other men—lots of times—but that doesn't mean I've been interested in them, improperly."

Linda got up and stooped to take the tray. The moment had gone and she found herself glad that she had said no more than she had. She said, "You get some sleep." At the door she turned. "I'm glad you found out about that Major Falleran. Now you can forget him."

In the kitchen she washed up and put the tray and dishes away. As she came out into the hall she heard the sound of a car pulling away. She turned and went up the hall to the door as it opened and her father came in.

He looked at her, standing tall and quiet. "I'm sorry I couldn't meet your train. Bill didn't come."

"He couldn't. He has to be at the office tomorrow."

She took his coat and hung it away. "Do you want anything, Dad?"

He shook his head. In the dim light he looked at her, and what he saw must have reassured him, for he smiled. "I'll go up, Linda. Is your mother in her room?"

"She's in bed," Linda hesitated.

"Dad, she—she's upset."

He turned to her, and Linda saw his face. She said quickly, "She went to see that Major Falleran today and he must have been very unpleasant."

Deep concern was in his voice. "She isn't harmed?"

"Just upset. I don't know what happened, but he must have said things to her that were horrible." She said, "Mum—Mum's pretty much of an innocent in some ways, isn't she?"

Her father's smile was faint. "I'm afraid of clever women, Linda." He made as if to touch her; then, remembering, his hand dropped to his side. "Don't worry. Goodnight."

Impulsively Linda went to him and stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "I love you both so much," she whispered.

Her father's hand touched her cheek. "Thank you, my dear," he said. "Thank you very much."

The early morning was crisp, brown and gold when Linda came downstairs. It was not yet eight o'clock, but in the kitchen John and Anna had already eaten breakfast. As Linda came in Anna nodded, smiling, and said, "It's good you're home, Miss Linda. I miss that scamp about and the rest of them making such good noise."

"He'll be back next week-end," Linda said.

"And Mr. Scarret, too, I hope. He's a fine young man, Miss Linda. Sit you down, do, and I'll have your breakfast in a jiffy."

"I think I'll go over to the club and play some golf," Linda said.



Anna set the eggs and bacon before Linda. "John will take you over and bring you back. There's not much he has to do these days."

"All right," John said imperturbably. "I'll take you, Miss Linda. Your clubs, I'm thinking, are in the locker."

He went out. Linda said, "Anna, take breakfast up to mother. She wasn't feeling too well last night."

"I'll let her sleep, an' your father as well. Do them both good. Then they'll both get a solid breakfast."

Linda got up. "All right, I'll be back before lunch. I'm only going to play nine holes."

"You take your time," Anna said. "After that city dirt and air it will do you good to clear your lungs."

A good hour later Marian Vaillon woke as Anna opened the door and came in with the breakfast tray. The sight of it made Marian smile, and then remembrance flowed over her and her hand went to her throat. She said, "Is Mr. Vaillon up?"

"John just took in his breakfast as I'm bringing yours," Anna said. She set down the tray. "Eat your eggs while they're hot. Mr. Vaillon, for Irish blue eyes were critical. 'It's a good rest here at home you need, I'm thinking. Gadding about that Europe takes it out of you.'"

When Anna was gone, Marian drank her coffee but barely touched anything else. What Major Falleran had said was still upon her. It would not let her be. It worried her nagging at her, and finally she got out of bed and went into her bathroom. She came back and carefully brushed her curly hair with its white forelock. She touched her lips with red, got out her new green silk negligee, and with nervous fingers fastened it.

She opened the door and went out into the hall. The door of Roger's bedroom was open, but he was not in it and Marian went along to the study. She opened the door and went in. Roger was seated at his desk, looking at some papers, and the morning sunlight fell across the breakfast tray.

He got to his feet quickly. "Good morning, Marian."

Marian sat down in the big chair, her hands folded against the trembling that seized her.

He reached for a cigarette, lighted it. His blue eyes were gentle as he looked at her.

Marian moistened her lips. "Roger, I—I've been very foolish."

He didn't speak his eyes calm upon her.

Marian said, "About Major Falleran."

He still said nothing, and Marian went on with a rush. "I met him on board ship. He—he seemed very nice. Sort of ineffectual and—and helpless. He was one of our group, and he told me about himself. That he was coming to New York to execute some painting commissions. But he didn't have much money because the Government won't let English people take much out of the country. And so I—I loaned him some. Five hundred dollars. I thought even if he couldn't pay it back I could perhaps have him paint my portrait instead."

Roger nodded. Marian went on, flinching from the remembrance. "Yesterday after shopping I went up to his studio. I thought there would be other people there. There weren't, and he—he seemed to think I'd come because I—I was enamored of him. When I told him he was mad, he was furious. He said the most awful things to me. And—and I won't get my money back."

Roger shook his head. "It's a small price to pay for finding out about this man. I'm sorry he disappointed you so."

Marian made a small fierce gesture. "Oh, him! He doesn't matter. It's what he said about me. That—that I'm worse than a cheating wife and that you—you'd be a fool if you haven't already found—found warmer arms than mine."

She looked up at him. "Roger, it isn't so, is it?"

"The warmer arms?" He shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm no more the adventurous type than you are, Marian. But there is one thing: I have been taking women out to dinner while you were gone."

"What of it?" Marian said. "There's no reason why you shouldn't. I said so to Linda."

"Linda," Roger said. "But that's it, Marian. A couple of weeks ago I had dinner with a young woman I'd met at a cocktail party. She had some friends come to join us. The friends turned out to be Linda and Bill. He met her wide eyes and nodded. 'And the worst of it is that I hadn't told this girl my real name.' He shrugged. 'A name of guilt, I suppose, though . . .'"

He broke off.

Marian asked, hushed, "Was—is she pretty?"

"Very. And a nice girl."

"Do you—do you care for her?"

Roger smiled. "I'd only met her. It was something pleasant to do."

Marian's eyes were bricked. "Because you—you were lonely. Because I was away?"

"Perhaps. Probably so. I know that if you were here I'd rather have been with you."

Marian rose. She looked at him with wet eyes. "Oh, Roger. I have failed you, haven't I? I've taken you so much for granted." She put her hand on his arm. "But I do love you. No matter what that horrible man said it is so. Maybe I'm not—not demonstrative, but I do love you and only you."

The tiny lines about Roger Vaillon's eyes crinkled with his smile. He said gently, "And I love you and only you, Marian. Perhaps we've both been too considerate of each other, letting each go his own way."

"No," Marian said. "It's my fault. He was right about that. I shouldn't have left you so." She held to his sleeve. "And it would have been much more fun with you. It isn't fun being a woman alone. I know that now."

Her eyes met his. "I love going abroad and seeing things, but I'll never go again without you." Her voice strengthened. "Roger . . ."

For a moment he looked down at her, and then his arms enfolded her and his lips were warm on hers.

Roger Vaillon laughed, softly. He said, "Marian, let's get out of here. Let's drive out somewhere, anywhere, just us two."

Marian's lips parted. "Oh, yes! Let's. And we don't have to worry about getting back. We could take a bag and perhaps stay somewhere overnight."

Roger's eyes were bright. "Half an hour?"

"I'll be ready." She started for the door.

It was just a little after eleven when Linda boled out on the ninth green and after changing went to find John who was to drive her home.

John said, "Come in the station wagon. Mr. Roger and Miss Vaillon got the car."

Linda climbed into the battered station wagon that was John's haul-all. "Where did they go?"

"Don't know."

"Will they be back for lunch?"

"Didn't tell me nothing," John said cheerfully. "Anna c'n tell you if there's anything to be told."

In her kitchen, Anna smiled and ducked her head at Linda. "Yes, they've gone. Went around ten. Mr. Roger said, 'If we're not back for dinner don't worry about us.'"

"Off on a lark, I'm sure, for they looked like two kids. And they took a bag with them. Like they knew they wasn't coming back tonight," Anna added.

Linda felt her heart leap. She said, "Oh, I'm glad, Anna. Did they leave any word for me?"

"No." Anna's wise eyes met Linda's. "Why should they? You're not a baby any longer, Miss Linda."

Linda went on up the stairs to her room. She had a sense of hurt that they hadn't left her any word, but then she realized that that was as childish as Anna had intimated.

She let her breath go. Mum must have told Dad. They must have had a good talk and all was right between them now. Else they wouldn't have gone off like this—forgetting even her.

That sense of hurt still lingered, and Linda considered it, and the sound of Bill's voice came to her. What Bill would say—what he had said. It was their life—her father's and her mother's. A part of their life in which no one else had place—not even Linda or Dave. And it was right that it should be so. Thinking of Bill, Linda knew it for truth.

She heard the sound of the grandfather clock in the hall striking the noon hour. The feet taces reverberated through the empty house. It made her feel alone and suddenly she was aware that she wanted Bill. That she needed him.

She crossed the hall to her father's study. She picked up the phone and called Western Union and gave the message. She said, "It's to go to both those addresses. You'll be sure of that?"

When she had put down the phone, she went back to her room and dressed quickly and packed her bag. She went to the kitchen. Anna looked around from the stove. "I won't be able to stay for lunch," Linda said. "I'm going back to town. I'm taking the 1.10. Can John drive me?"

"He can," Anna said.

Linda swallowed. "I—I'm going to meet Mr. Scarret. He and I . . ." She broke off and then said in a rush, "We're going to be married soon, Anna."

"Here?"

"Of course."

"Now glory be," Anna said, and came to hug Linda. "A wedding in the house. Isn't that fine now?"

Bill was waiting when Linda came up the ramp from the train. He moved to her as if the people about did not exist. He took the bag from her hand and drew her aside. He looked down into her face and nodded. "Everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes," Linda said. "They—oh, it's fine, Bill."

"Good," Bill said, his eyes still on her face, his hand on her arm. "And us, Linda?"

"And us," Linda said.



## THE THANKFUL HEART

By HERBERT A. FRANCIS

DAN turned his car onto the Shore Road, and the familiar smell of the salt marshes rushed in to him. The dampness clung to his face and hands like the returning ghost of his childhood.

He rolled up the car window, shivering. And then he felt his wife's hand on his arm, heard her slightly drowsy voice at his shoulder. "You all right, Dan?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I'm not. I hate this deal and I wish I didn't have to do it."

Along the roadside his car lights picked out the holly, the scrub pine, the scraggly cedar trees growing in the sandy soil. A lifetime ago—was it only twenty-six years since he had been a child here?—he had played with the pine cones that fell on this soil, made whistles out of the marsh grass, and held the pointed holly leaves between his fingers, blowing them so they'd spin like pin wheels. But he'd stopped being a child that year he was ten: the year his mother had died of a heart attack—no he corrected himself of overwork.

"You could have written to your father," his wife said. "We didn't have to drive all this distance to tell him about selling the house. But you're right: it seems easier to tell him. Besides, he shouldn't have to be alone on Thursday evening."

A flurry of dry leaves whirled against the car. "My mother used to say," Dan said, "that the simplest things were hardest. She tried to tell my father that. But he was always so easy-going. He'd never send bills to patients, and then when his own bill piled up, he couldn't pay the rent."

He broke off, embarrassed at the emotion that had come into his voice. It surprised him that he still felt so strongly, after all these years, so un-reconciled and intense as if it had happened only yesterday. "A doctor has to think of his family as well as his patients," he said more to himself than to Laura. "The farmers around here don't make much money, it's true. But they'd have gladly paid what they could afford, if Dad had only sent them their bills."

They were fine people, his father's patients. They had loved his mother, too. After she died, they had watched his father fade and grow older.

At the fork in the road Dan turned left into Mill Harbor. Hiram Whittaker's business building loomed into view, its lights still burning into the crisp November night. The same rusty sign was still there: H. Whittaker, General Store, Fine Groceries, Real Estate.

"Well, we're here," Dan said reluctantly. He stopped the car and reached into his coat pocket for the letter Hiram had written about the offer on the house. A chemical firm wanted to buy the property for a new plant site, and was offering more money than Dan had paid for the house when he'd bought it four years ago. He'd bought it outright then, because his father was always falling behind in the rent and Dan was always having to pay it any-

way. Now he considered that with the money he'd get from the sale he could do a lot to take care of his father, who was getting so old he ought to be giving up his practice. The problem was to get his father to agree.

He opened the car door, waiting for Laura to get out and come in with him. The wind whipped her tweed coat back against her body, and for a moment she stood looking at Dan. Her eyes, which were blue and candid in the daylight, looked troubled. "You're worrying over this more than you would over a major operation, Dan," she said. "You're doing the best you can."

He nodded, looking toward the shabby little real-estate office. He had made the decision to sell the house as he had made so many in the operating room, weighing the odds on both sides, trying to be realistic and do what was best in the long run. "No choice, really," he said now. "We can take care of him better in town. No telling what might happen if we just let him keep on living out here alone, at his age."

The wind carried the smell of wood smoke now, and it blew the dry, rustling leaves around their feet as they went up the walk to Hiram Whittaker's office.

HIRAM WHITTAKER was sweeping the floor of the real-estate office that adjoined his store. Dan felt a moment's shock at the white in Hiram's hair and the stoop of his shoulders. Hiram was almost Dan's father's age, and yet when Dan had been a child neither of them had seemed as if they could ever grow old.

"Well, well, Dan Murphy," Hiram said. "I miss, Dr. Dan. Didn't think you'd get here tonight, now it's so late just about getting ready to close up for the night."

"Kept pretty busy at my job," Dan said as Hiram came forward to speak to Laura.

Hiram's gaze moved over Dan, and Dan realised how much he must have changed from the stocky blond kid who used to work for Hiram Whittaker, delivering groceries on his bicycle. He still had something of the country boy about his looks.

But the city had changed something inside him—and he wasn't quite sure he was glad. It had given him a professional polish, a brisk handshake, a manner that didn't allow patients to impose on too much of his limited time, even while he gave them the best medical care his experience could offer.

"Well, you must want to know what I intend to do about selling the house, Hiram," Dan said.

"You'll be making a good move," Hiram pointed out. "If you close on the deal right now, your father's getting no younger. Nobody to take care of him out there, except the neighbors. Every man ought to retire sometime . . ."

Hiram was leaning through a stack of papers on his desk.

"That's up to him," Dan said crisply. "The way I figure it, Dad can share my office in town if he wants to. He can come in when he feels up to it, and take it easy on days when he doesn't."

"Sounds good enough to me," Hiram agreed, but his eyes were averted as if he were holding something back. "I've got the chemical people's signature right here," he said, removing the t.p. from his inkwell, "and if you want to sign, we can close the deal now."

Dan picked up the pen and dipped it. Then, slowly, he laid it aside. "It seems fairer to talk to Dad about it first," he said. "It's the best thing for him, of course, but I've got to make Dad see it that way himself. We'll discuss it tonight and I'll sign the papers tomorrow."

His father wasn't at home when they drove up. He had left the door unlocked in that haphazard way he had—never looking behind, but hurrying from case to case as if each patient were his first and last.

He'd left the garage doors open wide when he'd backed out his old car, and one door sagged dangerously on a broken hinge, banging in the wind. Dan got out to look at it. The place had gone to rack and ruin, the driveway overgrown with weeds, a garage window broken. "This door could fall down on him," he told Laura as he tried to do a temporary repair job on the broken hinge. "He never took any care of himself or of this place. And he won't get better from now on. He'll get worse."

Laura took a deep breath of the crisp country air. She pulled off her hat and shook her red hair loose. "The stars are so clear and bright out here," she said, walking across the yard. "And there's such a lot of air. But it is pretty far from this place to the next house. He's alone out here."

When they opened the kitchen door and stepped inside, the smell of the old house was familiar to Dan, and somehow deeply disturbing.

The stove was burning, keeping his dinner warm.

"Oh, Dan, he didn't eat his dinner," Laura said, "and it's nine o'clock and everything's all dried up." She turned to look at him, and he knew she was thinking of other dinners—dinners that he himself had left untouched.

Laura had started coffee perking on the stove, and she looked around, listening to the sound of a car.

The car door slammed after a moment, and they heard tired but determined footsteps on the path. Then old Dr. Murphy was in the kitchen with them.

"Well, well," he said, looking flushed and a little confused, "didn't think you two would make it tonight. I left here about seven to go out on a case in Pleasantville. Farmer with a case of pneumonia out there, wants to get up and get out before he's well. He took off his steel-rimmed glasses and began wiping them as he discussed the case with Dan. His old eyes were still remarkably blue but his face looked thin and tired."



"Better sit down," Dan said. "Get a cup of coffee inside you and have your dinner."

For a moment, his father looked as if he hadn't heard. And then he said, "Coffee smells good, Laura, but I think I'll skip dinner. Not hungry."

"You waited too long," Dan said. But he wasn't quite sure that was why his father was no longer hungry. He wondered for a moment whether it was excitement at seeing Laura and himself after nearly a year. Or was it something deeper? His father's glance was troubled and almost accusing.

The old man gulped down the coffee Laura set before him, and his weathered hand, which could be so steady when he read a thermometer, shook as he set down the cup. I can't tell him about selling the house tonight, Dan thought. I'll tell him tomorrow after he's had a good night's rest.

But in the morning, there wasn't time. Dan had forgotten that even on Thanksgiving Day his father kept office hours as usual. Several patients came and went. The neighbors came too, bringing their simple tributes: homemade mince pies, a turkey gull warm in its big old-fashioned roasting pan. Some of the neighbors Dan remembered. Other faces were new. But in all of them he felt a strange reserve; they spoke to him with a shyness he had not remembered.

It was three by the time they sat down to Thanksgiving dinner. When we've finished, Dan thought, I'll tell him about the house. That will be the time.

They were halfway through dinner when the telephone rang. His father got up to answer it, pushing his chair back with a scrape that was as much a part of meals in this house as grace before eating.

"It's the Quimby boy," his father said, coming back into the dining room. "Tell out of the hayloft. Sounds like a compound fracture from what they could tell me." He glanced at his half-finished meal, reluctantly, and then folded his napkin neatly beside his plate and started to walk away.

Dan pushed his own chair back with a scrape that was louder and more determined. "Finish your dinner," he told his father. "I'm taking that call. That sky looks like snow, and I know how far it is out to the Quimbys."

His father turned back with a wry smile. "So you think you know how to set a compound fracture, do you?" he said. "Do they get fractures on Park Avenue?"

"The patient won't die," Dan said. "I've set a few compound fractures."

For a moment his father hesitated. Laura went over and put her hand on his arm. "Why don't you let Dan go this one time?" she said. "After all it's Thanksgiving—"

The old doctor sighed and came slowly back to the table. "That's right," he said, as if he had almost forgotten. "It is Thanksgiving. And I suppose I am tired. You can take over Dan."

The Quimby farm was on a small rise of ground near a creek where Dan had gone swimming as a boy. Now there was a film of ice over the creek. The Quimby house was quiet. Young Mrs. Quimby, a pretty dark woman, stared at Dan for a moment before she spoke. "Is—is something wrong with the doctor?" she said. "Why couldn't he come?"

Dan pointed to his own doctor's satchel. "I'm Dr. Murphy's son," he said. "Dr. Dan Murphy. Dad had a late call last night and a busy morning. He's tired out, so I came out instead."

In the dim light of the hallway, Mrs. Quimby looked at Dan doubtfully. "Yes, I know who you are now," she said. Then she added with startling

directness: "Are you taking over your father's practice here in Mill Harbor?"

"No," he said. "I'm just taking over for today, to help out." And feeling somehow distrusted, he assured her. "I'll take good care of your boy, Mrs. Quimby. I've handled quite a few accident cases." As he followed her into the small bedroom just off the kitchen, where the injured boy lay, Dan wished he could let this anxious woman see the cases he had cared for.

And yet, working over the small boy in the big brass bed, he had a sudden, strange, feeling of inadequacy. It wasn't the four pairs of eyes—the parents and the grandparents—that watched every move he made, nor even the fact that the boy looked a little frightened and wanted to know where the doctor was.

It was something beyond that—and he knew, suddenly, what it was: in the city, where a good doctor was forced to see too many patients too fast, he had forgotten how to put these quiet, simple people at ease. They didn't understand hurry or rush; they wanted assurance that everything was going to be all right.

"It's not too complicated a fracture the boy has here," he said, a little too heartily. "He'll be up and around in time for Christmas dinner."

There was still no answer and when he turned the four pairs of eyes were watchful and uncertain. The boy's mother was firm to break the silence. "Well, we thank you," she said. She put her hand on her son's arm, then cleared her throat and said, "When will the doctor—I mean, your father—will he stop in and see my son tomorrow?"

DAN felt the color rise to his cheeks, and yet he realised the terrible effort it had cost this woman to question his ability. "I've used the very latest and best procedure Mrs. Quimby," he said. "It's—"

"Oh, I know you did all right," she said, and there was a little catch in her voice. "It's just that we've always had the doctor in whenever anything went wrong. Everybody does here in Mill Harbor. You know how it is."

"There are other doctors around," Dan said, almost angrily. "There's a good man over at Plainville—Bill Scanton, one of the best doctors in the State."

She followed Dan to the door wordlessly, and then at the door she said, "I've heard Dr. Scanton's good. But there's something—well, when your father comes in nobody worries any more."

His father's house had something of the same country hush as the Quimbys' when he came back into the darkening parlor. Time's running out, Dan thought, angry at himself. I have to get back to the hospital tomorrow. I come here to get something straightened out. Why can't I go through with it?

He took off his overcoat and hung it in the hall. Then he walked through the high-ceilinged old rooms, looking for his father, when he heard the faint clink of metal against metal, and realised suddenly where his father was.

He stood still for a moment, reluctant to go into his father's office. He had kept away until now. He scarcely knew why. Then, with a heavy sigh, he turned and went in. The waiting room was neat enough, but it no longer listened the way it had when his mother was alive to dust and polish and work over it.

A light was burning in the inner office and Dan walked to the door. And then he stopped, unable to say anything

at all. His father's back was turned, and he was bending stiffly over an ancient trunk that he had brought into the office. Some of the shelves above it were already bare, and his father was carefully wrapping one of his much-used instruments and putting it into the trunk beside the others.

When he heard Dan he straightened up, flushing. "Just packing up my things," he said. "Might even need some of them, sometime."

For a long moment Dan stood looking at his father, at this office where so many had come in pain and trouble to seek help—and to seek the comfort Mrs. Quimby had spoken of, the peace of mind that was not to be found in instruments or drugs.

Quite suddenly, Dan leaned over the trunk, lifted out the packed instruments and began putting them back on the glass shelves. It was a long time before he was able to speak with the calm he needed. Finally he said, "Who told you—about the offer on the house, I mean?"

His father sat down on the small white chair under the lamp. The glaring light brought out the lines in his face and the tiredness in his eyes. "Hiram Whitaker told me about the offer," he said. "I was the one who told him to write and tell you about it. After all, it's your money in the house. I always wanted to buy it, but I never could get that much together. So it's your house, and I want you to do what's best with it."

"I'm going to," Dan said firmly. "I've decided not to sell it, no matter what they offer. I've decided—they couldn't pay me what it's worth."

His father stood up. He wasn't very tall, but he looked almost tall now. "No," he said. "You can make money out of this, and I won't have you passing it up for my sake."

Dan saw the resolute stubbornness in his father's face, and he started to tell him about the people around here who needed him so deeply in their quiet, desperate way. But his father already knew about their need, and so Dan merely said: "I'm not keeping the house for your sake at all. I'm keeping it for myself. I've decided that Mill Harbor is good for me now and then. A man can get too much of the city, seven days a week. And when I close up my office on Saturdays and Sundays I need a place to come home to."

Laura called from the dining room, using the familiar words he'd heard so often from her. "Dan, you didn't finish your dinner!"

"Come on," he said briskly, putting his arm around his father's shoulders. "I want to tell you what I did on the Quimby case."

As they went through the small waiting room, back into the dining room, Dan thought with a start of surprise that perhaps his mother hadn't really been as poor as he'd always thought. Maybe, in a way that no child could see, his mother had been rich.

"Do we say grace over a second start?" Dan asked, using again the old family joke.

"Yes," his father said gravely.

They bowed their heads then and old Dr. Murphy said grace. When he lifted his eyes, Dan was aware of the table before them, richly burdened with the food that had been brought in by his father's grateful patients. I don't need to worry about his being here alone, Dan thought. He's taken care of so many people that they'll all be taking care of him.

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